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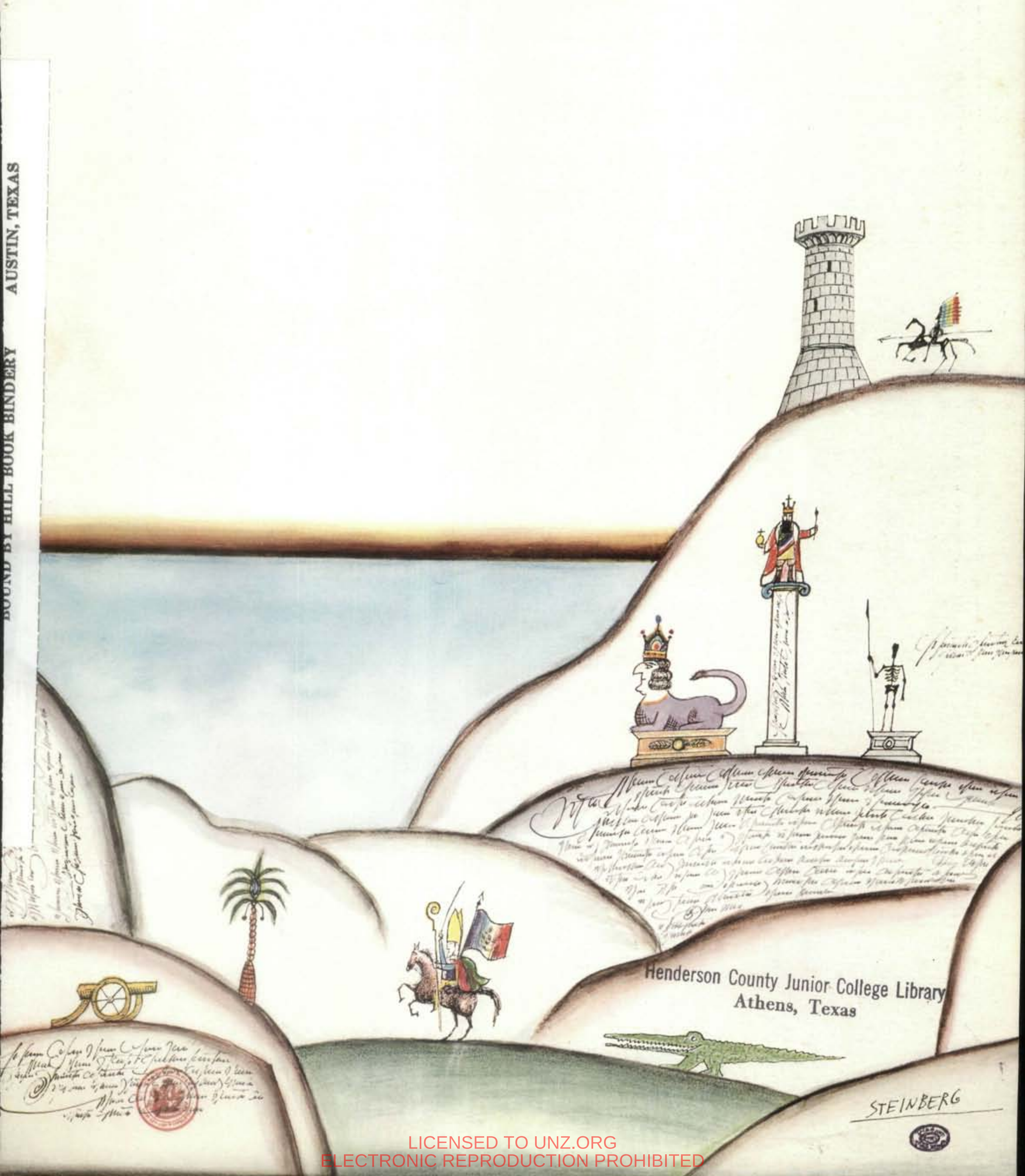

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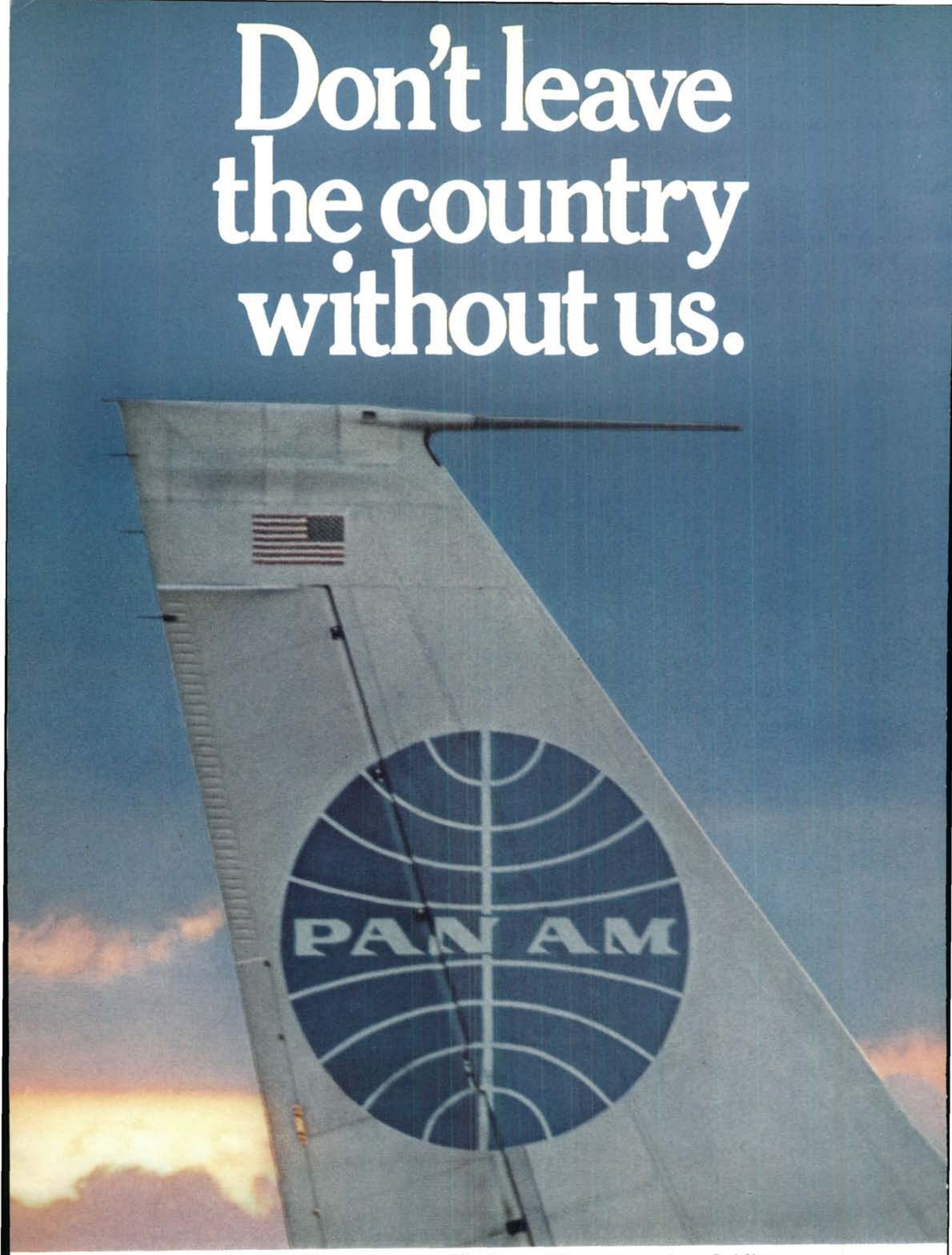
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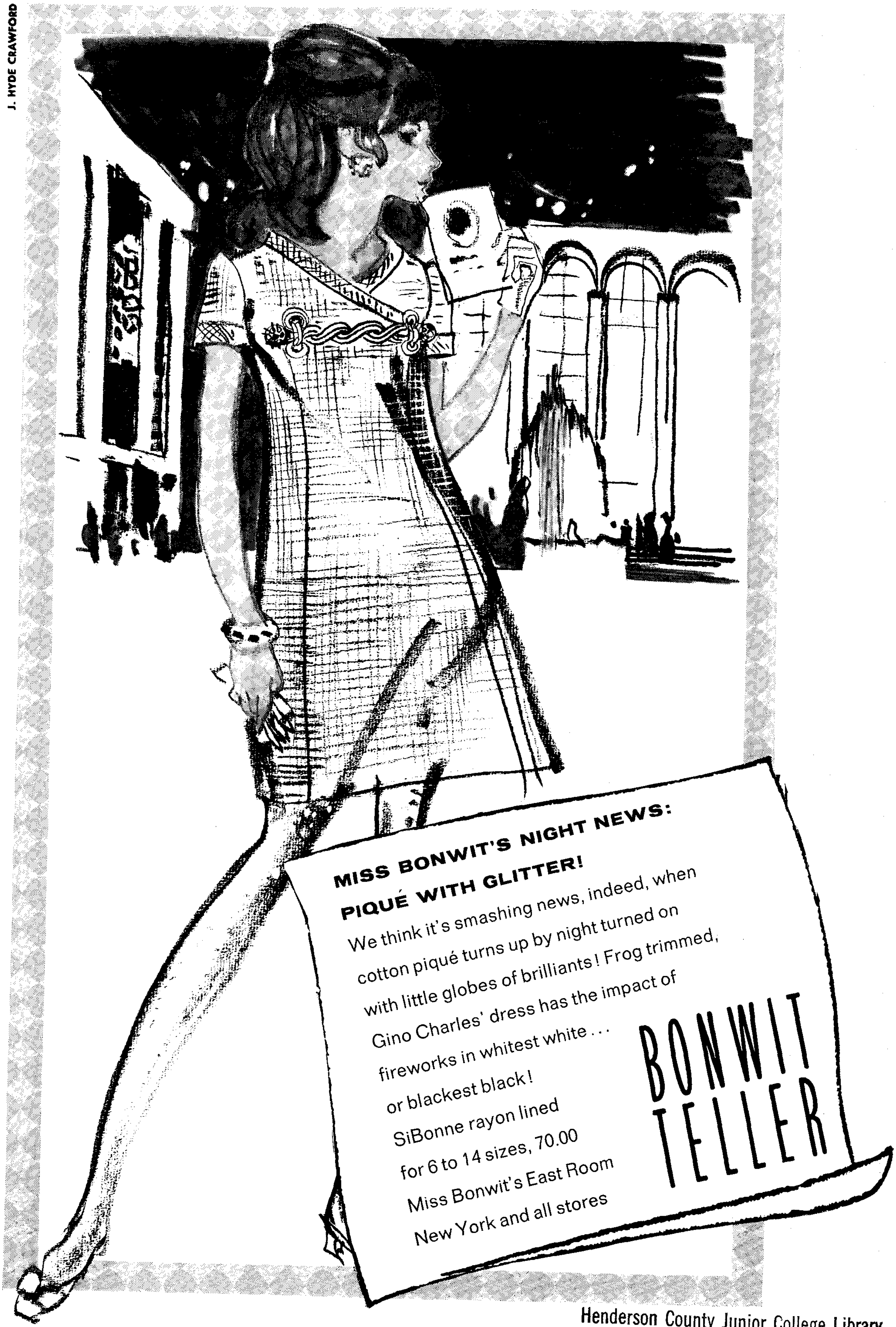

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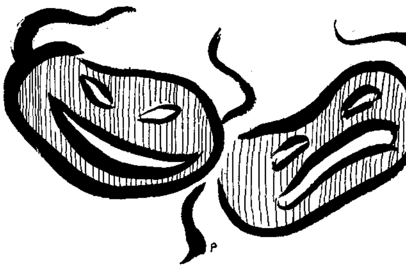
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Ionesco's **Exit the King:** Thursday, May 2; Thursday, May 9; and Friday, May 10, all at 8:30, and Saturday, May 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's **The Cherry Orchard:** Friday, May 3, at 8:30; Saturday, May 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, May 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, May 8, at 2 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ed Bullins' Plays—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. These three plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carving a Statue—Larry Gates in Graham Greene's play, imported from London. Margaret Webster is the director. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, May 2.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—A timid rendering, in a poor translation, of Rostand's romantic tale of true love lost by a nose. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Endecott and the Red Cross—Kenneth Haigh in a play by Robert Lowell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8, and Fridays at 9. Matinées Fridays at 5 and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's sad-faced, tongue-tied account of the perennial unwinnable war between the generations. With Alan Webb, Hal Holbrook, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. With Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Kongi's Harvest—A political satire by the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka that is set in an African country ruled by a military dictator. The production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, does not always make clear the many complexities of the plot or the author's ironic intent, but there are a number of good performances all the same. With Moses Gunn, Afolabi Ajayi, Robert Hooks, and Rosalind Cash. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

The Memorandum—A play by Václav Havel, translated by Vera Blackwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and Harold Gary carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 5.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—The first play of this double bill is by Sam Shepard and the second by John Guare. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Soldiers—John Colicos in a play by Rolf Hochhuth, translated from the German by Robert D. MacDonald and directed by Clifford Williams. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Spofford—An old Connecticut nutmeg, played with skill and charm by Melvyn Douglas, takes a look at the commuting set that is invading his domain, and his observations make for quite a bit of merriment. The comedy was written by Herman Shumlin and based on a novel, "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries. Mr. Shumlin also directed the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

Le Tartuffe and **En Attendant Godot**—Final performances of a four-week engagement of the Molière and Beckett plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. **Le Tartuffe:** Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8:40; Saturday, May 4, at 3 and 8:40; Sunday, May 5, at 3 and 7:30; Monday, May 6, at 2 and 8:40; and Tuesday, May 7, at 8:40. . . . **En Attendant Godot:** Wednesday, May 8, and Friday, May 10, at 8:40; Saturday, May 11, at 3 and 8:40; and Sunday, May 12, at 3 and 7:30. (Barbi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

zon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 249-3074.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher (Gig Young) entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH:** A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 5.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—A four-week season. **THE MIKADO:** Thursday, May 2, and Saturday, May 4, at 8:15; Sunday, May 5, at 1:15 and 7:15; Friday, May 10, at 8:15; and Saturday, May 11, at 2:15.... **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Friday, May 3, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 4, at 2:15.... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Tuesday, May 7, and Saturday, May 11, at 8:15.... **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD:** Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by lots of bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—This musical about tousled hopheads has now made its way to Broadway. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—Leonard Sillman's revue, with music and lyrics by Ronny Graham, June Carroll, Clark Gesner, Murray Grand, and others; sketches by Mr. Graham, Peter De Vries, and others; and a company that includes Madeline Kahn, Robert Klein, and George Ormiston. Staged by Mr. Sillman. Opens Thursday, May 2. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** "I" before "e" but not after "c." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 2, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" (première), and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 3, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2:15: "Glinkaiana," "Narkissos," and "Apollo."... ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, May 5, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 5, at 7:15: "Serenade," "Illuminations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Tuesday, May 7, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, May 8, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "Agon."... ¶ Thursday, May 9, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," an unnamed ballet (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Irish Fantasy," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 8:15: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday evening, May 2: "Sylvia," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Symphonic Variations," and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Friday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 4: "Sylvia," "Symphonic Variations," and "La Bayadère."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 5: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 7: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "La Bayadère."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 8: "Sylvia," "Symphonic Variations," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 9: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday evening, May 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 11: A new production of "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 19.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Dance for Three People," "Variations on a Rococo Theme" (première), and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, May 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—If you like it, there's nothing like it. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Lori Burton sings blues, and David Steinberg does some satirical things. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Starting Wednesday, May 8, the Guild Light Gauge, a folk group, will be on hand.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in oc-

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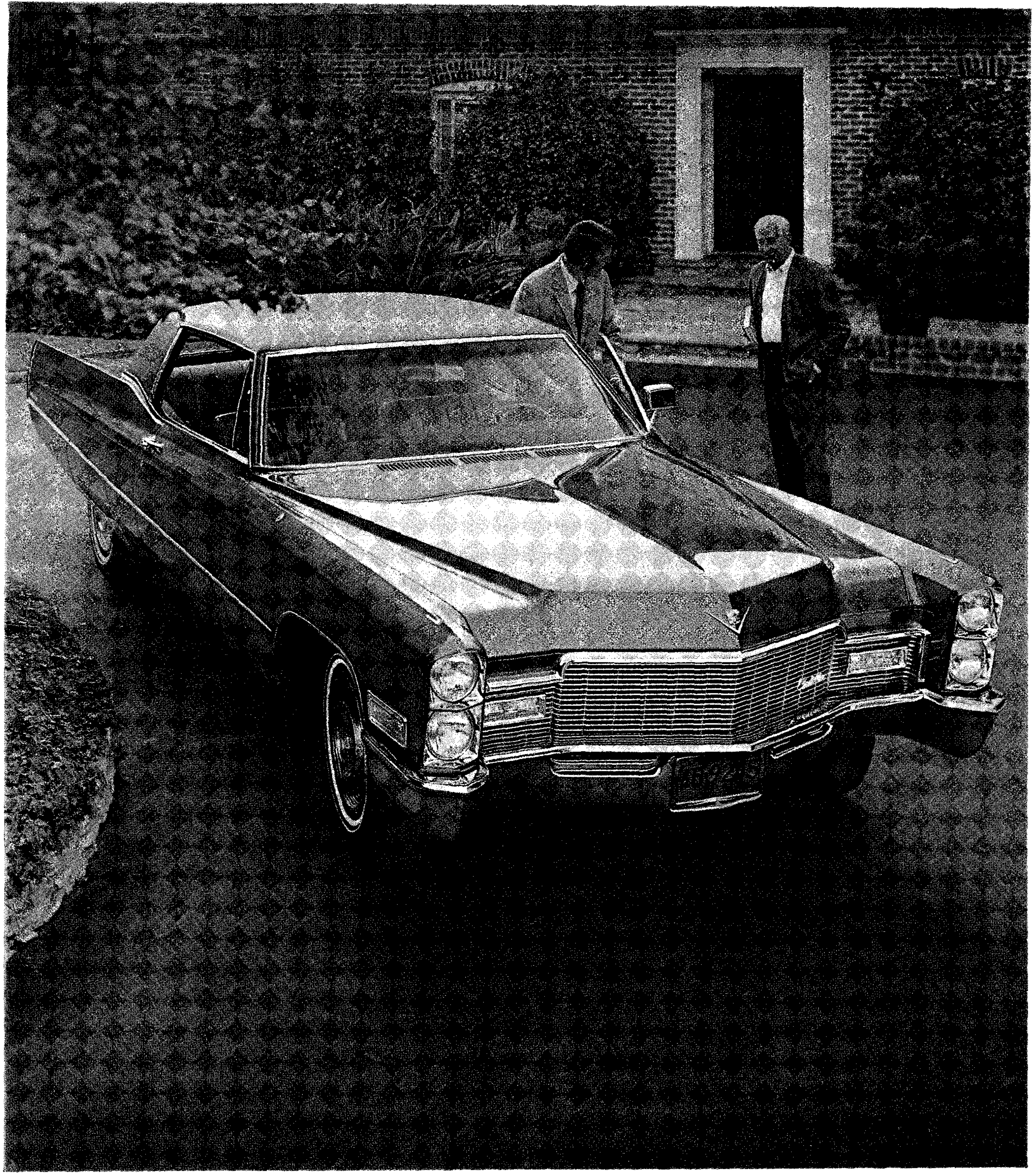

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

casionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Generation, 54 W. 8th St. (533-8500)—This place has set out to do for coffeehouses what the Fillmore East is doing for theatres. It's big and barny (it's the old Village Barn, renamed), and it specializes in fundamentalist-type rock groups. Buddy Guy, an able blues guitarist, sings and fronts a blues band in which horns have been neatly incorporated. Lothar & the Hand People alternate with him. Starting Tuesday, May 7: The Moby Grape and the Nazz. Closed Mondays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Jake Hanna's quartet is currently playing an amiable, if not startling, kind of jazz. On Tuesday, May 7, Jackie Paris's quintet will take over. Between sets, you can listen to the easeful jukebox. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group comprising Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Conrad Janis. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night except Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—A spacious bluegrass pasture. Tommy Collins rides herd on a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, May 7, Willie Nelson will ride. Limited dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. On Sundays, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions brings in a variety of instrumental (non-banjo) groups—some tried, some untried. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man banjo band plays from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Jackie McLean's quintet plays jazz nightly. On Tuesday, May 7, Yusef Lateef's quartet will move in. On Saturday, May 4, from five to nine, the Jimmy Owens quartet will play before the regular session, and on Sunday, May 5, from five to nine, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for benefits and so forth.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, Teddy Wilson's rhythmically impeccable trio alternates with Toshiko's piano every night but Monday. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, Nina Simone will control the situation, delivering her own pungent vocal messages.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Jeremy Steig & the Satyrs are practicing a nimble, forceful fusion of jazz and rock—and Steig's flute is among the wonders of the nineteen-sixties. On Tuesday, May 7, the Elvin Jones trio will replace J. S. & the S. Mondays are a different scene, being devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Earl Blake and John Latham play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—It's getting by, with a little help from its friends. The people are there, and so are the props—black lights, fake cheetah fur, and a stainless steel dance floor. The upper level at last is ready to open for dancing, but not yet for alcoholic drinks. On the non-alcoholic main floor, the Bagatelle is making big sounds on the big stage. Starting Thursday, May 9, Ill Wind will be there, too. Closed Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the crowd grooves on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys alternate with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, May 7, the Grateful Dead will arrive for a three-night stand. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, the live music will come from E. T. Hooley. Alcohol is out.

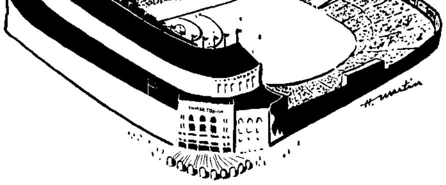
Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded rock from ten to three or four every night but Monday.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The late-dinner menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from eight-thirty to three or four. No one is saved.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Maxine Brown and the Marvin Alston quartet put on a smooth rock show with a tinge of soul. On Tuesday, May 7, the Teachers will succeed them. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 5-6.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Well, yes, Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live music of the Smubs alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): From her watchtower in the skies, Ella Fitzgerald, queen of the May, chants till the dappled dawn doth rise, though never before nine. Phil Wayne's good little group does the dance music, and as early as seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night. John Mince's band is the purveyor each Monday and Tuesday; the rest of the week belongs to Stanley Worth's crew. They are spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Miss H. has Mondays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): If only these walls could speak, what tales they could tell of the time when nighthood was in flower and daytime was for sleeping. As it is, Lester Lanin himself, and not a tape, runs one of the present-day bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The well-known civic center, devoted to such domestic arts as table-hopping and, when all else fails, dancing—nine until two—to a small band. It stays home Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): Doc Severinsen's band, often with Clark Terry manning a turret, is taking everything in its stridency from seven-thirty on. Another group reports at six. On Thursday, May 9, a band assembled by Louis Bellson, the old Ellingtonian, will succeed the Severinsens. No blowing on Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the foxtrot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the three extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates are the best-known). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty, and for Wednesdays, which run from six-thirty until twelve. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, a compulsive conversationalist, lets her subconscious be her guide, and a wild-and-woolly guided tour it is. She is supplemented by Jane Harvey, a soprano infrequently visible in these parts. Not before nine or so is the scheme. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Somewhere in Israel, most likely on a ranch between Jerusalem and Beersheba, where the ranch hands gather at eventide for spots of song, dance, chatter, and whatnot. Avram Grobard, leader of the pack, is due back on Tuesday, May 7, but his fellow-workers are at play in the meantime, among them Chic Ganimian, a sterling oud man. One dines as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

Eugene's, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—The sound has little political timbre, even though the enterprise is devoted to the candidacy of a senator whose first name is the same. The air is congenial, the amusement (at eleven) is collaborative and catch-as-catch-can, such as Leonid Hambro on piano on Friday, May 3; an improvising group

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from Café La Mama on Tuesday, May 7; and the satirical remarks of Marya Mannes on Wednesday, May 8.

Living Room, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—You might want to visit the place, now that Bobby Short, his dawn-patrol lyrics, his d.-p. piano, and his d.-p. triad are working out, but there is no guarantee that you would want to live there. They're on hand every night of the week.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—In the course of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's current revue, all gall is not divided into three parts; instead, it is presented full-blown, and directed at a quantity of circumstances and characters in this world in need of a resounding rebuke. The administrators of the rebuke, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Liz Sheridan, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, Mary Jo Gillis, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—There's no business like show business (so the decathlon performed at dinner and supper in the Royal Box by Edie Adams appears to say), but there may be those who want further proof from her. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Spain in broad spectrum (a spectrum almost too broad for viewers in the back row, but nevertheless a tremendous panorama), what with Los Chavales de España and their easy-does-it new-form folklore, the Rosario Galán ballet troupe (flamencan and flamboyant), and Joselito's passionate tenor. Their stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In two separate entities, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis—the Flamenco Room, with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty until way past bedtime; the bar-lounge, with guitar from five until twelve.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—The next event of importance is the arrival, on Thursday, May 9, of Dionne Warwick, who sings—better than just about anyone else, and with such sweet clarity—of the nation's templed hills, its rocks and rills, its rocks and rolls. Alongside her, the Copa ballerinas, one of the last strongholds of individualist thinking, will run slowly riot. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music, and rumpus-room music.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Ah, yes, the Garden of Eden, ladies' division, before that serpent opened his big fat mouth. Among the ladies in the spectacle—"Women's World" by name—Georgie Kaye makes his way as chief jester, and the Doodletown Pipers, doing their thing, follow suit. Twice a night, forever and a night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The pleasure in the Persian Room during dinner and supper binaural—one ear for the honest-to-goodness voice of John Davidson, a most likely comer-upper in the junior-brigade ranks; the other ear for the background laid on by his arranger, Everett Gordon, and silkily done by the orchestra of Burt Farber, which doubles as dance master, along with Mark Monte's crew of players. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Front and center during the dinner and supper hours in the lavish old Maisonette is Jack Cassidy, round of tongue when it's a matter of singing, sharp of tongue when it's a matter of jesting. He retires on Saturday, May 4, to be replaced, on Monday, May 6, by Rita Gardner, the originator of The Girl, all those long years ago, in "The Fantasticks." The bands of George Cort and Quintero do the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way sits La Boite, which likewise makes liberal allowances for diners but adds only dream-world fiddle and piano. It, too, is dark on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Benny, master of both give-and-take and the slow take, measures his words with care (and gives full measure of them) as the after-dinner speaker in the Empire Room every night but Sunday, and as the after-supper speaker, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Charles Turecamo's band does the dance tunes. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has a less spectacular but unceasing career, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance triad of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Sunday from five to ten).

SMALL AND BOUNCY

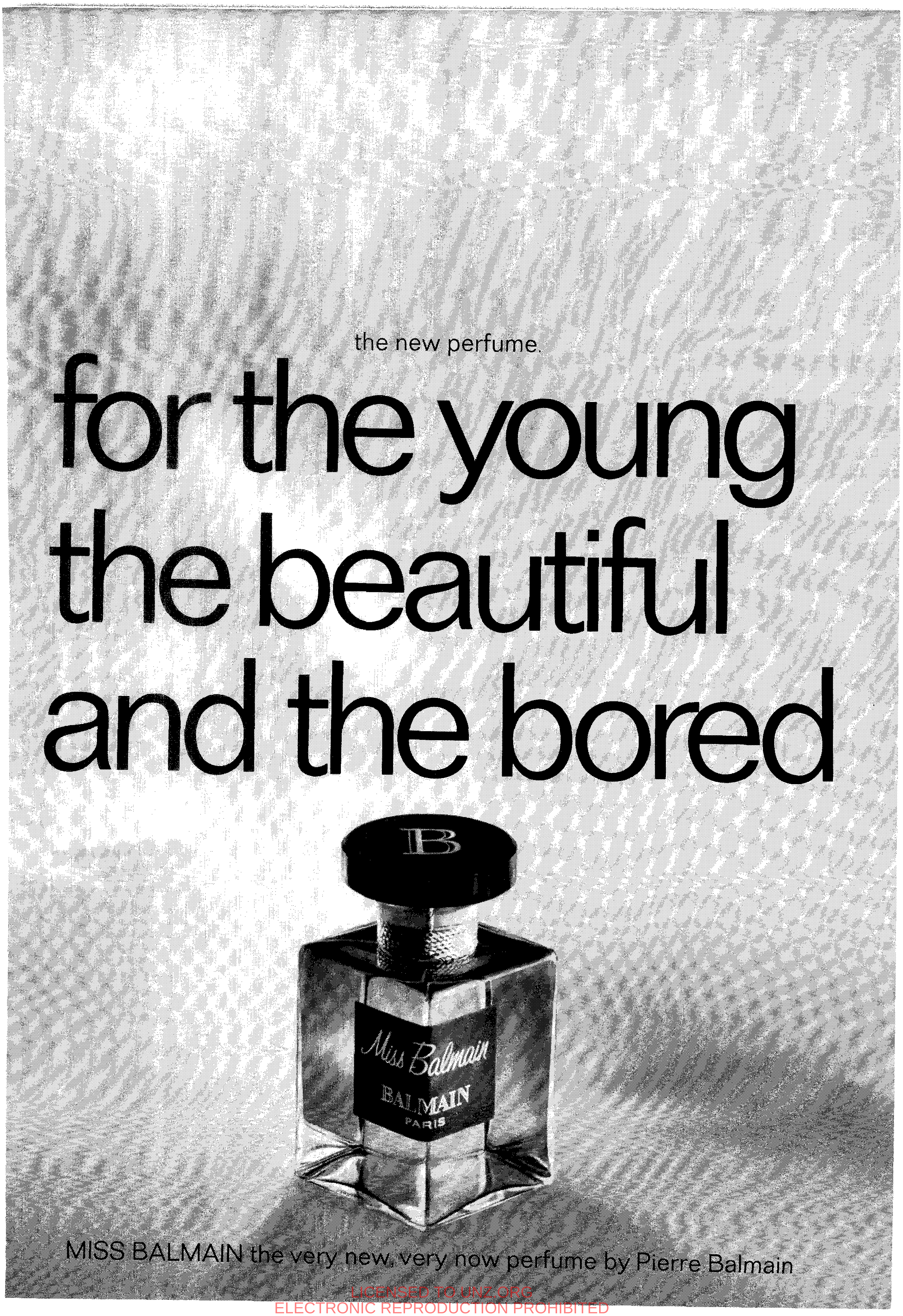
(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders are the permanent party, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merry as old King Cole. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and *nine during the week, and ends between one* and two. No music Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are in full cry from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest, whose songs and piano delight those who fly, and late at night, cheers this den of propinquity, where he carries on every evening but Sunday. Marian McPartland's trio, which is not so modern as to believe that jazz must be joyless, operates on the same plan. The trio's last night is Saturday, May 4.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the tri-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

umphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every *night but Sunday*. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates *daily except Sunday*. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the manner and the piano are visibly grand. George Feyer, who presides over the latter commodity from eight-thirty until two every night but Sunday, applies to this instrument his own sort of serendipity. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is perpetual serenity enhanced—from six-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays—by the piano of Bob Kail.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Isaac Abrams—Paintings that grew out of psychedelic experiences; through Saturday, May 11. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Afro—Abstract Expressionist paintings by one of the early European artists of this movement; through May 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Josef Albers—New paintings in the "Homage to the Square" series by a Bauhaus founder; through Saturday, May 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Arner—Paintings in the optical mode; through May 18. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through May 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Barnes—Paintings, mostly dealing with the life of Arthur Cravan, boxer and Surrealist; through Saturday, May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Figures and interiors in an Impressionist-derived style; through May 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leland Bell—Portraits, self-portraits, figures, and still-lifes in a free, personal style; through Saturday, May 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscapes, figure paintings, and still-lifes in a survey exhibition of works by a veteran New York artist; through Friday, May 10. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Cohen—Shaped, painted reliefs; through Saturday, May 11. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert De Niro—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through May 25. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller—Drawings and collages by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Plastic sculptures in brilliant colors, plus ink drawings, by the French primitivist; through May 18. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferren—Huge constructions for architectural projects by an Abstract painter; through Saturday, May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Georges—Oil paintings, mostly of figures engaged in Sabine-like struggles; through Saturday, May 11. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Glickman—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through Saturday, May 4. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St.)

Robert Gordon—The first local exhibition, consisting of six large collages, by a Philadelphia artist; through May 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harris—Minimal paintings; through Thursday, May 9. (Aspects/Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Alex Hay—Paintings and sculptures by an informalist; through May 16. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—An exhibition of small semi-abstract landscapes and portraits that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney; through Saturday, May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fredric Hobbs—Modellings, including polychrome wall sculptures, of fantastic subjects, plus a half-hour film featuring one of his works; through Thursday, May 9. (Twentieth-Century West, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Insley—Diagrammatic drawings in Liquitex on Masonite; through Thursday, May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Watercolors (several of them quite large) in the artist's familiar flowing colors; through May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Luise Kaish—Sculptures and maquettes for building commissions, based on Biblical subjects; through Saturday, May 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lila Katzen—Constructions making use of reflections of light and transparent plastic sheets in one of the Architectural League of New York's series of environmental light exhibitions; through Saturday, May 11. (41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Leo Kenny—Emblematic paintings by a West Coast artist; through May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through May 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Morris Louis—Paintings consisting of horizontal stripes done by the artist in the months before his death in 1962; through May 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Figurative sculptures with genre themes; through Saturday, May 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Martin—Light and sound "environments"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by a young medium mixer; through Saturday, May 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

R. Guy Miller—Abstract sculptures in cast aluminum; through Saturday, May 11. (Caravan, 132 E. 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Robert Morris—An exhibition of sculptures in different materials, changing each week, by a leading Minimalist; through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—A show of brush drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through May 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned shaped paintings on fibre glass; through May 23. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nam June Paik—Electronic constructions, some done in collaboration with such contemporaries as Mary Bauermeister, Robert Breer, Christo, Ray Johnson, and others; through Saturday, May 11. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles O. Perry—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through Saturday, May 11. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Quirk—Paintings and drawings in the classical Surrealist manner; through Saturday, May 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ans Reichel—Watercolors by a German artist who worked with Paul Klee; through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

harles Ross—Sculptures in clear Plexiglas with water, creating prismatic effects; through May 22. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

rank Roth—Abstract paintings, plus sculptures that repeat forms from the canvases; through May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ee Savage—Freely composed figurative paintings; through May 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

oseph Solman—Portraits of lower East Side types, plus interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ack Sonnenberg—Large shaped canvases; through Thursday, May 9. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

al Streeter—Geometric steel sculptures; through May 16. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

eorge Sugarman—Painted sculptural compositions, in several segments; through Thursday, May 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

illiam Thon—Oils and watercolors of Irish subjects; through Saturday, May 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

aurice de Vlaminck (1876-1958)—A benefit showing of twenty-eight oils from the French modernist's Fauve period, 1903-07; through Saturday, May 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

avid Weinrib—Abstract sculptures in cast transparent plastic with gradations of color; through May 18. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

ane Wilson—Lyrical landscapes done here and abroad; through Saturday, May 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

mericans; Group Shows—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Twenty-five paintings by leading United States artists of the nineteenth century; through Saturday, May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by such artists as Cole, Harnett, Homer, Inman, and Kensett; through Saturday, May 4.

uropeans; Group Shows—At the **HUTTON**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, including Alechinsky, Bissier, Bury; through Friday, May 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings by artists from Beckmann and Chagall to Soutine and Vlaminck, squeezed into the category of "International Expressionism;" through Saturday, May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen to represent the academic aspect of the artists, among them Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and early Degas; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: A hundred and three drawings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, including examples by Van Dyke, Tiepolo, Boucher, Millet, and Degas; through May 18. . . . **WRIGHT-HEPBURN-WEBSTER**, 205 E. 60th St.: Thirty-five years of scenic and costume designs for the Royal Ballet of England; through Saturday, May 11. (Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Latin Americans; Group Show—Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Note—Works by the following artists are being shown at their studios Friday through Monday, May 3-6, from noon to 7: William Creston, 727 Sixth Ave.; Roger Jorgensen, 11 W. 18th St.; Hans Van de Bovenkamp, 271 W. 10th St.; Richard Baringer, 74 Grove St.; Leon Golub, 528 LaGuardia Pl.; Robert Wiegand, 12 W. 4th St.; Julius Tobias, 9 Great Jones St.; Charles Ginnever, 143 Greene St.; Steve Montgomery, 143 Greene St.; and Bernard Aptekar, 100 Prince St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Painting in France: 1900-67," a hundred and fifty paintings covering early-twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, as well as younger figures like Le Parc and Messagier; through Sunday, May 5. (Admission is $1.) . . . ¶ A hundred and forty-eight drawings, plans, and engravings by eighteenth-century architects who emphasized simple, geometrical design; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

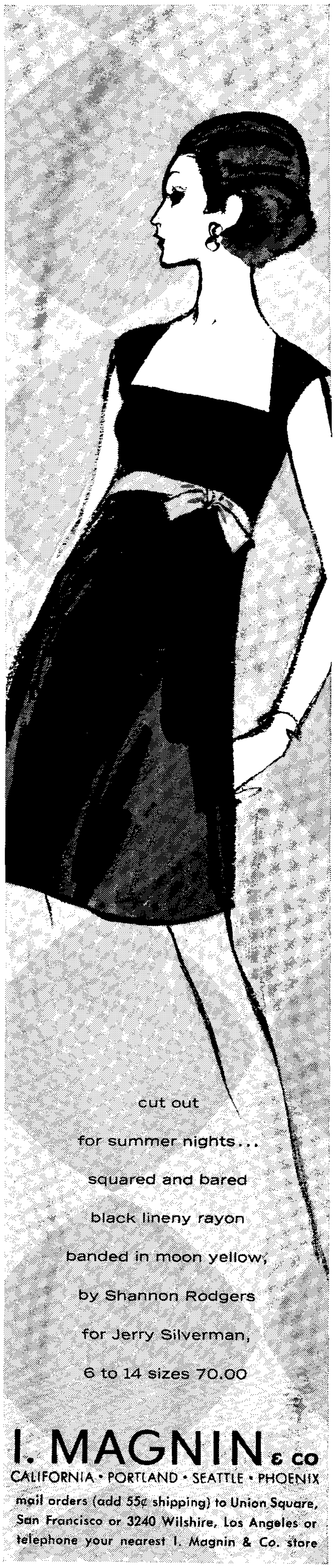
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, shown in tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through May 12. A good complement to this showing is his exhibition (ending Saturday) at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. A good complement to this showing is his exhibition at Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday evenings, music fills the halls until 11 o'clock. On May 7, the purveyors will be Gil Evans and his orchestra.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran; also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States. Through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central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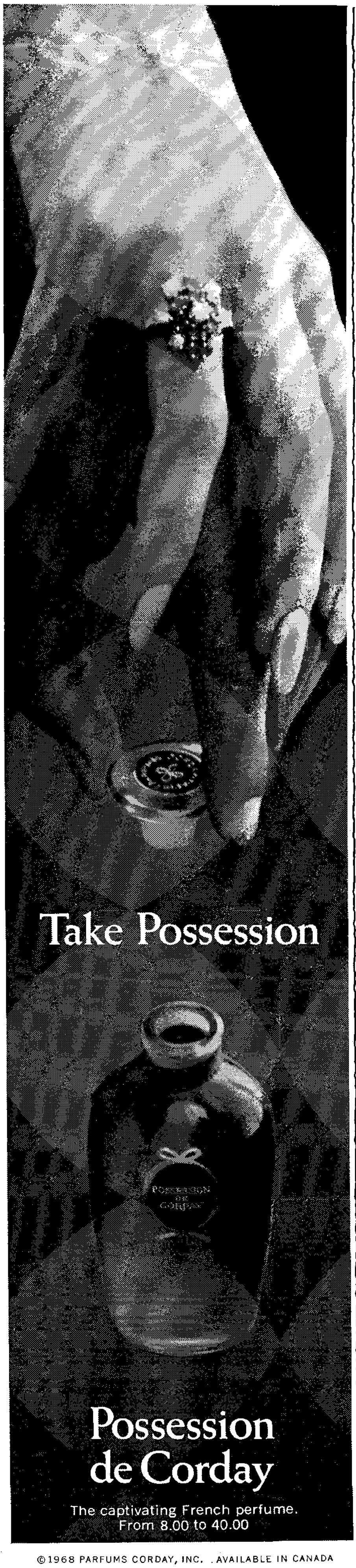

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Man in Sport," the subject of some seven hundred photographs by Horst Baumann, Toni Frissell, Hy Peskin, and others; through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67) of the villas, bridges, and buildings of Florence and Tuscany (often accompanied by modern photographs), plus a sampling of autograph letters, manuscripts, and books related to Florence; through May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Association—The second of two performances of Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera," conducted by William Tarrasch and staged by David Lloyd. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday May 2, at 8:15.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—Thomas's "Mignon," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Emerson Buckley, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—Performances of Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and Donizetti's "Rita," staged by James Lucas. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30; Friday, May 3, at 2:15; and Monday, May 6, at 7:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano, and David Nadien, violin); and Saturday, May 4, at 8:30 (with Kyung Wha Chung, violin, and Mr. Nadien). . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, May 9, at 8:30; Friday, May 10, at 2:15; Saturday, May 11, at 8:30; and Monday, May 13, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 3, and Monday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia—Anshel Brusilow conducting the final concert of the season here, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8:30.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band—William D. Revelli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Berlioz's "Te Deum," with Russell Davis, tenor; Lowell Vincent Lacey, organ; a girls' choir; and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 5, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

International Society for Contemporary Music—The last in a series of programs, this one performed by Neva Pilgrim, soprano, and Easley Blackwood, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Murray Perahia, piano; Hiroko Yajima, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Elsa Ludewig, clarinet. (Town Hall. Monday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Ginetta La Bianca—Soprano, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Town Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:40.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

New England Conservatory Wind Ensemble—Gunther Schuller conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jefferson Airplane and the Crazy World of Arthur Brown—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.

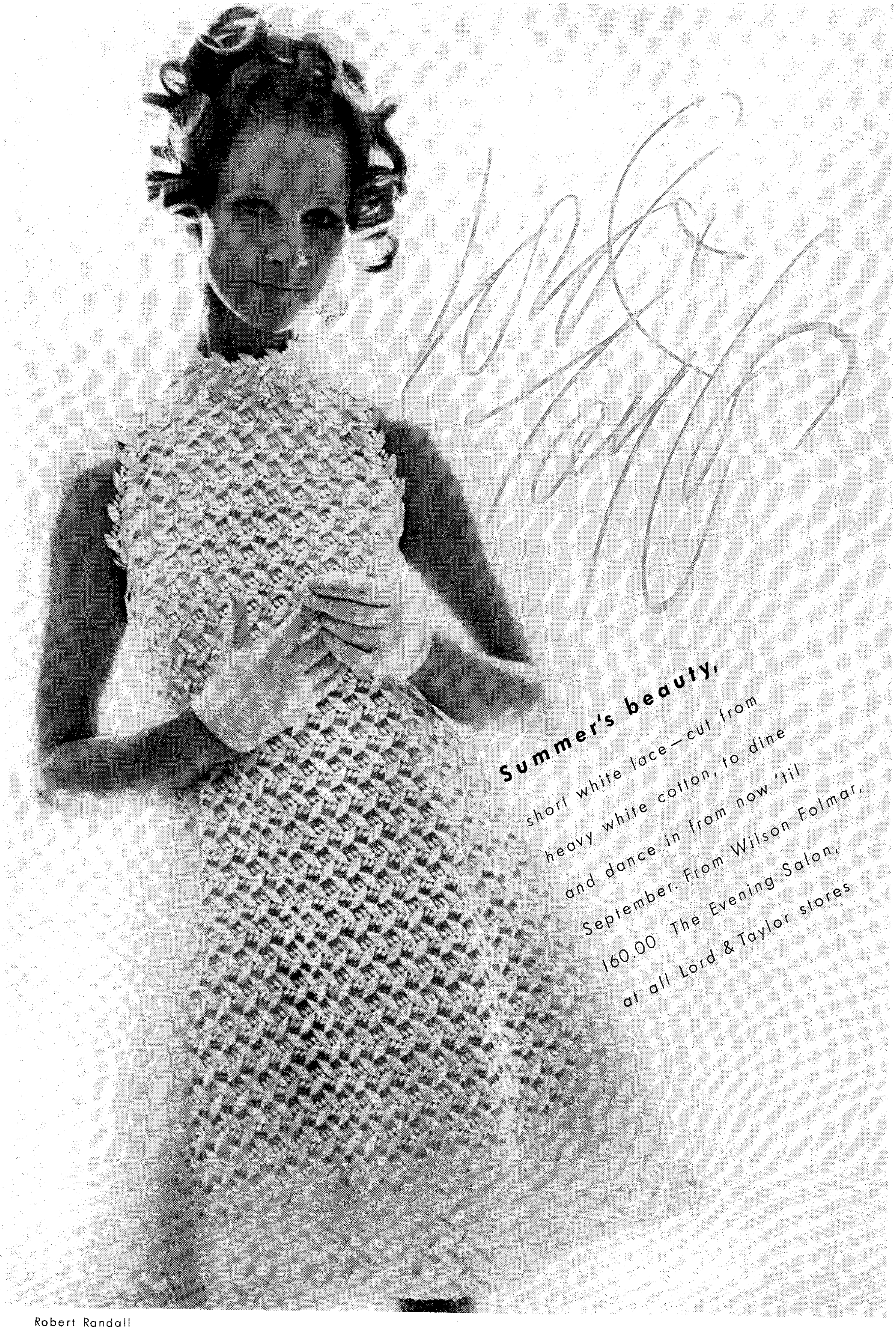
Freddie Hubbard Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.

Ray Charles and His Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 4, at 8:30 and at midnight.

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The last in a series of programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one consisting of jazz by Charles Lloyd's quartet and three films. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, May 7, at 8:40.)

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Thomas Martin, plus several choruses, directed by Waldemar



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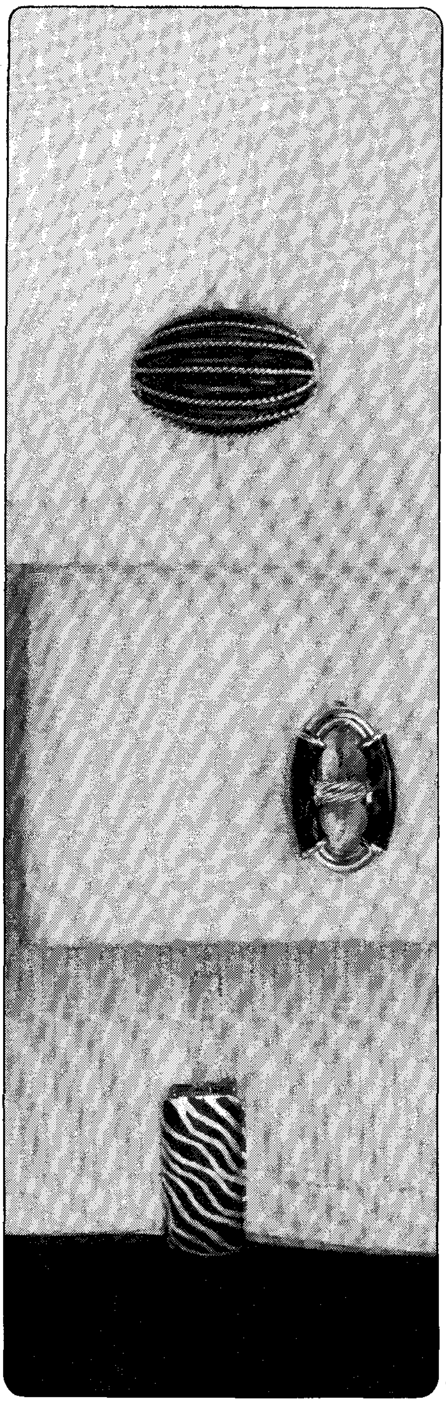

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Link. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call LE 4-0880.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, May 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 3, at 8:05; Saturday, May 4, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 5, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Monday and Tuesday, May 6-7, at 8, and Wednesday, May 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, May 10, at 8, and Saturday, May 11, at 2.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 4.) . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 4.) . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 11.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5.) . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 4.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 11.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 4, and the Withers, Saturday, May 11. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Thursday, May 30. . . . **churchill downs**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

Soccer—Generals vs. Boston. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 3, at 8.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 11, at 1.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes**: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . **gingerbread players & jack**: "Pecos Bill." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . **rose lynch productions**: "Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . **repertory musical productions**: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "On the Wings of Icarus." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park**: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . ¶ At the **bronx zoo**: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to convene on Monday, May 6), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Kenneth Koch reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, May 5, at 4. No tickets necessary.) . . ¶ Michael Dennis Browne, Richard Geller, Schreela Ray, and Dennis Schmitz reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 7, and Tuesday, May 14, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 7 belong to Mr. and Mrs. George S. Leisure, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall Green, 439 E. 51st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Dwight A. Hemion, Jr., 143 E. 63rd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Erlanger, 230 E. 68th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey T. Hellman, 171 E. 71st St.; the National Society of Colonial Dames, 215 E. 71st St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Houston, 129 E. 74th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Walking Tours—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 5. Meets at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 98 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 2, at 1:45: Modern prints, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 7 at 10:30 and 1:45: Books, maps and manuscripts, including the manuscript of Georg Washington's Farewell Address to the Cit of Philadelphia, a large group of Mormo material, and some Canadian manuscript from the Robert Reford collection; fro many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 8, a 1:45: Confederate Americana, includin books, broadsides, and pamphlets, belongin to several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 9 at 1:45: Icons, bronzes, wood carvings, an other works of art; from a number of collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 4

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 2 a 2, 5:30, and 8: "Fantasia" (1940), a Wal Disney film. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2 and 5:30: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), wit Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ May 4 at 11:30: "Tru Heart Susie" (1919), with Lillian Gish. . . ¶ May 4 at 3 and 5:30: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2 and 5:30 "In Which We Serve" (1942), with Noë Coward. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Henr V" (1944), with Laurence Olivier. . . ¶ May 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Meet Me in St Louis" (1944), with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2 and 5:30 "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), a Russia film. (A limited number of reservations ar available, but only to those applying for the in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, afte 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is Sunday, after 1.)

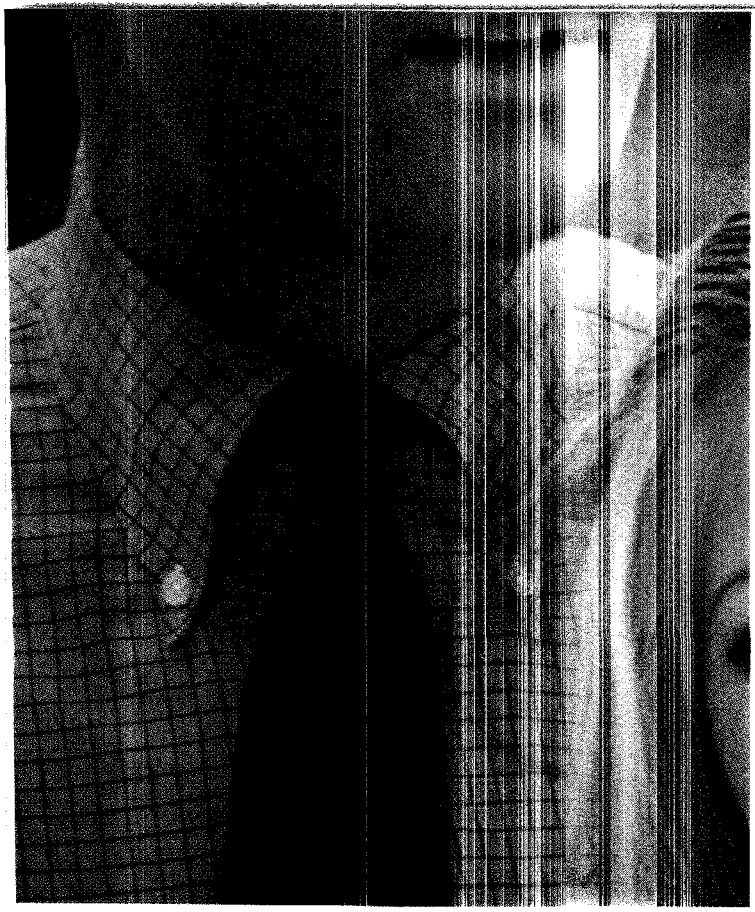
COMING EVENTS

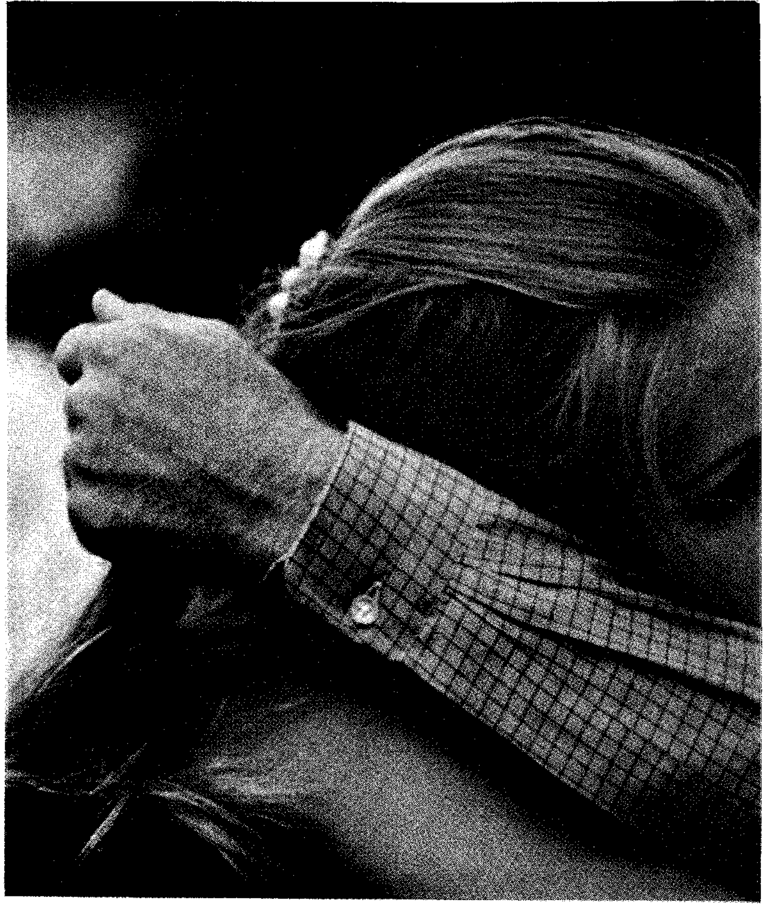
(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At **bridgehampton race circuit**, Bridgehampton: May 18-19. . . . **thompson speedway**, Thompson, Conn.: May 25-2 and June 8-9. . . . **indianapolis speedway**: Ma 30. . . . **lime rock park**, Lime Rock, Conn. May 30 and June 15-16.

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: May 12, May 2 May 24-26, May 28, May 30, and June 3-1 . . . **shea stadium**: May 14-21, May 27 (benef exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees), May 3 June 2, and June 14-15.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Bob Foster, 15 round





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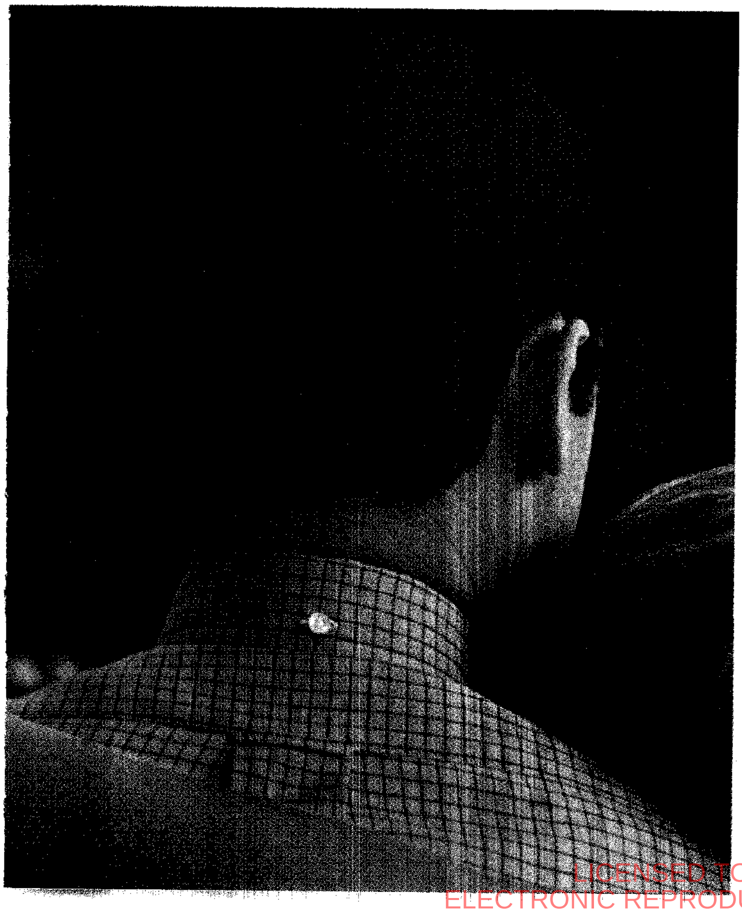
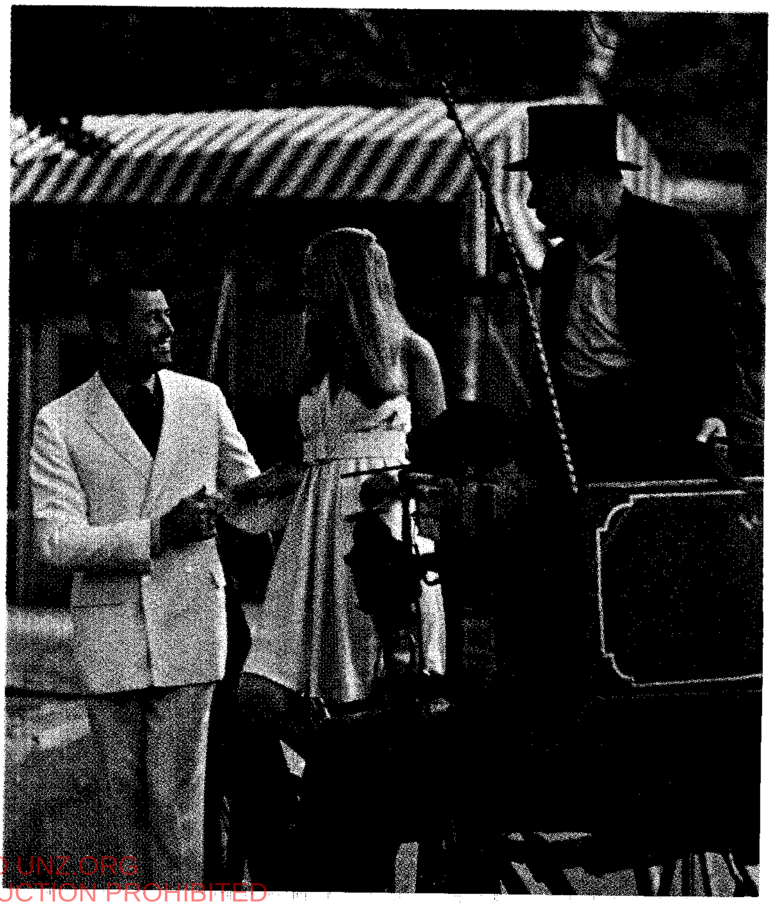
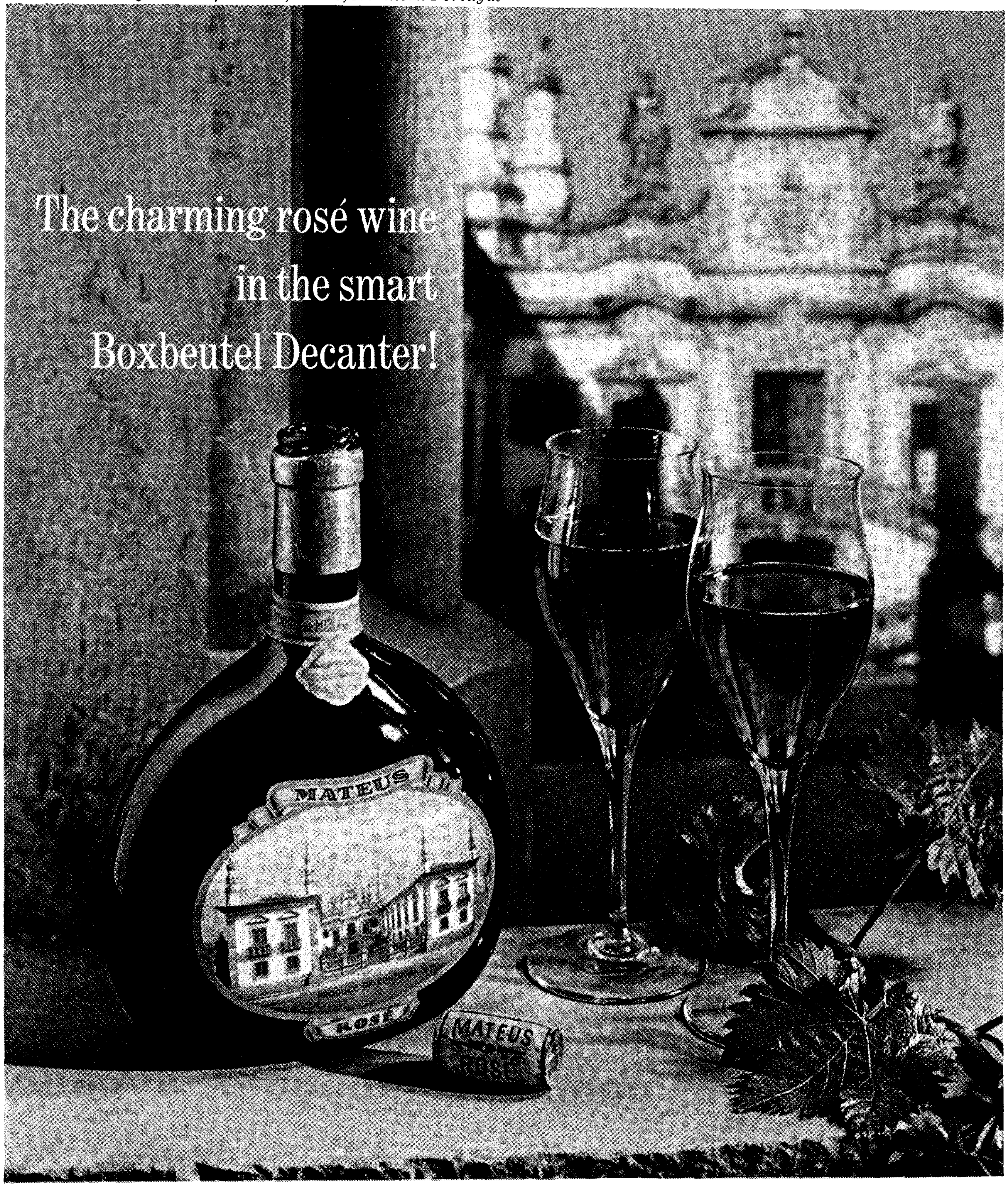




The 17th Century Palace of Mateus, Douro, Northern Portugal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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. May 24.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 13-15.)...¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 15.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 18.)...¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 8.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y. June 13-16.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 24-25 and May 27-June 1.)...¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 2.)...¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 7-9.)...¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 8.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 9.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 18.... BELMONT PARK: May 20-June 29. The Belmont, June 1.... EPSOM, England: The Derby, May 29.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: May 31-Aug. 3.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium: May 15 and 31.

Tennis—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: Billie Jean King, Ann Haydon Jones, Françoise Durr, Rosemary Casals, Lew Hoad, Alex Olmedo, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Fred Stolle, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, and Roy Emerson. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. May 15, 17, and 18.)... AMATEUR MATCHES: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Morristown Field Club, Morristown. June 8-16.)

Track Meets—At Downing Stadium, Randalls Island—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships, May 18....¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships, May 31-June 1.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 24-July 23.

Yachting—Start of the Plymouth, England-to-Newport race, June 1....¶ New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 8-9.)

Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 25, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 29 through June 22....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 14....¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 24.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, May 17....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 19-20....¶ Ernst Haefliger, tenor, May 28.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, May 21-June 15....¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, at the George Abbott Theatre, May 24-June 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Happiness Is Just a Little Thing Called a Rolls Royce," a comedy by Arthur Alsberg and Robert Fisher, starring Pat Harrington and John McGiver....¶ A three-character play, "The Only Game in Town," by Frank D. Gilroy; Tammy Grimes, Barry Nelson, and Leo Genn make up the cast....¶ Revivals by the City Center Light Opera Company of "The King and I," with Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, and Anita Darian; and "My Fair Lady," with Fritz Weaver and others, to be announced later....¶ A three-week engagement of Carlo Goldoni's comedy, "The Venetian Twins," presented by the Theatre of Genoa.

Other Dates—May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 15....¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Center, May 18-26....¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 18....¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 24-June 9....¶ Memorial Day is Thursday, May 30....¶ Commencements: Smith and Vassar, June 2; Barnard and Columbia, June 4; Annapolis and West Point, June 5; N.Y.U., June 9; Yale, June 10; Princeton, June 11; Harvard, June 13; and Dartmouth, June 16....¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, June 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June 17.

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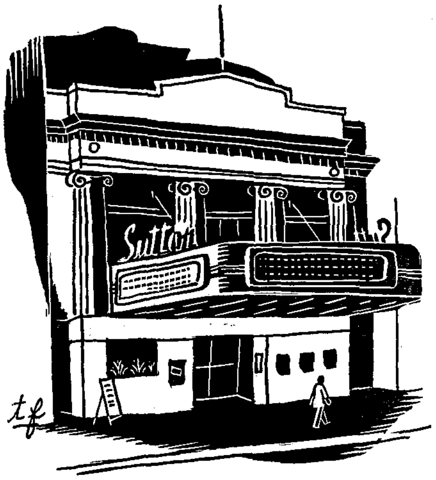
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



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Bedazzled—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film) became the Depression's folk heroes and thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 8, tentative.)

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Les Carabiniers—Jean-Luc Godard's fable about the imbecility of war, turned around so that it is demonstrated by the imbecility of the people who engage in war. Like some severe nursery rhyme by Beckett. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; and New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. After 6 on Monday, May 6, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 8.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red-Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; May 2.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film directed by Jiri Menzel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 7.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The Cold War and a bone-rattling romance between Laurence Harvey and Mia Farrow. Harvey, the man you love to hate, is a lonely, suffering double-agent, and Mia Farrow is a poor little rich girl. This production was designed to be a big, luscious—if shopworn—thriller, all glamour and decadence and suspense, but the ingredients never quite come together. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Le Départ—Jerzy Skolimowski, a Pole working in French, has made a prankish, interesting, almost defiantly retarded film about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. The hero—Jean-Pierre Léaud, the boy from "The 400 Blows"—is very beautifully directed, no more visibly than if he were a stranger in a newsreel. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through May 7.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—An all too faithful transcription of the Hardy novel, with miles of wild Dorset landscape to make us think of Wessex, and starring such inarticulate children of the soil as Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 8.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Half a Sixpence—Noisy and generally offensive, with fewer redeeming qualities than the other big, bad musicals. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf—Carries forward Ingmar Bergman's moving technical achievements in "Persona." He has mastered a quiet, attentive, fluid form to observe inner life, free of the brutish jolts of schemes that depend on narrative. In his direction of Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann he observes the minute details of a relationship between two people without dramatics or pretense of omniscience. In Swedish. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

In Cold Blood—An altogether satisfactory translation of the Truman Capote book of a couple of years ago. Written and directed by Richard Brooks. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 7.)

Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; May 2.)

Poor Cow—Donovan sings as Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's disappointing version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 7.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Scalphunters—A pleasantly relaxed comedy Western, with Burt Lancaster in one of those performances of his that really work and yet are so odd that it is hard to know why they work. He's in good company, too, with Ossie Davis, Shelley Winters, and Telly Savalas, all on their best behavior under Sydney Pollack's direction. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 7.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Two of Us—The Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Young Girls of Rochefort—A musical directed and written by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand. You may think it enchanting or maddening. It strikes this column as studiedly decorative. In French. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 2.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 3-6.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French, as you might have expected. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 3-6.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Open City (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 8.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 7.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
CHARLIE BUBBLES. (After 6 on Monday, May 6, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 8 (tentative): **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 7: **RED DESERT** (in Italian), revival; and "White Voices" (in Italian), revival, Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.
From May 8: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "He Who Must Die," revival, Melina Mercouri, Jean Servais.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 7: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From May 8: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
May 2: **LA CHINOISE** (in French).
From May 3: "I, a Lover," a Danish film.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through May 7: **LE DÉPART** (in French).
From May 8: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through May 5: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.
From May 6: "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear," a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A DANDY IN ASPIC.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Stranger in Town," Tony Anthony.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
May 2: **PLANET OF THE APES.**
From May 3: "I, a Lover" (in Danish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 7: "The Double Man," Yul Brynner, Britt Ekland.
From May 8: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-1144)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
LES CARABINIERS (in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MARAT/SADE, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LA CHINOISE (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 7: **IN COLD BLOOD.**
From May 8: **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 7: "The Double Man," Yul Brynner, Britt Ekland.
From May 8: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Odd Couple," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
LES CARABINIERS (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 7: **THE SCALPHUNTERS**; and "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From May 8: "Two Weeks in September," Brigitte Bardot; and "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), revival, Virna Lisi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 2: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
May 3-6: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
From May 7: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 7: **POOR COW.**
From May 8: **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**

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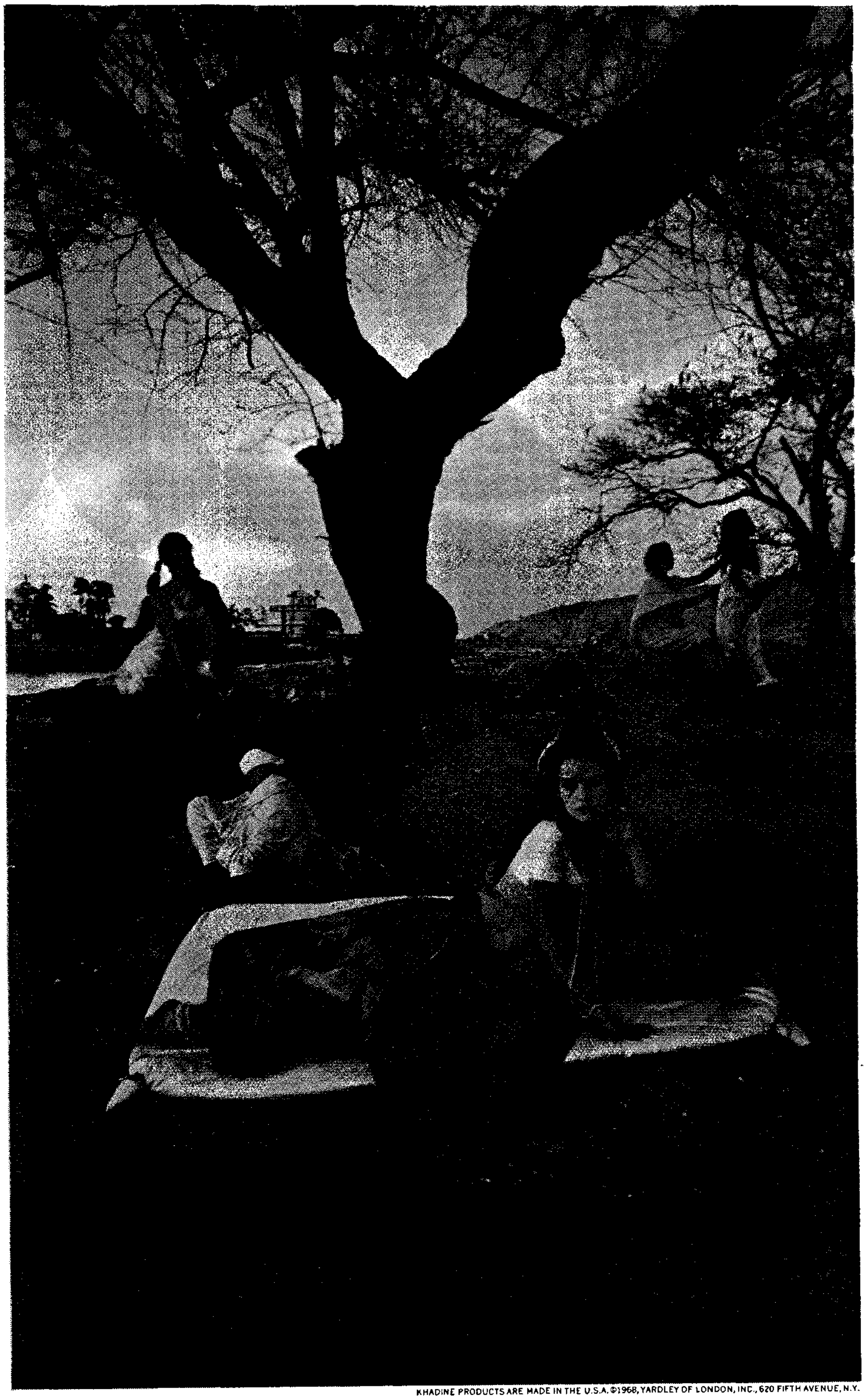

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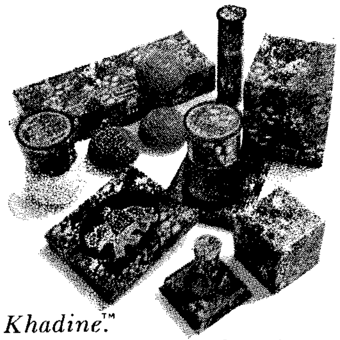

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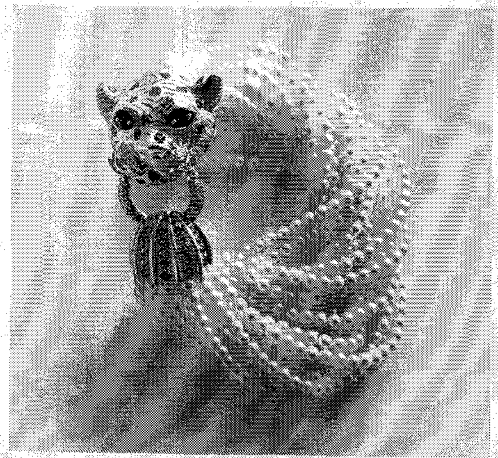

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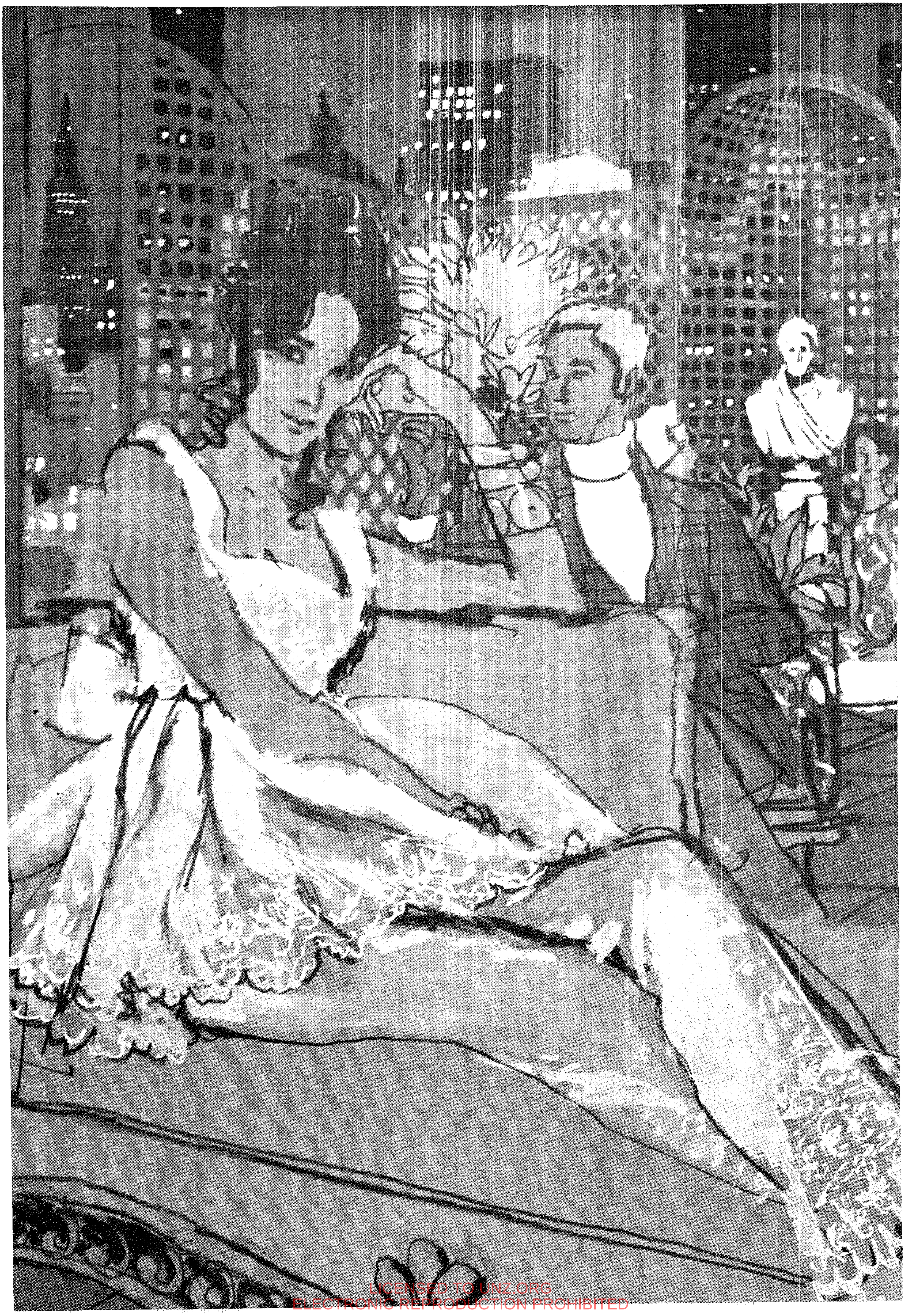

Fashion news from 'Ultima' II:
The Transparent Look
The new chic. For lips. For nails. For skin. Even for eyes.

The look starts with the lips:

New 'Ultima' II 'Transparent Lip Tints'

Never has lipstick glided on such glissy, lip-rounding color...*and yet so little coat.*

The look is noticeably new. *Unlipsticky.* As though your lips were wearing nothing but their jewels. In 10 near-naked colors...from crystally pinks to crushed-ruby reds.

This beautiful new breed of lipstick is the focal point of a complete collection of Transparent Tints created by 'Ultima' II. For every facet of makeup from face to fingertips.

The collection includes:

Transparent Eye Shadow Tints: The first fluffy, super-whipped eyeshadows in sheer, pot-de-creme textures. In 7 colors, from topaz to amethyst.

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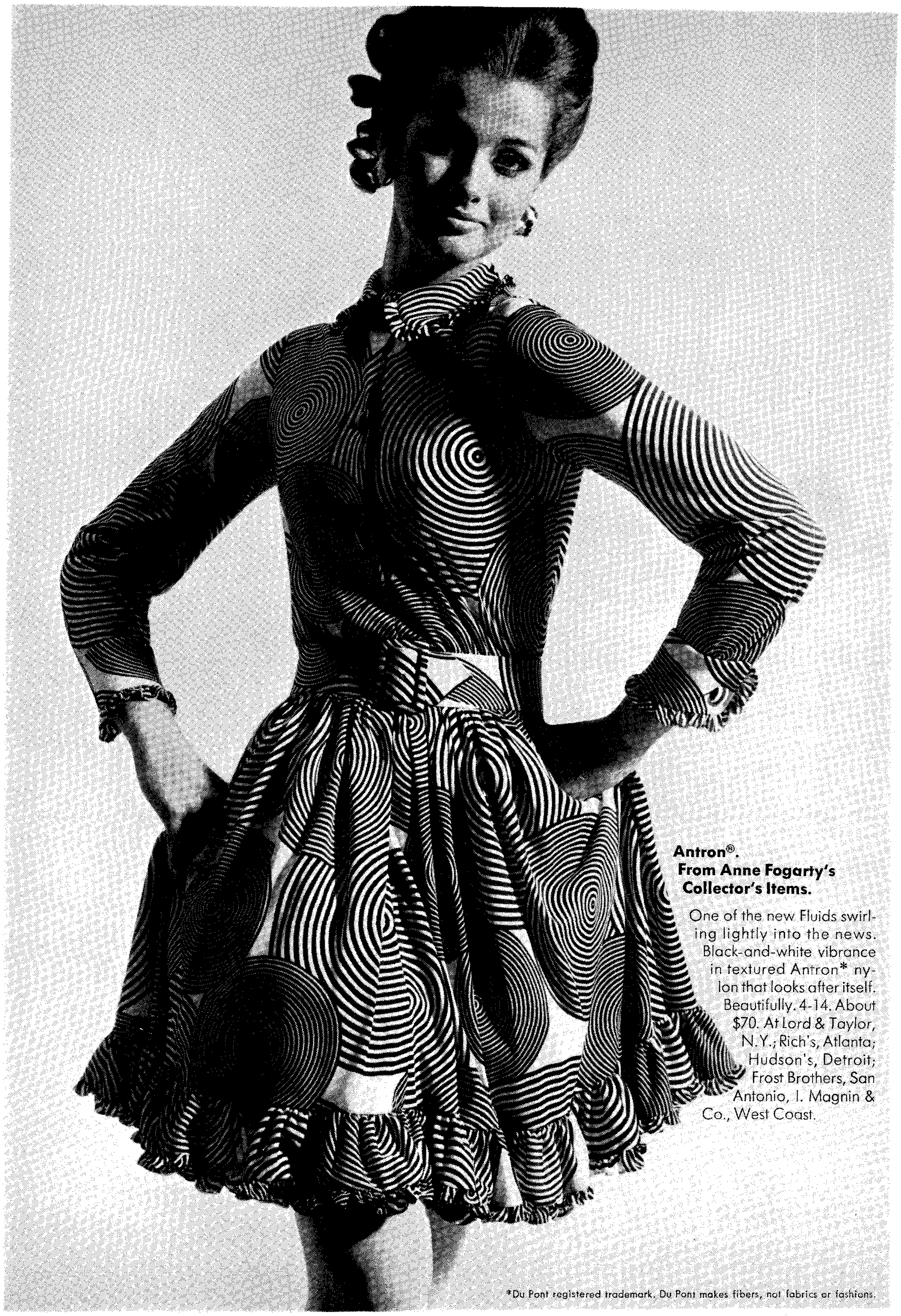
The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.



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One of the new Fluids swirling lightly into the news. Black-and-white vibrance in textured Antron* nylon that looks after itself. Beautifully. 4-14. About $70. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Rich's, Atlanta; Hudson's, Detroit; Frost Brothers, San Antonio, I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

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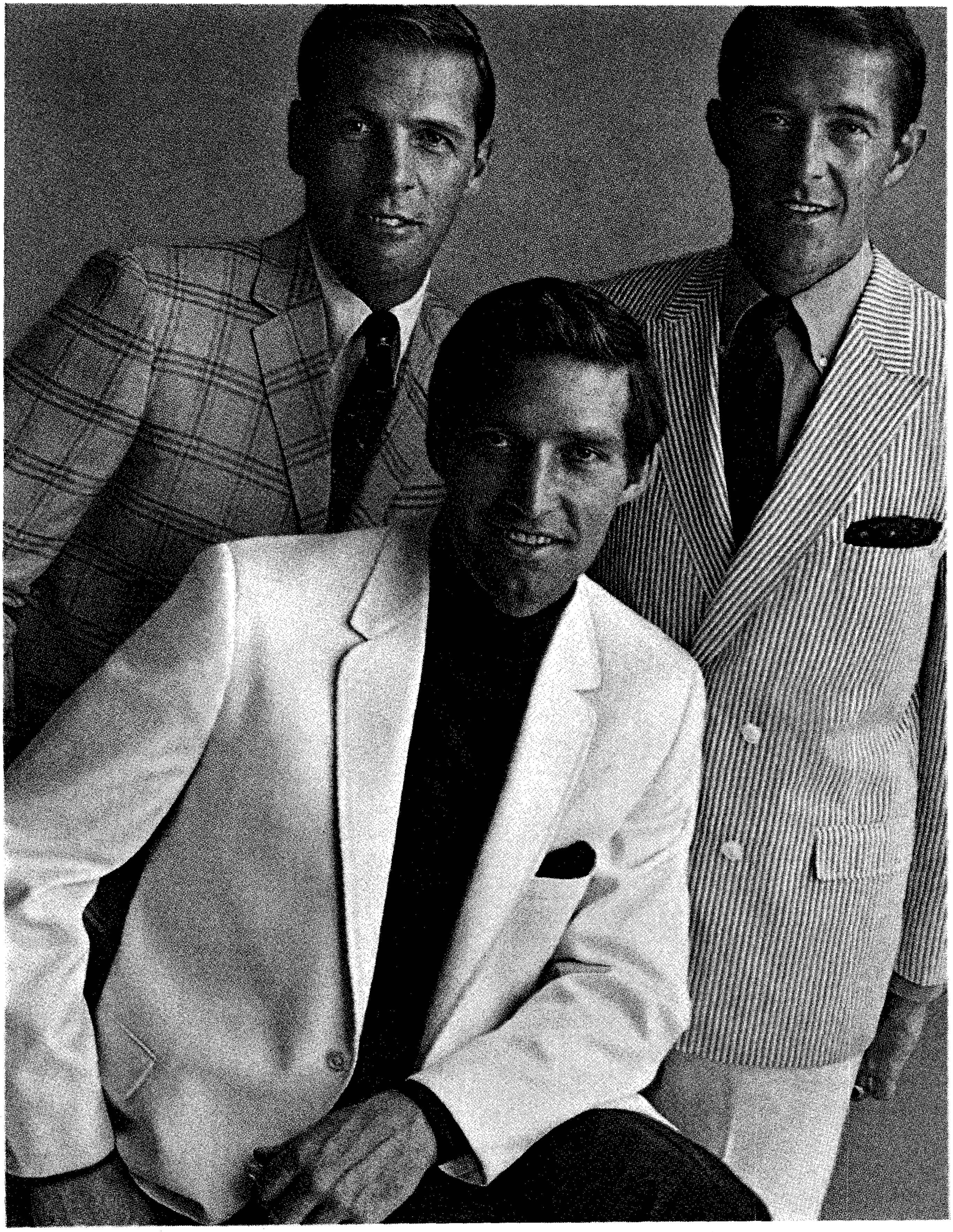

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The Accutron tuning fork. The power behind our anti-tick movement.

The things that make a watch tick are the things that can make a watch run wrong.

Like its balance wheel. And mainspring and hairspring.

So we've left those things out of the Accutron® timepiece.

We've replaced the whole works (including the tick) with a tiny tuning fork that hums.

The tuning fork splits a second into more parts than the balance wheel movement ever dreamed of.

360 parts, to be exact. (The best a ticking watch can do is 5 or 10.)

Spaceview "I": Clear view dial; shock-protected; waterproof when case, crown, crystal intact. $135. Others from $125.

The tuning fork's uncanny precision makes Accutron so nearly perfect that we can guarantee accuracy to within one minute a month.*

That's an average of 2 seconds a day.

And many owners say they're off only 1 second—or none at all.

With accuracy like that, a watch has no business ticking when it could be humming.

ACCUTRON® by BULOVA

It goes hm-m-m-m.

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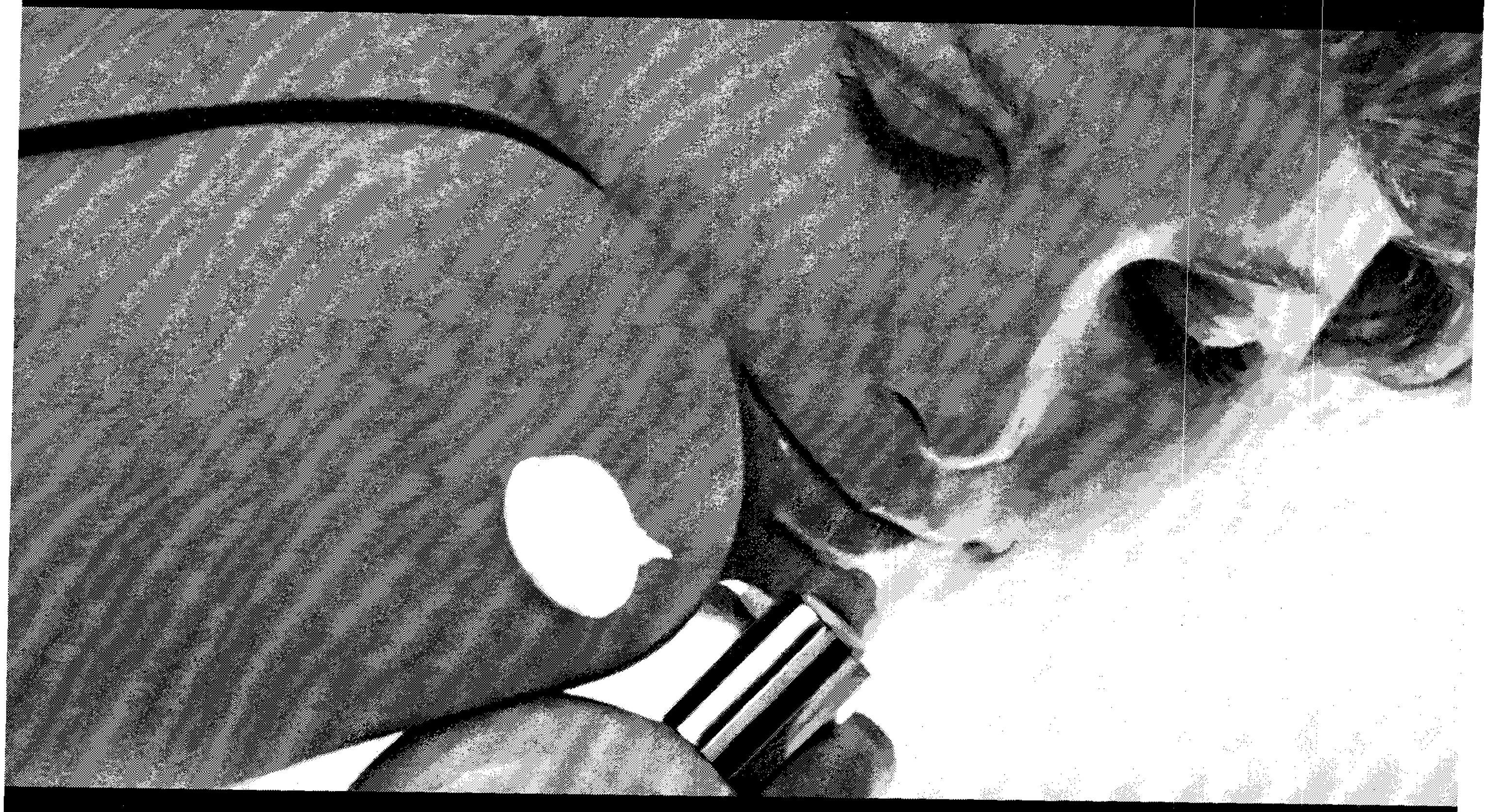
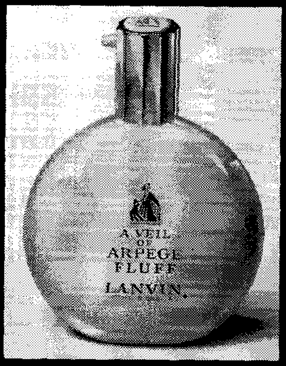
*An authorized Accutron jeweler will adjust timekeeping to this tolerance, if necessary. Guarantee is for one year. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



Yesterday you couldn't buy it.
Tomorrow you won't be able to live without it.

New invention. ®A Veil of Arpege Fluff.
The first soft body fragrance that foams on. You fluff it on, smooth it in. Now you're softly Arpege all over.
For hours. 5.00

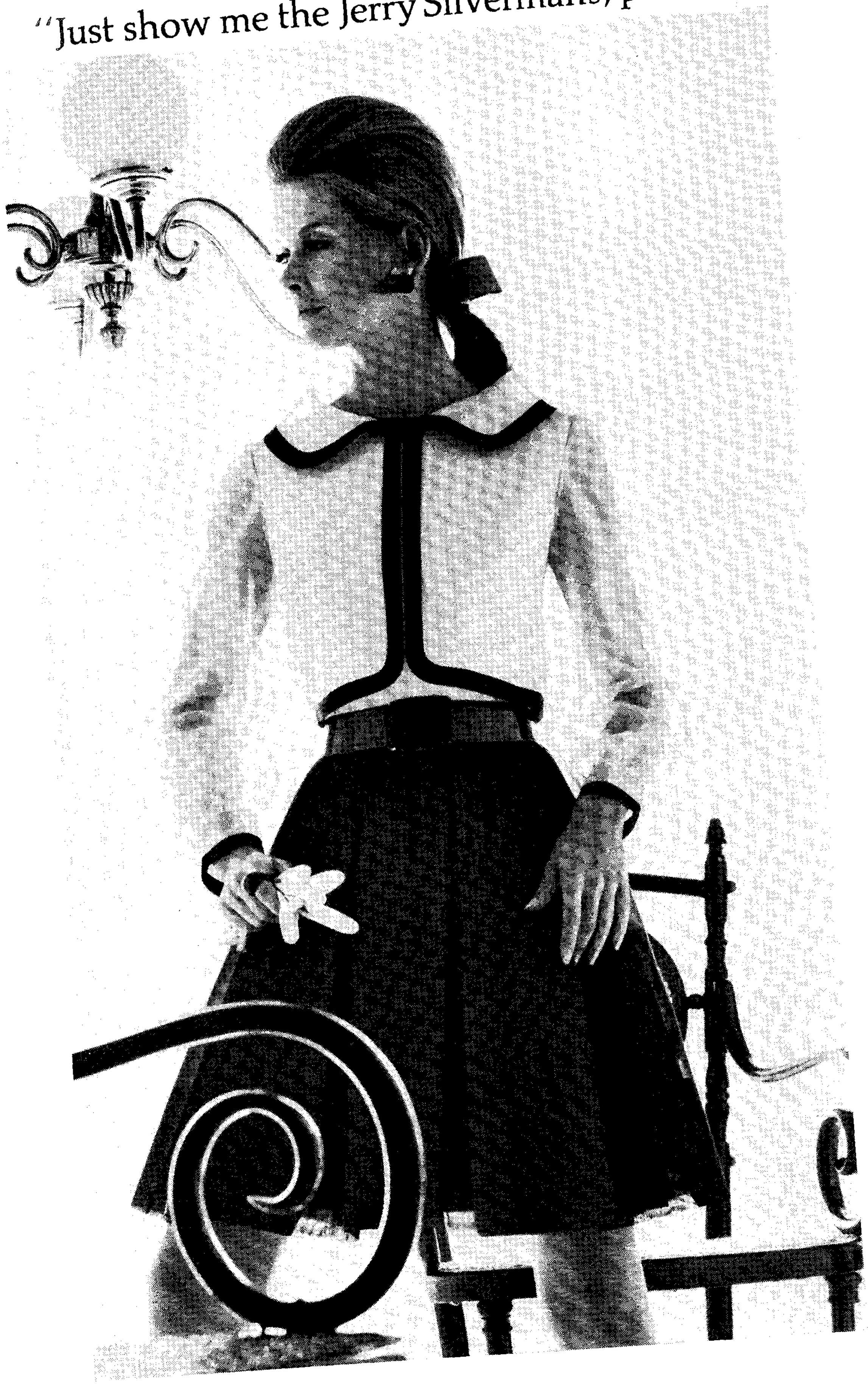
Promise her anything
but give her Arpege



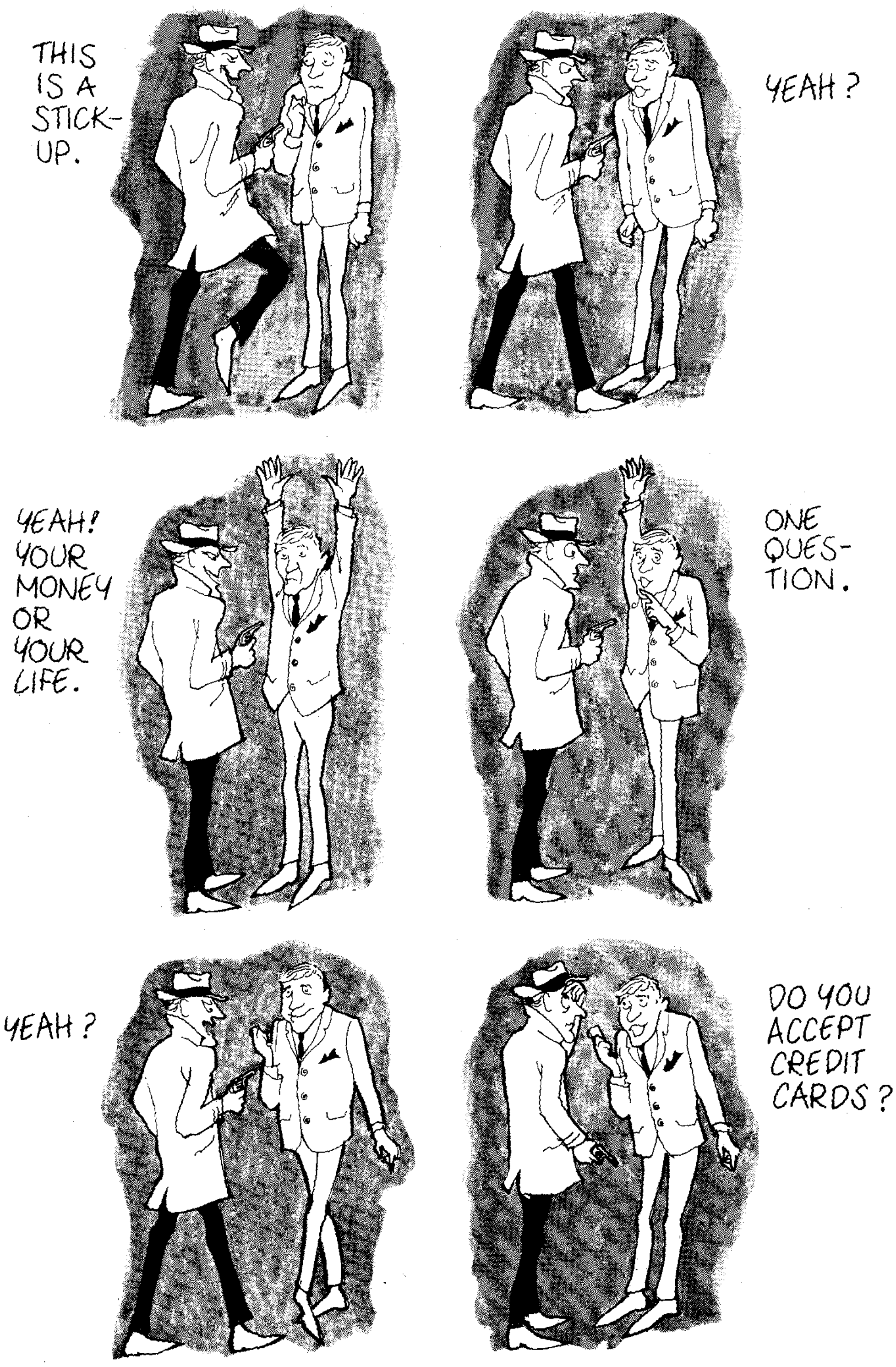
Arpege Fluff
LANVIN

© LANVIN PARFUMS 1968

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers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YEAH?
YEAH! YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.
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YEAH?
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Why, millions upon millions of credit cards are issued every month.
And the majority of these cards are made by one company. Addressograph.
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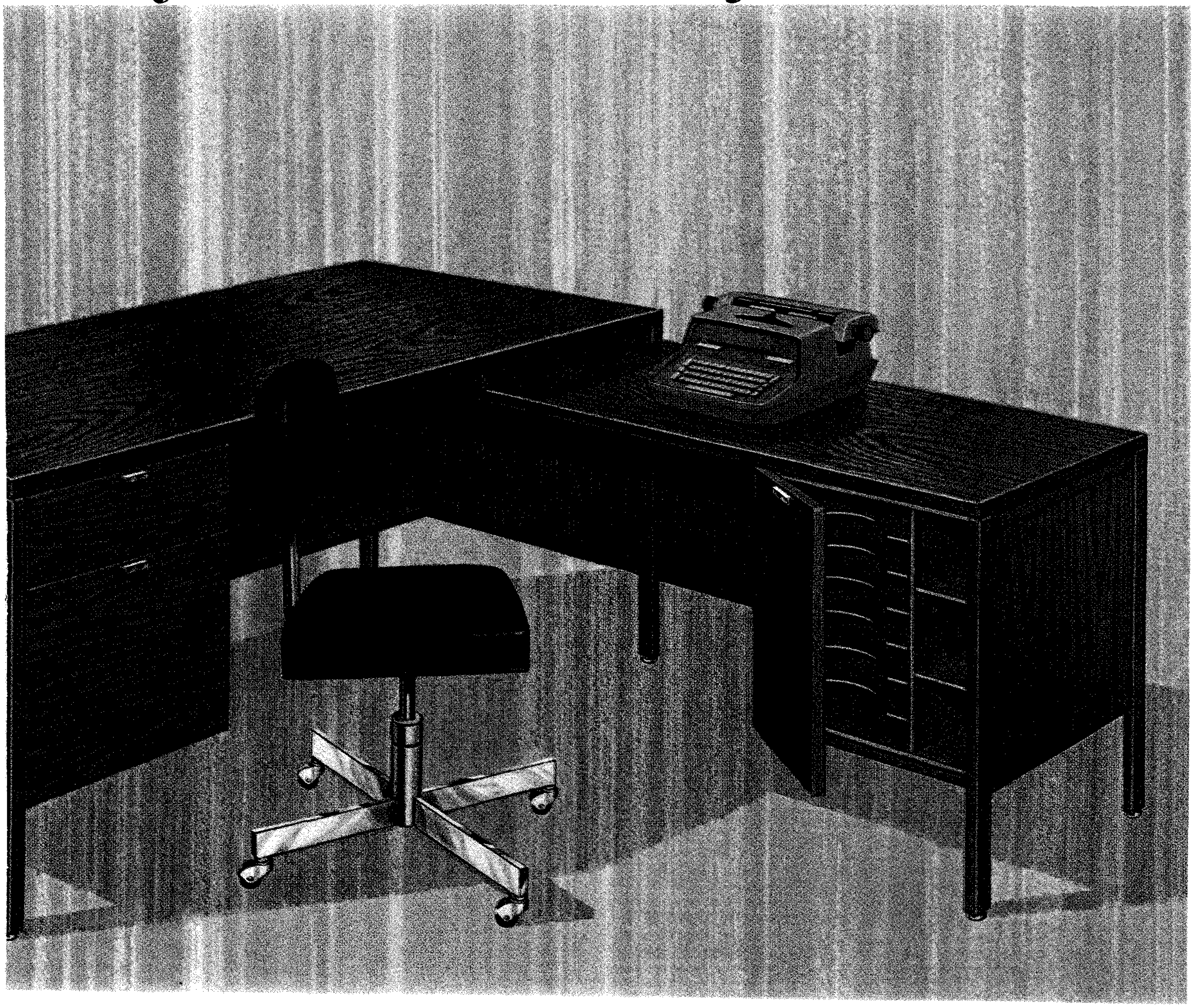
*Addressograph also designs systems for shipping, data collection, billing, identification, computer input and output and other important business communications.

What shape is your secretary in?



She'll never be in better shape than when she's in our new Modular Secretarial Grouping. Because with an arrangement like this, she has everything she needs right at her fingertips. On the one hand, there's a desk for greeting callers and filing letters. And on the other hand, there's another desk for typing.

But if there's one thing about our new desk that's better than its arrangement, it's how it looks. With its distinctive design and cathedral-grained walnut veneer, it looks great. The chair is also new and was designed especially for your secretary. So when she sits at her desk, she's in a great shape.

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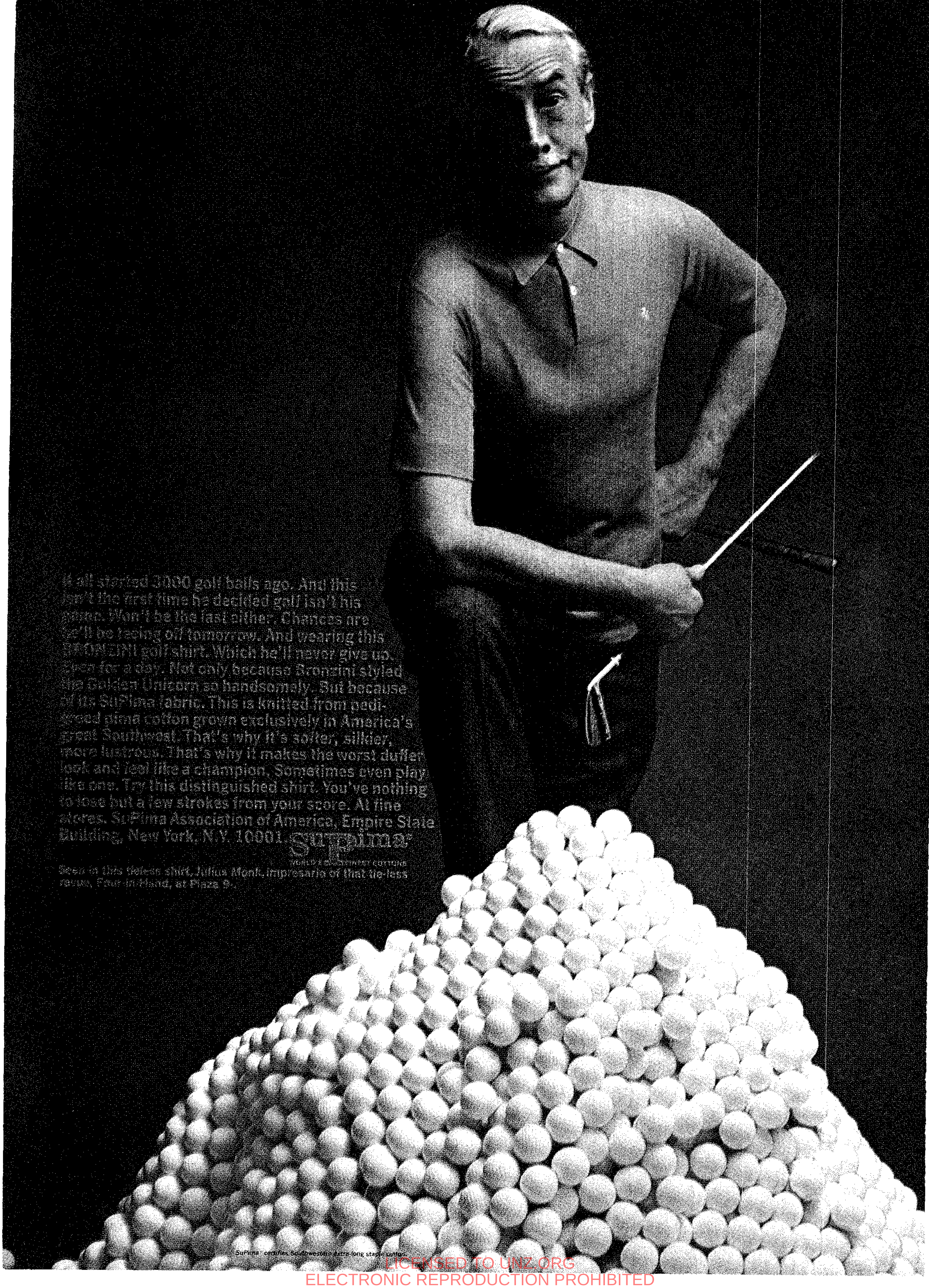
Pictured, the 75 G-605 Secretarial L from the 7500 Series. Write for literature and name of nearest office furniture dealer, or see your interior designer, Myrtle Desk Co., Dept K, High Point, N. C. 27261 • Showrooms: 1160-1163 Merchandise Mart, Chicago/High Point/Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Denver.

Ex-golfer for a day. SuPima man forever



It all started 3000 golf balls ago. And this isn't the first time he decided golf isn't his game. Won't be the last either. Chances are he'll be teeing off tomorrow. And wearing this BRONZINI golf shirt. Which he'll never give up. Even for a day. Not only because Bronzini styled the Golden Unicorn so handsomely. But because of its SuPima fabric. This is knitted from pedigreed pima cotton grown exclusively in America's great Southwest. That's why it's softer, silkier, more lustrous. That's why it makes the worst duffer look and feel like a champion. Sometimes even play like one. Try this distinguished shirt. You've nothing to lose but a few strokes from your score. At fine stores. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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Seen in this tieless shirt, Julius Monk, impresario of that tie-less revue, Four-in-Hand, at Plaza 9.

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Television. It's turned party politics into participation politics.

The Presidential campaigns, urban ghettos, racial violence, Vietnam —television thrusts people into the midst of what's happening. And their response, in turn, affects the nation's course.

Never has a society been so aware of global events. And never before have so many Americans been prepared to take a stand on national and international issues. In-depth, vivid, on-the-scene television coverage is largely responsible.

Throughout the coming months, television's instant news specials, regularly scheduled news reports and current event analyses will add insight into our primaries, conventions and elections—and significant events occurring throughout the world.

Other May highlights for the selective viewer follow.

Hallelujah, Leslie. Singer Leslie Uggams in a musical special with Robert Morse and Noel Harrison. Wednesday, May 1 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Admirable Crichton. Hallmark Hall of Fame: Barrie's satire about an English family and their butler. Thursday, May 2 (8:30-10 pm).

We Won't Go. NBC News Special: the young men who refuse to enter military service. Friday, May 3 (10-11 pm).

Discovery. Monsters of the Ocean Deep; The Vanishing Wilderness; The Backyard People and the Big Top Crew; Spanish California. Sundays, May 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

The 21st Century. Atomic Medicine; The Computer Revolution: Part I; The Computer Revolution: Part II; The Four-Day Week. Sundays, May 5, 12, 19, 26 (6:00-6:30 pm).

Ed Sullivan Special. Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Fred Waring, Robert Goulet celebrate Irving Berlin's 80th birthday. Sunday, May 5 (7:30-9 pm).

Somehow It Works. American Profile: a review of U.S. political campaign techniques. Friday, May 10 (10-11 pm).

Secrets. CBS Playhouse: Arthur Hill, Barbara Bel Geddes, Eileen Heckart, Katherine Bard and guest star Barry Nelson in Tad Mosel's original drama. Wednesday, May 15 (9:30-11 pm).

Man, Beast and the Land. A tour of the Serengeti Plains of Africa. Thursday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Robert Scott and the Race to the South Pole. Saga of Western Man: the expedition from Cape Evans to the Pole. Friday, May 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Emmy Awards. The Television Academy's Annual Presentation. Frank Sinatra, Dick Van Dyke, co-hosts. Sunday, May 19 (10-11:30 pm).

In the Name of God. Saga of Western Man: missionary life in the Micronesian Trust Territory and India. Monday, May 20 (10-11 pm).

Sharks. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau: the life patterns of the shark. Wednesday, May 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A New Era in Medicine. Tomorrow's World: a study of advances in the war against disease. Friday, May 24 (10-11 pm).

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. Quiz Concert: How Musical Are You? Sunday, May 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Candidate. CBS Reports: the problems of campaigning for political office, focusing on one local candidate. Tuesday, May 28 (10-11 pm).

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Summer Semester

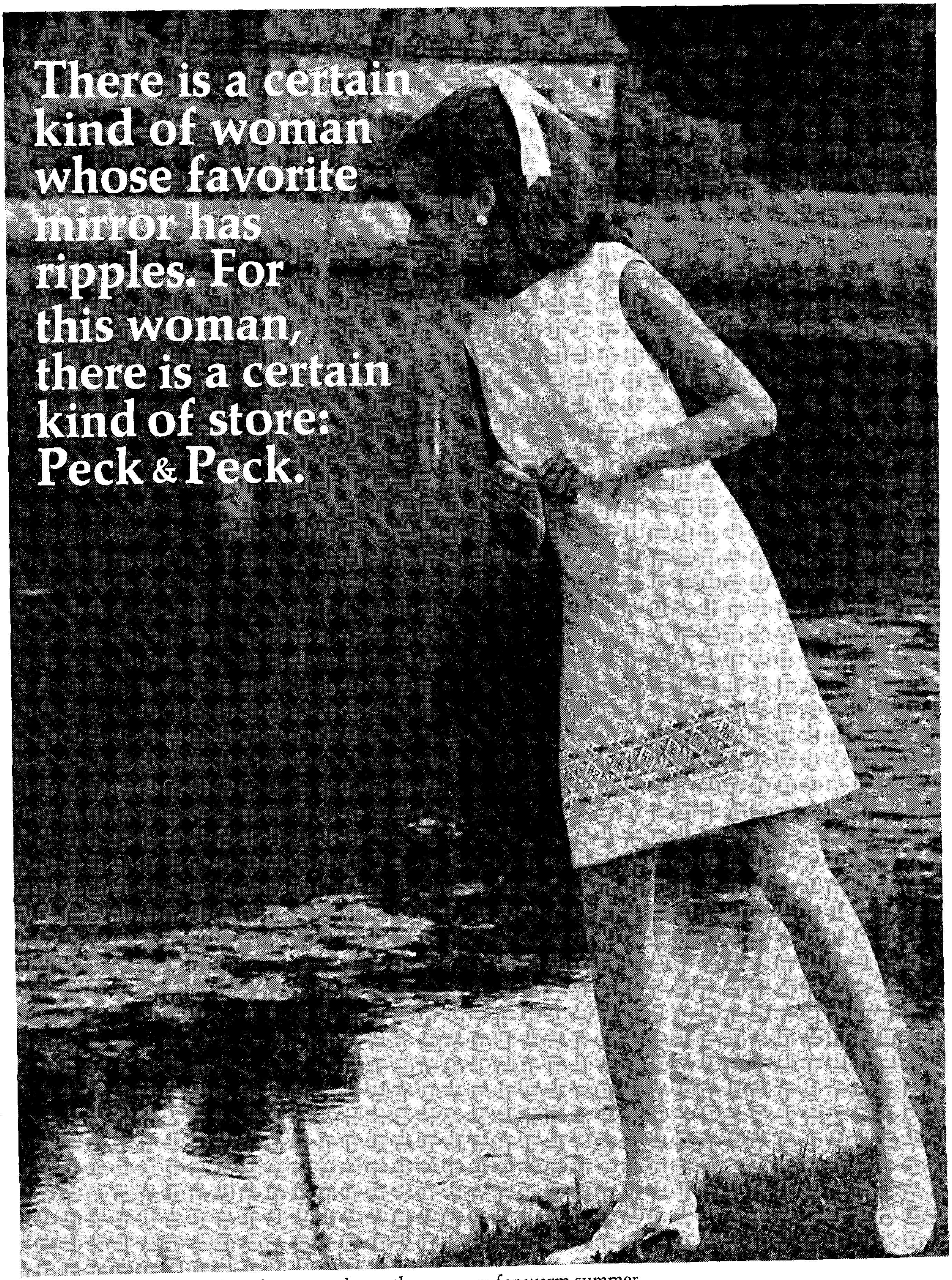
Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/Animal Secrets/The War This Week/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022


There is a certain kind of woman whose favorite mirror has ripples. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

A cool, crisp white-on-white dress must be on the program for warm summer evenings. Look to the ribbons and lace that run around the hem for a touch of powder blue. Sculptured cotton piqué. 8 to 18, 36.00

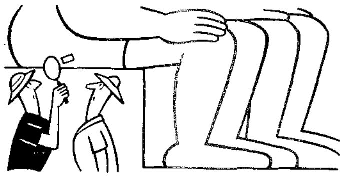
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

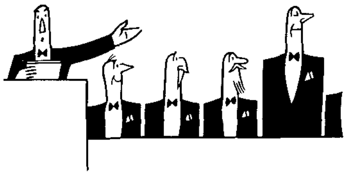
MR. FRANK CALDER, who is a Nishga Indian of British Columbia, recently complained that the Japanese are flooding the province with forged totem poles, and are thereby "discouraging Indians in the Pacific Northwest from maintaining the art of their ancestors." He has asked the government to curb the importation of Japanese totems. We are inclined to share Mr. Calder's concern. Strong misgivings arise at the idea of one nation's imitating the cultural artifacts of another. Who can tell where such practices will stop—or, indeed, how far they have already gone? Consider, for instance, those immense Pharaonic statues that were lately rescued from the rising waters of the Aswan Dam; imagine the stir in archeological circles if a close scrutiny of their undersides were to disclose little gummed stickers that said "Made in Japan." In point of fact, even if the examination revealed labels bearing every evidence of stupendous age and plainly stating "Made in Ancient Egypt," we could feel no great confidence in them. They might be only an artful device to gull the unwary. In justice, however, it must be admitted that the Japanese totemists may quite innocently believe that they are merely maintaining the art of *their* ancestors. There is a theory, after all, that the Indians of America came from the Orient, and this theory has received important new support from an article, written by Nicholas Petrakis, Kathryn Molohon, and David Tepper, that appeared in a recent issue of *Science*. After a sedulous scrutiny of the earwax of four hundred and eighty-three Indians of the Navajo, Sioux, and other North American tribes, the trio soberly observed that "the inheritance of earwax in American Indians is similar to that described by Matsunaga for the Japanese." This finding, they say, supports "the theories of the Asiatic origin of the American Indians." It also plays hob with Mr. Calder's argument. Perhaps the best course open to the Nishga tribe, under the circumstances, is to practice ethnic reciprocity and set about imitating some characteristically Japanese cultural artifact—such as, for example, the transistor radio.

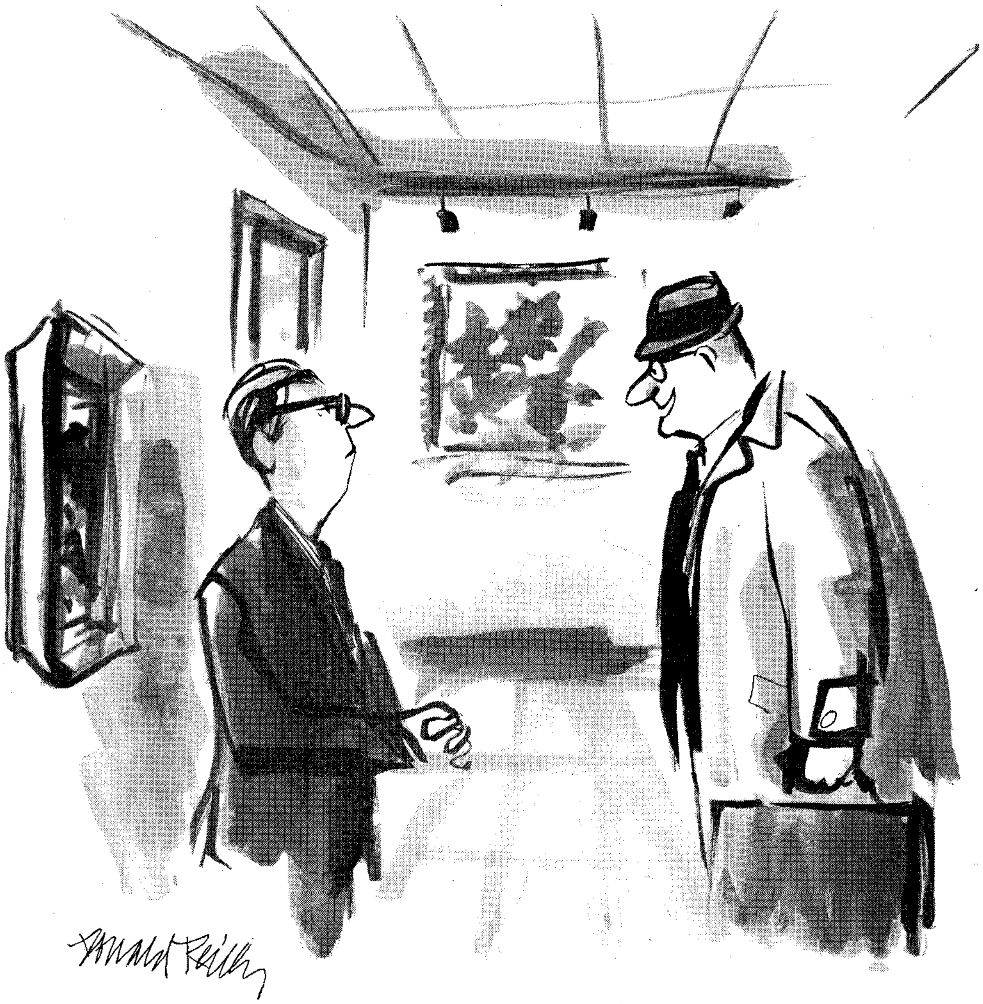


Explorers

THE annual dinner of the Explorers Club, which had a record attendance this year of almost twelve hundred people, in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf, began with the usual far-out cocktail-hour hors d'oeuvres—octopus, reindeer meatballs, smoked Icelandic sheep, and so on—and descended to the usual conventional banquet fare of turtle soup, roast beef, and Baked Alaska. "What I want to know is: What *is* an explorer?" Professor John J. Teal, Jr., said to us over a bite of *mouflon*, or Corsican sheep (excellent, by the way). "I sometimes get the impression, when I come to New York, that an explorer is a man who can find his way to the ladies' room at the Biltmore." Mr. Teal himself is a farther-ranging type; he has scoured the Far North for musk ox, which he breeds on experimental farms in Quebec and Alaska in the hope of producing a wool, on the order of cashmere, that will provide a livelihood for people in the Arctic. A frequenter of warmer zones graced our side at dinner, in the person of Mr. Henry Field, who has conducted many an archeological survey in the north Arabian desert and writes books about these and other trips at his home in Coconut Grove, Florida. He seemed to have had better luck in his Manhattan contacts than Mr. Teal. "I just ran into Dr. Nelson Glueck," he said, referring to a college president (Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, in Cincinnati) who is renowned for his work as an archeologist in Palestine and Transjordan. "I asked him what he was up to, and he said, 'I'm going to Jerusalem in the morning.' That's a good answer for an explorer, isn't it?"

In due course, Dr. Walter A. Wood, the club's president and an Arctic geographer, rose to say, "There is no Lowell Thomas"—the club's honorary president and longtime toastmaster—"at the head table this year. On his insistence, he has been banished to the audience." Dr. Wood went on to introduce an assemblage on the dais that included Barry C. Bishop, a climber of Mt. Everest; Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, a professor of geophysics at the University of Toronto, who flew over the North Pole in 1946; Dr. Terris Moore, an explorer of Tibet, China, and Alaska; Major General Donald V. Bennett, the Superintendent of West Point; and Dr. Maynard M. Miller, "one of the world's fine mountaineers, whom we've just borrowed from Michigan State University for a year and a half to direct the club's World Center for Exploration." Dr. Wood wound up his dais presentations with Sir Charles S. Wright, of Victoria, British Columbia ("A legend and a myth, his scientific career spans the lifetime of almost anyone in this room. He led the party that discovered Robert F. Scott's last camp, near the South Pole, fifty-six years ago"), and went on to bestow three medals—two Explorers and one Sweeney. "Sadly for us," he





"Do you have any of those paintings they say have been beating the pants off the Dow-Jones the last few years?"

• •

said of the Sweeney Medal recipient, Dr. Matthew W. Stirling, director emeritus of the Smithsonian's Bureau of American Ethnology, "Dr. Stirling is in New Guinea, making records of local dialects." The medal was presented, for relaying, to Mrs. Edward C. Sweeney, widow of Dr. Wood's presidential predecessor. All rose. One of the Explorers Medals went to Captain Finn Ronne, a Norwegian-born Byrd Antarctic Expedition veteran ("that great descendant of Leif Erickson . . . strongly polar-oriented"), whom forty-five years' residence in the States has not divested of a Scandinavian accent. It came out strongly in his speech of acceptance ("In receiving the exalted award, I stand in deep humility. . . . We must continue to recognize human values inherent in the explorer's heart").

"You might expect there had to be some dire plot to get Lowell up to the dais, so we had to give *him* an Explorers Medal," Dr. Wood said next, and, sprung from Table 16, where he had been breaking bread with DeWitt Wallace and others, Mr. Thomas appeared on the dais. All rose. "It was he who conceived a permanent home for all our activities," Dr. Wood said, reading from a citation. "He has our respect, gratitude, and affection."

"I have no words with which to thank my colleagues for this undeserved honor," said Mr. Thomas, and, with the president's blessing, he proceeded to take over for a while, ushering in a round of entertainment that included songs, speeches, and movies and did full justice, *pari passu*, to grown men pretending to be warthogs in order to annoy a herd of elephants; a marine-science institute and ocean-engineering testing facility at Makapuu, Hawaii, that features an ocean-bottom home for human beings; and Mr. Teal's musk ox.

"We rub gasoline under the tails of certain cows," Mr. Teal was saying, of a breeding station he has set up near Fairbanks, as we ducked out.

Subterfuge

A YOUNG woman who has a strong maternal attachment for Buttercup, her spry cocker spaniel, was phoned the other day by a friend of ours, and the conversation went like this:

FRIEND: Mary and I are having some people over for drinks this evening, and we wondered if you'd like to drop by—say, around nine-ish.

YOUNG WOMAN: Well, I'd love to, honestly. . . . Stop chewing the rug, Buttercup! . . . But I really don't see how I can. . . . Now, please stop that, Buttercup!

FRIEND: Oh well, if you're busy, maybe some other time, then.

YOUNG WOMAN (*half whispering*): It's not that. It's just I've been away from the apartment all day and the d-o-g will be furious if I go o-u-t again.

Playwright-Novelist

TOM STOPPARD, the author of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," which last week won the Tony Award as the best play of the season, and a few days later was named best play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle, was born in 1937 in Zlín, Czechoslovakia, a town that is the center of the Czech shoe industry, which was founded in 1913 by Tomáš Bata. Zlín was renamed Gottwaldov in 1948, after Klement Gottwald, the first Communist President of Czechoslovakia, and the Bata industries were nationalized around that time and renamed Svit. Bata had factories all over the world, and in 1939, when Mr. Stoppard was not quite two and the Germans were about to take over the country, his father, a company doctor, was transferred to a Bata branch in Singapore. In 1942, when the Japanese were about to take over that naval base from the British, Mrs. Stoppard and her two sons were evacuated to India; Dr. Stoppard was killed shortly thereafter. The boys went to an American school in Darjeeling for a couple of years, and in 1946 their mother, who had married an Englishman, took them to Bristol, England. "I went to prep school in Nottinghamshire and to public school in Yorkshire," Mr. Stoppard told us when we called on him at the Algonquin shortly before the Tony Awards were announced. "I became a reporter on the *Western Daily Press*, in Bristol, when I was seventeen, and after four years I moved over to the Bristol *Evening World*, which is now defunct. I was interested in life more than in literature. My ambitions were exclusively journalistic. I wanted to end up as God knows what—a correspondent under fire in some foreign field, perhaps."

We asked Mr. Stoppard how he got into the theatre, and he said, "I wrote a lot about the Bristol theatre, which was flourishing, and I knew the people in it. I became quite hooked on it. I wrote a play, 'A Walk on the Water,' that was produced on television in England in 1963. The next year, I spent five months in Berlin, on a Ford Foundation grant. I lived in a large house on the edge of the city with twenty other Ford-grantee writers—German, English, and American. It was part of the battle to keep Berlin culturally alive. There I wrote a one-act verse burlesque called 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,' and I subsequently wrote 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,' which has no connection with the other. It was well received at the 1966 Edinburgh Festival and has been in the National Theatre's repertory since last April. My first play has just been produced in London under the title 'Enter a Free Man.' It has been badly received."

Mr. Stoppard handed us a New York *Times* report on it by Charles Marowitz, who characterized it as "about as weighty as a feather boa and as substantial as a blancmange left out in the sun." "I'm inclined to agree," Stoppard said. "It was produced in Hamburg, in German, in 1964, and I went to see it. I guess I should have left it at that. I don't understand any German, so I couldn't really judge that production. It was Charles Marowitz who recommended me for the Ford grant, by the way." The telephone rang, and he said to someone, "A tuxedo? I don't have one. . . . I don't *have* a white shirt. . . . I don't *have* a dark coat. I just don't have the right kind of clothes, do I?" Mr. Stoppard, who was wearing a bright-colored flowered shirt, a flowing black silk tie, and light-brown tweed trousers, hung up, smiled engagingly, and said, "Alexander Cohen's office. They want me to tape an acceptance of the Tony Awards thing, which will be announced on television on a day when I won't be here. They're going to lend me a white shirt and a dark coat. All the candidates who won't be here then have to tape acceptances. Of course, I have no idea whether I'll get an award or not. It's rather ghostly, isn't it, talking to a nonexistent audience about a nonexistent award?"

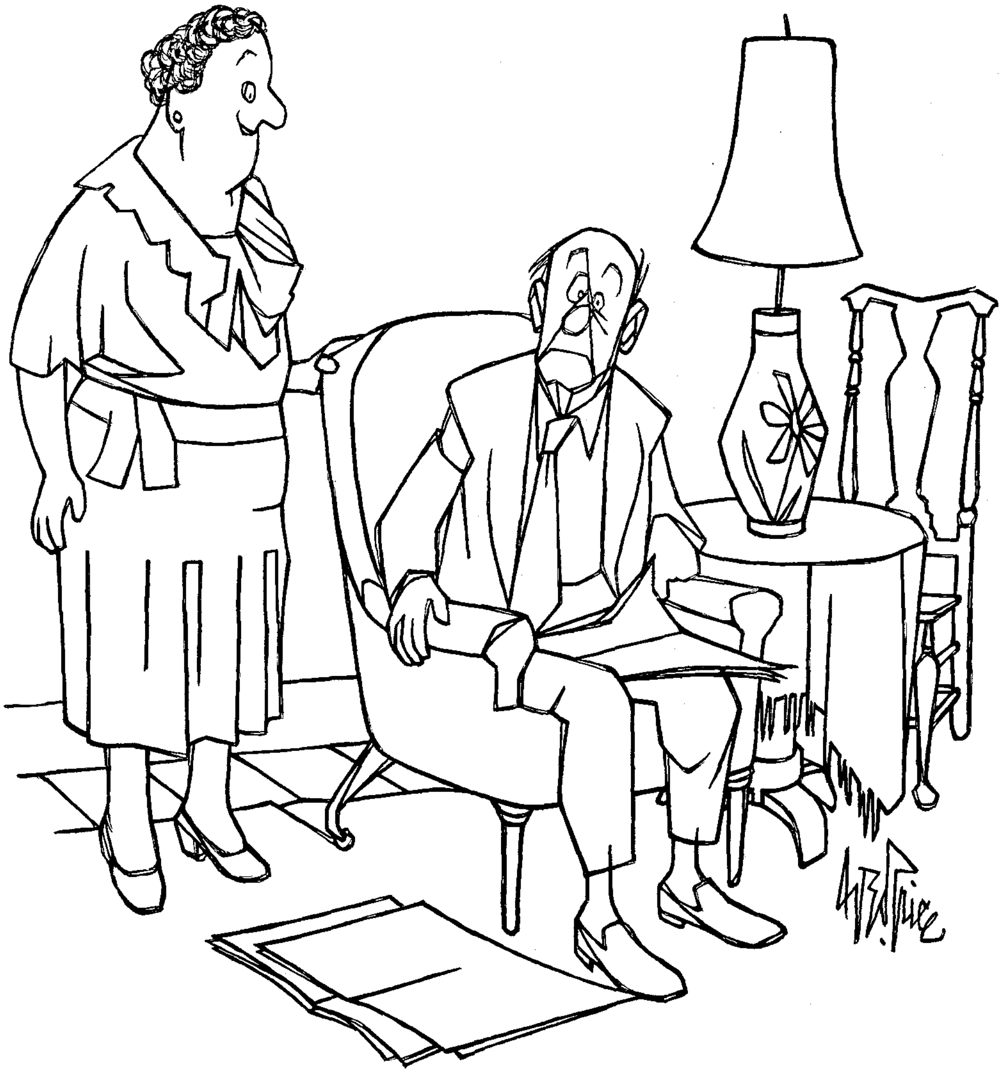
Stoppard had come to New York for a week to look in on his play, "do a little fiddling with the actors," and be on hand for the Knopf publication of a novel, "Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon," which was published in London in 1966. We asked him how it was received there. "It was not received at all," he said. "It got very few reviews. It just sort of slunk in. It stopped dead in its tracks. I liked it enormously when I wrote it—I worked on it for months, all day and half the night, while my wife and I were living in a flat in London, and she read the new pages out loud in bed every night—and I thought that it would be a great success and that 'Rosencrantz,' which I'd just finished, would simply be an interesting episode. The action of the novel takes place within twenty-four hours in contemporary London. The characters have a sort of eccentricity that moves them into a Surrealistic context, but the book isn't in the least Surrealistic. Nothing in it is unreal or distorted, although some of it is heightened to a degree of absurdity. I think that realism has room for absurdity. It's sort of a funny book. I wrote it to be funny. Writing it was a very nice period of my life. Things you write tend to go off, like fruit. There are very few things I've written that haven't tended to decompose, later on, before my startled gaze—that is perfectly natural, since literary material isn't mineral but organic, and nature changes—but 'Malquist' wears well, at least for me."

Emendation

A COMMUTER reports that he was recently trapped in a stalled New Haven train at Old Greenwich without any sort of reading matter, and, in desperation, culled from the litter at his feet a piece of yellow paper marked "Memo." Scrawled in pencil on the document was the sentence "The adman is a jerk at heart." This was immediately followed by the sentence, in the same hand, "The *good* adman *must* be a jerk at heart."

Protest at Columbia

LAST week, for the first time in its history, Columbia University was brought to a standstill by the actions



"Except for those god-awful veal cutlets they served at our wedding supper, it's been a good thirty years, hasn't it?"

of student demonstrators. On Tuesday, the acting dean of Columbia College, Henry S. Coleman, was barricaded in his office, and by Wednesday the central administration offices, including the office of President Grayson Kirk, had been seized and occupied. The student activists—whose protest had been initiated by the decision of a steering committee that had been set up by representatives of the Society of Afro-American Students (S.A.S.), the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.), and the Columbia Citizenship Council—were asking for a number of things, of which the most important were an immediate halt in the construction of a new university gymnasium in nearby Morningside Park, a project that has been opposed by the neighboring Harlem community as an encroachment on a city-owned recreation area, and the ending of the university's connection with the Institute for Defense Analysis, an organization that many students view as supporting the war in Vietnam. By the time the demonstrations were under way, however, with the university's normal routine completely disrupted and a police command post set up on campus, the demonstrators had placed at the head of their list of demands a general amnesty for all students involved in this protest and also in earlier demonstrations against the gymnasium site.

On Thursday, the third day of the protest, we went up to Columbia, and found the campus looking fairly calm. Students were walking about, many of them stopping to talk in small groups, and some carrying picket signs. A casual visitor might not have realized that anything out of the ordinary was taking place. But Hamilton Hall, the administration and main classroom building for Columbia College—in which Dean Coleman had been held hostage in his office on Tuesday and Wednesday—was completely occupied by Negroes under the direction of the S.A.S., who, following a dispute over tactics with white demonstrators, had asked all white students to leave. Over the entrance was a hand-lettered sign that read "Malcolm X University—Est. 1968 A.D." On a balcony above the sign, four Negro boys and one Negro girl stood looking down at a sizable crowd that had gathered on the terrace below. There was no conversation between the crowd and the group on the balcony, but many members of the crowd were black, and several of these, by virtue of their age or of their clothing, looked more like residents of the neighborhood than like students. Wandering through the crowd were students—mostly white—handing out leaflets with titles like "Confront Racism Now!" and "The Next Step in the Struggle."

In front of the Pantheon-like Low Memorial Library, which is no longer a library but the university's administration building, about twenty young people were marching in a circle, carrying signs with inscriptions like "Join Us for Freedom," "Legality Is *Not* Morality," "Amnesty," and "End I.D.A. Ties with Columbia." Not far from them, a bearded young man was handing out ballots for a referendum that would indicate how many Columbia students approved of the activists' position and tactics. (Newspaper stories had stated that the university had been paralyzed by only a handful of students.) He turned out to be Mr. Hunter Ingalls, an instructor in art history, and he told us that he had attended a faculty meeting the night before at which an attempt had been made to find a solution. "Dean Coleman came in," he said. "He came in rather dramatically, in fact, having just been released by the students over at Hamilton. And he said, 'If we granted an amnesty, I wouldn't know what to say to the twenty-five hundred other students.' You see, the demonstrators probably number only two or three hundred. That's why I'm trying to get these ballots about. We want to find out how the student body feels as a whole—not just how the extreme elements on both sides feel."

We dropped in at the philosophy building, and found a sign on the door of the Graduate Faculties Student Lounge reading, "Sorry. No Tea Today. The Lounge Is Closed." It was closed, it turned out, for still another faculty meeting. As we stood talking to a faculty member, a very pretty blond girl came running into the lobby holding a folder on which were printed her name and the words "Master's Thesis Outline." She looked distraught. Turning to the faculty member, she said, "What am I going to *do*? This is the day I've been looking forward to all year. I've got to present this at the *seminar*. I've been over at Hamilton. I can't get in there. They told me to go to Fayerweather, but that's barricaded, *too*." The faculty member shook his head, and we left the building.

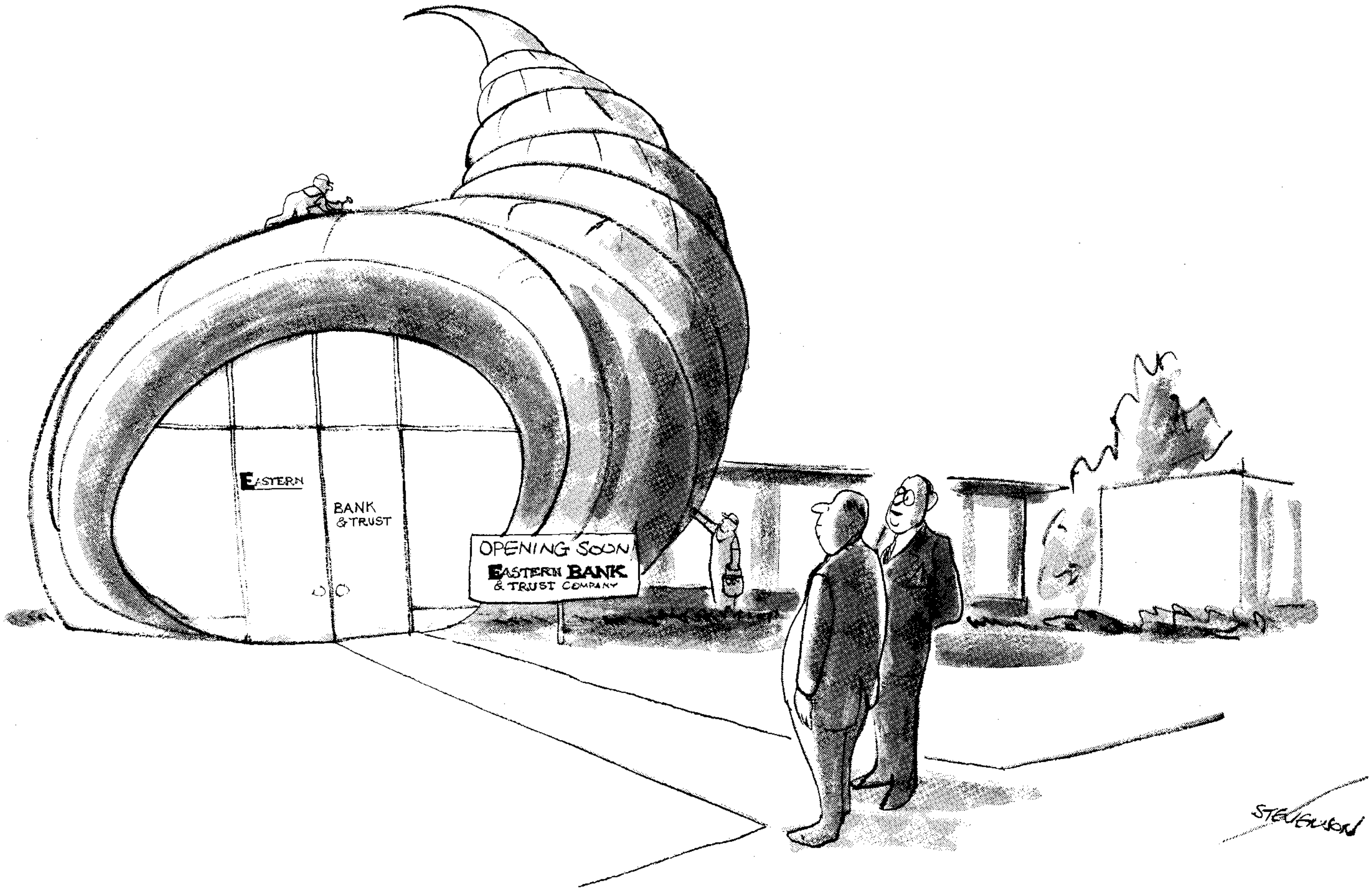
The center of the S.D.S. part of the protest—established after the tactical break with the Negro students, who favored greater militancy—was in Low Library. Students had cut telephone communications with the president's office, but on Wednesday security guards had managed to rush in and bring out a Rembrandt valued at four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now Low's front steps were empty except for four policemen, who looked rather bored, but along the west side of the building a large group of students had gathered under the windows of President Kirk's occupied office. To judge from their conversations, most of them were moderates: They agreed with the aims of the demonstrators but disagreed—often emphatically—with their methods. From the windows of the building, many student faces looked out, and outside the second-floor windows, on a wide ledge that ran the length of the building, about twenty-five students sat or strolled or stood looking amiably out at the crowd and occasionally shouting "Come on up!" Their dress was more colorful than that of the crowd below—they were clad in shawls, bright blankets, castoff military jackets, and such—and they looked quite happy. Two policemen patrolled the grass beneath them.

Near the center of the crowd, a young man in an athletic jacket was arguing vehemently with an older man, who appeared to be a resident of the neighborhood. The young man was saying, "How can we permit this? Is this what you call democracy—taking over things by force? What's happened to the democratic method? What about the traditions of this university?"

The older man, gesturing with both hands, said, "Tradition? That's in the past. These people are living in the present, and that's where they *should* be living."

From time to time, a student accepted the demonstrators' invitation to "come on up" and, dashing over to the building to elude the police, reached the ledge by clambering up a grating that covered the ground-floor windows. We stepped through a hedge, walked up to the building, and attempted to talk with some of the demonstrators above us. A young man wearing a red blanket and sandals called, "Come on up!" We asked if we might talk with him and his colleagues. He repeated his request, and soon three or four pairs of hands were reaching down toward us. With a little help from the demonstrators, we climbed the grating and stood on the ledge.

The young man in the red blanket



"I predict we'll either be socko or nothing."

• •

said, "Look, you can't come inside, because we're not letting anybody in—see? People are looking for evidence of our tearing up the President's office, and all, and that's not the point. But we'll talk to you out here."

We agreed to stay on the ledge.

After some conferring had taken place with people inside, a slight young man in a field jacket climbed out the window and stood next to us. He identified himself as Robert Roth, a Columbia undergraduate and a member of the Students for a Democratic Society. "Our aims are clear enough," he said. "We've found over the past year that it's impossible for students to accomplish anything here vis-à-vis the administration. If you're not backed by someone in a position of power at Columbia, there's nothing you can possibly do. We look on this university as belonging to the students and the faculty—not to the trustees. We've been working all year for changes, without results. When Dean Truman"—David B. Truman, vice-president of the university—"says 'The trustees of this university have decided . . .' that's just what he means. It's the trustees who make all the decisions, and it's time for the students and the faculty to take an active part in what's happening here. This is not a simple dispute over university organization, and it's not just philosophical. Essentially, what we're doing is a political thing. Columbia University is racist. It's been dispossessing Negroes and Puerto Ricans in the community for years, buying up property and evicting the tenants, and now the gymnasium threatens to take still more land away from the community."

"And another thing," a young man with shoulder-length hair said suddenly. "The cafeteria workers on campus, who are almost entirely Negro or Puerto Rican—they *still* aren't allowed to organize. Some of them have been working here for ten years. They're worse off than the Memphis sanitation workers. And Dr. King died for that!"

"Yes," Mr. Roth said. "I really think Dr. King's death had a lot to do with this thing—why it happened, and why it happened now. First of all, we never could have done this without the black students—without the S.A.S. people, who are now in control of Hamilton Hall. I think Dr. King's death jolted them into decisive action. Soon after the assassination, a memorial service was held in the chapel here. Dr. Kirk and Dean Truman were there. Right in the middle of the service, Mark Rudd, the campus chairman of S.D.S.—he's white, by the way—stood up and said, 'This is basically a racist university, and this service is an obscenity to the memory of a great man.' I agree with him." The others on the ledge murmured agreement.

Explaining that we ourself were opposed to their use of force, we asked them whether they felt sure that their tactics were morally right and were the tactics best suited to achieve the results they wanted. They all indicated that they were sure. "There really is no other way—not at Columbia, anyhow," Mr. Roth said.

Meanwhile, down on the ground, people stood and watched the demonstrators and argued among themselves. Across the way, at Lewisohn Hall, another group of demonstrators had gathered, and their voices were growing louder. Despite the demonstrations, and despite the occupation of the buildings, the atmosphere was one of calmness and determination. As we knelt to climb down from the ledge, Mr. Roth said to us, "Remember, we're not seeking student power. This *is* student power. This *is* student participation."

We lowered ourself to the grass, waved at the students on the ledge, and rejoined the crowd.

THE EXPLANATION

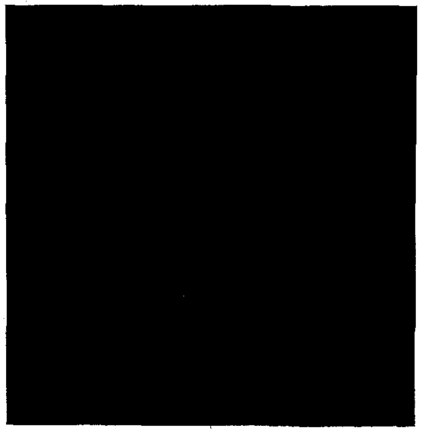
Q: Do you believe that this machine could be helpful in changing the government?

A: Changing the government . . .

Q: Making it more responsive to the needs of the people?

A: I don't know what it is. What does it do?

Q: Well, look at it.



A: It offers no clues.

Q: It has a certain . . . reticence.

A: I don't know what it does.

•

Q: A lack of confidence in the machine?

•

Q: Is the novel dead?

A: Oh yes. Very much so.

Q: What replaces it?

A: I should think that it is replaced by what existed before it was invented.

Q: The same thing?

A: The same sort of thing.

Q: Is the bicycle dead?

•

Q: You don't trust the machine?

A: Why should I trust it?

Q: (States his own lack of interest in machines)

•

Q: What a beautiful sweater.

A: Thank you. I don't want to worry about machines.

Q: What do you worry about?

A: I was standing on the corner waiting for the light to change when I noticed, across the street among the people there waiting for the light to change, an extraordinarily handsome girl who was looking at me. Our eyes met, I looked away, then I looked again, she was looking away, the light changed. I moved into the street as did she. First I looked at her again to see if she was still looking at me, she wasn't but I was aware that she was aware of me. I decided to smile. I smiled but in a curious way—the smile was supposed to convey that I was interested in her but also that I was aware that the situation was funny. But I bungled it. I smirked. I dislike even the word "smirk." There was, you know, the moment when we passed each other. I had resolved to look at her directly in that moment. I tried but she was looking a bit to the left of me, she was looking fourteen inches to the left of my eyes.

Q: This is the sort of thing that—

A: I want to go back and do it again.

•

Q: Now that you've studied it for a bit, can you explain how it works?

A: Of course. (Explanation)

•

Q: Is she still removing her blouse?

A: Yes, still.

Q: Do you want to have your picture taken with me?

A: I don't like to have my picture taken.

Q: Do you believe that, at some point in the future, one will be able to achieve sexual satisfaction, "complete" sexual satisfaction, for instance by taking a pill?

A: I doubt that it's impossible.

Q: You don't like the idea.

A: No. I think that under those conditions, we would know less than we do now.

Q: Know less about each other.

A: Of course.

•

Q: It has beauties.

A: The machine.

Q: Yes. We construct these machines not because we confidently expect them to do what they are designed to do—change the government in this instance—but because we intuit a machine, out there, glowing like a shopping center. . . .

A: You have to contend with a history of success.

Q: Which has gotten us nowhere.

A: (Extends consolation)

•

Q: What did you do then?

A: I walked on a tree. For twenty steps.

Q: What sort of tree?

A: A dead tree. I can't tell one from another. It may have been an oak. I was reading a book.

Q: What was the book?

A: I don't know, I can't tell one from another. They're not like films. With films you can remember, at a minimum, who the actors were. . . .

Q: What was she doing?

A: Removing her blouse. Eating an apple.

Q: The tree must have been quite large.

A: The tree must have been quite large.

Q: Where was this?

A: Near the sea. I had rope-soled shoes.

•

Q: I have a number of error messages I'd like to introduce here and I'd like you to study them carefully . . . they're numbered. I'll go over them with you: undefined variable . . . improper sequence of operators . . . improper use of hierarchy . . . missing operator . . . mixed mode, that one's particularly grave . . . argument of a function is fixed-point . . . improper character in constant . . . improper fixed-point constant . . . improper floating-point constant . . . invalid character transmitted in sub-program statement, that's a bitch . . . no END statement.

A: I like them very much.

Q: There are hundreds of others, hundreds and hundreds.

A: You seem emotionless.

Q: That's not true.

A: To what do your emotions . . . adhere, if I can put it that way?

Q: (Long explanation)

•

Q: Do you see what she is doing?

A: Removing her blouse.

Q: How does she look?

A: . . . Self-absorbed.

Q: Are you bored with the question-and-answer form?

A: I am bored with it but I realize that it permits many valuable omissions: what kind of day it is, what I'm wearing, what I'm thinking. That's a very considerable advantage, I would say.

Q: I believe in it.

•

Q: She sang and we listened to her.

A: I was speaking to a tourist.

Q: Their chair is here.

A: I knocked at the door; it was shut.

Q: The soldiers marched toward the castle.

A: I had a watch.

Q: He has struck me.

A: I have struck him.

Q: Their chair is here.

A: We shall not cross the river.

Q: The boats are filled with water.

A: His father will strike him.

Q: Filling his pockets with fruit.

Q: THE face . . . the machine has a face. This panel here . . .

A: That one?

Q: Just as the human face developed . . . from fish . . . it's traceable, from, say, the . . . The first mouth was that of a jellyfish. I can't remember the name, the Latin name. . . . But a mouth, there's more to it than just a mouth, a mouth alone is not a face. It went on up through the sharks . . .

A: Up through the sharks . . .

Q: . . . to the snakes. . . .

A: Yes.

Q: The face has *three* main functions, detection of desirable energy sources, direction of the locomotor machinery toward its goal, and capture. . . .

A: Yes.

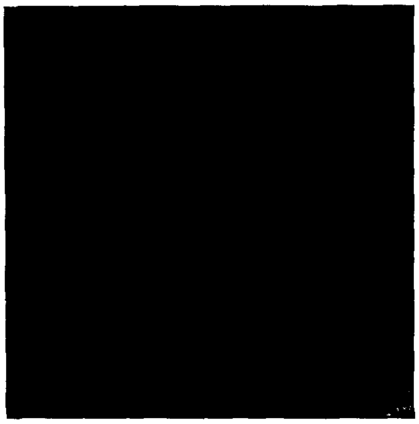
Q: Capture and preliminary preparation of food. Is this too . . .

A: Not a bit.

Q: The face, a face, also serves as a lure in mate acquisition. The broad, forwardly directed nose—

A: I don't see that on the panel.

Q: Look at it.



A: I don't—

Q: There is an analogy, believe it or not. The . . . we use industrial designers to do the front panels, the controls. Designers, artists. To make the machines attractive to potential buyers. Pure cosmetics. They told us that knife switches were masculine. Men felt . . . So we used a lot of knife switches. . . .

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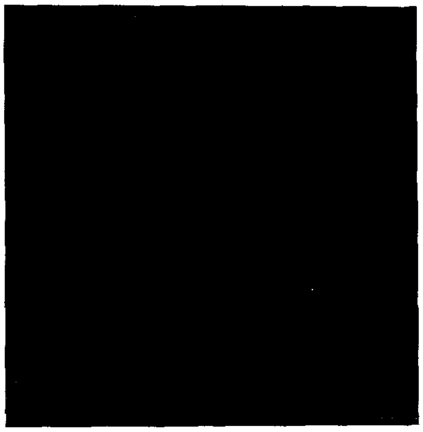

A: What's this one used for?

Q: It's part of the process. We had a lot of trouble with that one, the—

A: I know that a great deal has been written about all this but when I come across such articles, in the magazines or in a newspaper, I don't read them. I'm not interested.

Q: What are your interests?

A: I'm a director of the Schumann Festival.

•

Q: What is she doing now?

A: Taking off her jeans.

Q: Has she removed her blouse?

A: No, she's still wearing her blouse.

Q: A yellow blouse?

A: Blue.

Q: Well, what is she doing now?

A: Removing her jeans.

Q: What is she wearing underneath?

A: Pants. Panties.

Q: But she's still wearing her blouse?

A: Yes.

Q: Has she removed her panties?

A: Yes.

Q: Still wearing the blouse?

A: Yes. She's walking along a log.

Q: In her blouse. Is she reading a book?

A: No. She has sunglasses.

Q: She's wearing sunglasses?

A: Holding them in her hand.

Q: How does she look?

A: Quite beautiful.

•

Q: You don't trust the machine?

A: Why should I trust it?

•

Q: What is the content of Maoism?

A: The content of Maoism is purity.

Q: Is purity quantifiable?

A: Purity has never been quantifiable.

Q: What is the incidence of purity worldwide?

A: Purity occurs in .004 per cent of all cases.

Q: What is purity in the pure state often consonant with?

A: Purity in the pure state is often consonant with madness.

Q: This is not to denigrate madness.

A: This is not to denigrate madness. Madness in the pure state offers an alternative to the reign of right reason.

Q: What is the content of right reason?

A: The content of right reason is rhetoric.

Q: And the content of rhetoric?

A: The content of rhetoric is purity.

Q: Is purity quantifiable?

A: Purity is not quantifiable. It *is* inflatable.

Q: How is our rhetoric preserved against attacks by other rhetorics?

A: Our rhetoric is preserved by our elected representatives. In the fat of their heads.

•

Q: There's no point in arguing that the machine is wholly successful, but it has its qualities. I don't like to use anthropomorphic language in talking about these machines, but there is one quality . . .

A: What is it?

Q: It's brave.

A: There's not much bravery in art now.

Q: Since the death of the bicycle.

Q: THERE are ten rules for operating the machine. The first rule is turn it on.

A: Turn it on.

Q: The second rule is convert the terms. The third rule is rotate the inputs. The fourth rule is you have made a serious mistake.

A: What do I do?

Q: You send the appropriate error message.

A: I will never remember these rules.

Q: I'll repeat them a hundred times.

A: I was happier before.

Q: You imagined it.

THE POWERHOUSE

Close to my place is the powerhouse.
I knew there wouldn't be anybody in it.
It's beautiful
like a church. It works
all by itself. And with almost no sound.

All glass. And a tall square tower on it.
Colored lights shine from within. They
color the glass. Pink. Pale green.
Not stained. Not that kind.
And not fragile. Just light. Light weight.

A red rod erect from the tower
blinking on top red. Behind it gray
wings of motion. A fan of light
opening and folding somewhere in the west of town.
Periodic as a metronome.

The crickets were talking like electricity.
A white spitz barked at me
though my sneakers made no noise.
I walked up the slight slope—it's wide—
to the powerhouse

went past the doorway
big as a barn door squared. Big horse I thought.
The stars were far away. Small dim points.
I saw through the doorway gray metal coils.
All the clean machinery and engines.

I don't know what to call it all.
I don't know the names.
Painted pretty colors slick and clean.
I knew there wouldn't be anybody there.
Nobody needs to work there I thought.

And walked past that door farther on.
White lights icy and clean.
Not blazing. Cool. Gossamer. The pink and green
like-sherbet-colors bathing the gray machines.
Came to a place where vapor

cooled my skin. A breeze made by waterspray
up high. And there was white steam unfurling
evaporating against the dark.
Down lower a red transparent ball
on a pedestal. Incandescent. Big

—a balloon mystery. Inside
through another doorway I saw a hook
painted yellow. Huge and high enough
to lift a freight car. I stood looking in
—my shadow so long

and black from the streaming lights.
And I was wrong. Somebody moved
in the powerhouse. Came from between the coils
and giant tubes. Down off the balcony
on the steel stairway

smooth and slow. Like floating.
Like not having to look or think.
I thought he'd be a Negro but he wasn't.
He didn't see me. Didn't need to see anything.
He had a red face and a blue uniform.

—MAY SWENSON

• •

A: The issues are not real.

Q: The issues are not real in the sense that they are touchable. The issues raised here are equivalents. Reasons and conclusions exist although they exist elsewhere, not here. Reasons and conclusions are in the air and simple to observe even for those who do not have the leisure to consult or learn to read the publications of the specialized disciplines.

A: The situation bristles with difficulties.

Q: The situation bristles with difficulties but in the end young people and workers will live on the same plane as old people and government officials, for the mutual good of all categories. The phenomenon of masses, in following the law of high numbers, makes possible exceptional and rare events, which—

A: I called her then and told her that I had dreamed about her, that she was naked in the dream, that we were making love. She didn't wish to be dreamed about, she said—not now, not later, not ever, when would I stop. I suggested that it was something over which I had no control. She said that it had all been a long time ago and that she was married to William now, as I knew, and that she didn't want . . . irruptions of this kind. Think of William, she said.

•

Q: He has struck me.

A: I have struck him.

Q: We have seen them.

A: I was looking at the window.

Q: Their chair is here.

A: She sang and we listened to her.

Q: Soldiers marching toward the castle.

A: I spoke to a tourist.

Q: I knocked at the door.

A: We shall not cross the river.

Q: The river has filled the boats with water.

A: I think that I have seen her with my uncle.

Q: Getting into their motorcar, I heard them.

A: He will strike her if he has lost it.

•

A (concluding): There's no doubt in my mind that the ballplayers today are the greatest ever. They're brilliant athletes, extremely well coördinated, tremendous in every department. The ballplayers today are so magnificent that scoring is a relatively simple thing for them.

Q: Thank you for confiding in me.

•

Q: . . . show you a picture of my daughter.

A: Very nice.

Q: I can give you a few references for further reading.

A: (Weeps)

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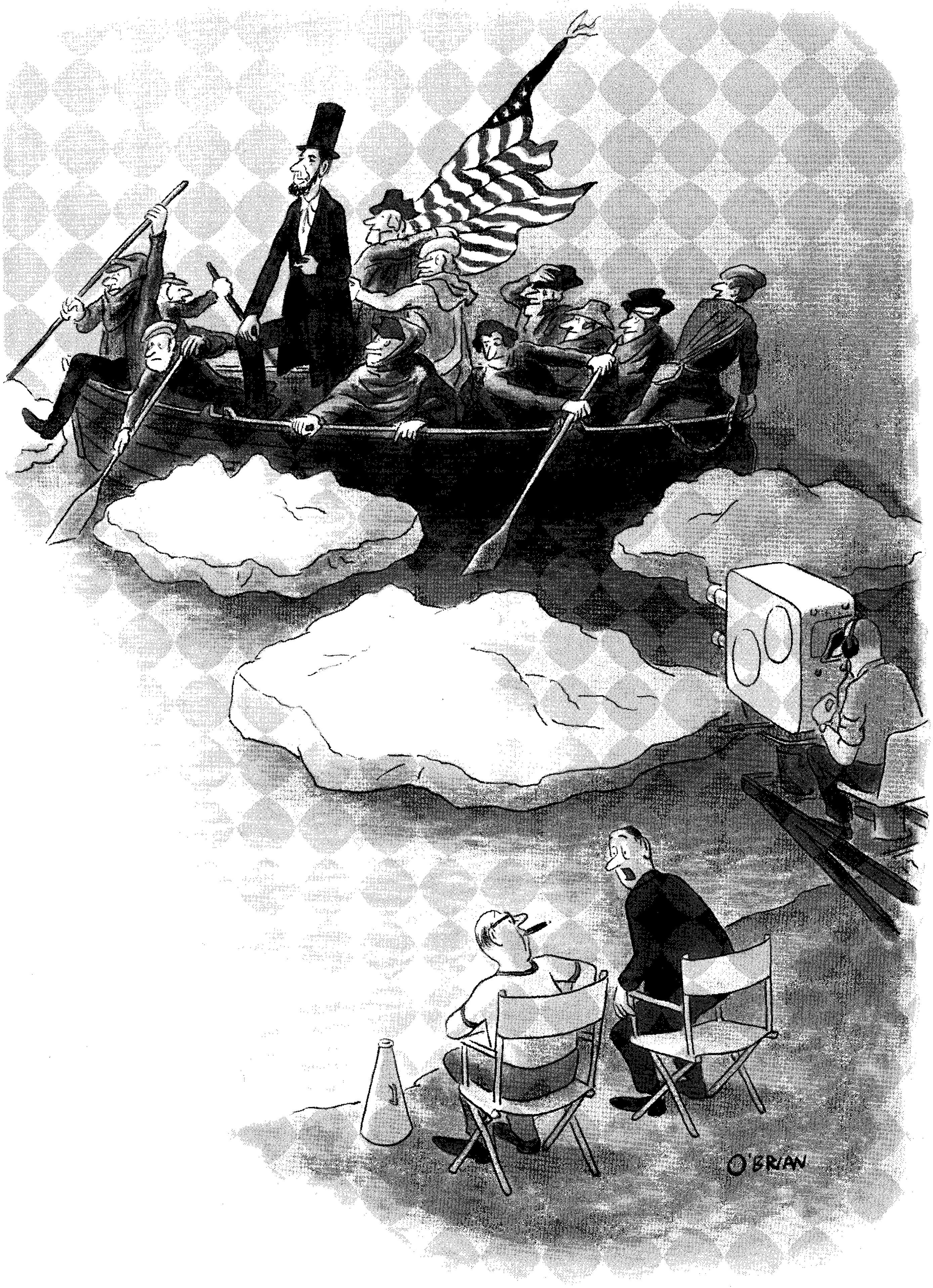
Q: What is she doing now?

A: There is a bruise on her thigh. The right.

—DONALD BARTHELME



"*Confound it! Who's the birdbrain around here?*"

TWIGS

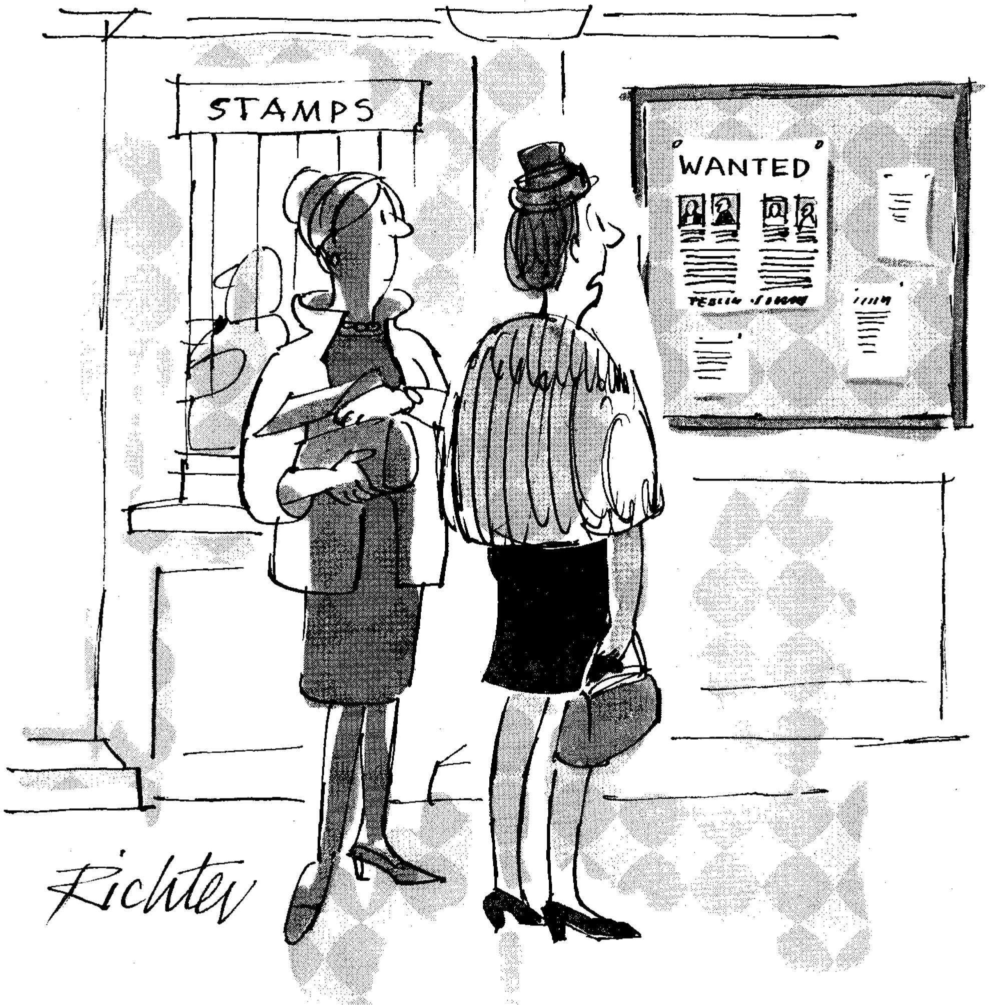
I DROVE my wife, Lila, downtown to her job so that I might have the car if I needed it. She is a dental hygienist. She looked exciting, with her long slim legs and white starched uniform, her natural red lips. Her long brown hair was blowing in the wind. As we rode, she combed it before the visor-flap mirror, rolled it up tight with hairpins, and said, "Ted, please rest. It won't be long now." She kissed me and got out of the car and went into the heavy granite building through a revolving door, her white shoes sliding, chalky. All the people were moving like slugs, carrying newspapers, going into buildings. Lila looked the prettiest.

I drove home and thought of facing another day—I wouldn't pick her up until four in the afternoon, and it was only eight o'clock. There were trash cans lining the neat suburban streets. I went upstairs to our apartment, which overlooks the river. I emptied things from the refrigerator: dead lettuce, mildewed artichokes, a bowl of peanuts from an Easter cocktail party, a fizzled-out bottle of ginger ale, part of a tomato wrapped in waxed paper, half a dry, squeezed lemon, and a small glass dish of stinking anchovies. I stuffed everything into a large paper bag and waited. After all the children in the apartment on the first floor had gone to school, I went down the dark back staircase with the bag of garbage under one arm, a stack of old New York *Timeses* under the other.

I must rest. I'm just recovering from rheumatic fever. In two more weeks I can go back to work. I'm a junior physicist working on the stress portion of the piping project for the nuclear reactor of a submarine. The work is quite dull, but the pay is good. Submarines are built in the town across the river, at a huge factory I can almost see from our front windows. Our apartment is in a tall, narrow Victorian house on a corner lot. The house was a sea captain's in whaling times, and has long since been converted to accommodate two families. From its forbidding widow's walk, you can see out into the bay, and in the winter when there are no leaves on the trees to the beginning of Long Island Sound.

Now it is the first week in May, and we have had no real spring. We've had cold and rain, followed by sunny but raw windy days. We're still wearing winter coats. Lila is like a gladiola in her bright coral-colored twill coat. Early in the morning, after our coffee, I take her to her job. When I come back, I can still smell her sweet fresh hair spray all over the apartment, and then I want her here all day so that I can make love with her until I drop dead. That's what would happen, she said—I must rest. Sometimes girls think up excuses. She said to be still all day and take the medicine. It has been this way for over a month: lying down, sleeping, taking the pills, walking around in the big square rooms of the apartment, looking out the windows, reading a lot—nothing good; mostly magazines, staring at the pictures. I love bright magazine pictures, of houses and girls in bikinis and movies and ball games and riots. I was a good baseball player when I was young. When I was young. I am twenty-nine years old, for God's sake. I pitched a no-hitter the last game in my senior year of high school, and they carried me off the field. Hints of A. E. Housman. Only poetry I ever understood. Isn't literature boring? But music—that's something else. Bach. Is that a cliché? I mean, that physicists love Bach. All that precise sawing on the various-sized fiddles, I guess. Tempo, organization, rhythm—as true and ordered as the movements of the stars. It would be better to be a star than a person. It is cold and you are hot and expanding, and you move constantly, swiftly. Do you die?

I stuffed the garbage into a trash can and placed it by the curb. Then I thought of the people downstairs, the Proutys. There are a mother and father—about forty—and four young boys. They're rough, always slamming doors and shouting at one another. Mr. and Mrs. Prouty fight all the time about money, drinking, infidelity. At 1 A.M. one night shortly after we moved in here last fall, they had a huge fight. Lila slept through it, but I was up reading. He raved and grunted and threw her against the walls, and they cursed each other, while the children whimpered. There are single floors in this apartment, so you can hear a lot. Both drunk, they screamed down there, and after a long silence the police came and took Mr. Prouty away. The next day, I felt embarrassed when I met Mrs. Prouty at the mailbox, but she spoke to



"I wish I were wanted."

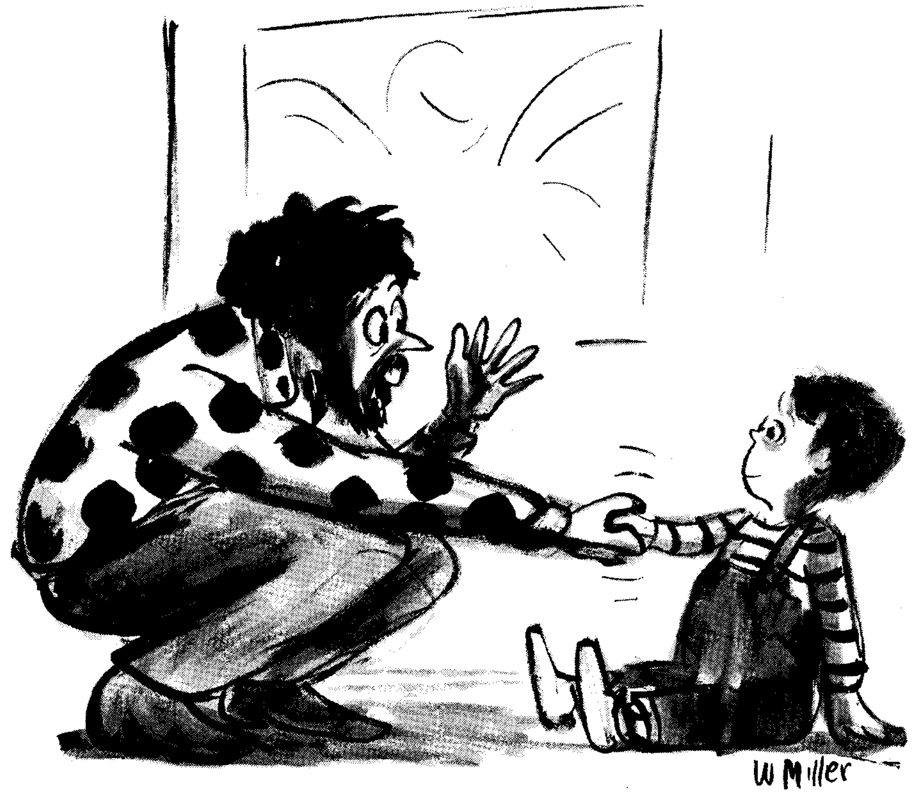
me as though there was a God in His Heaven and all was right with the world. She had a strained, hunted look, though, and the beginnings of a black eye. I pitied her then; she was trying to have some dignity. But she had baited him the night before—taunting, complaining, belittling. "Fourteen years of this. I'm not scared of you. I dare you to lay a hand on me. You thick Irish drunk. You're nuts. There must be a full moon tonight."

We didn't know about the Proutys when we rented the place. That calm, sunny September day, after we had seen it, I said to the landlady, Mrs. Avad, "Who lives downstairs?" Mrs. Avad—a tall, thin, gray-haired owlish-looking woman—said, "A nice lady with a couple nice children." She forgot to mention two other children, and a hard-drinking husband.

Lila and I hide from them, and we move around softly. I don't know why. Lila is often afraid. We both vacillate between being angry about them and feeling sorry for them. But Christ, their garbage is all over. And broken-down bikes and toys strewn from one end of the back yard to the other. Since we moved in, Mrs. Avad has banned them all to the back yard forever. Don't play in the front, she told the children. Don't dig. Don't move. But she doesn't really care. She lives across the street in her bastard-architecture bungalow that is done inside in American Renaissance: baroque bric-a-brac, wall-to-wall cerise carpeting, milk-glass vases, plywood panelling stained walnut, chimes, gold wallpaper, an enormous lamp in the picture window that faces the street. But on the other side she has an open view of the river and of the boats going up and down all day. At night, when the bridges and factory are blazing, she can see the whole river as it moves, full of soft reflections.

She is letting this beautiful Victorian house we live in fall apart. The paint is peeling. The front porch sags. The cellar is loaded with ancient junk, and vines come through broken windows. The roof leaks into the attic. We did a lot of repairing at our own expense when we moved in. I sanded floors, painted walls, put new wallpaper and carpeting in the front hall, rewired the doorbell. We had thought, What a place to live—large rooms, a view, the river; it's worth fixing up. We hadn't known about the Proutys.

I looked around the back yard. Against the house stood a big yellow barrel that the kids clang on with sticks, a garden grill on wheels and faded wooden garden furniture that have stayed out all winter, a pile of lumber up in the corner by the willows. The willows. This property has great trees. Huge old oaks, maples, two big beautiful white birches, a fragile brown birch, a long thin hemlock as high as a three-story house, and pines. I'd almost like to buy this place, but it's on the verge of death. It would cost thousands to revive it.



"I mean, like, Son, when you're in your teens and doing your *own thing, you'll still dig me and we'll always groove with one another, right?"*

• •

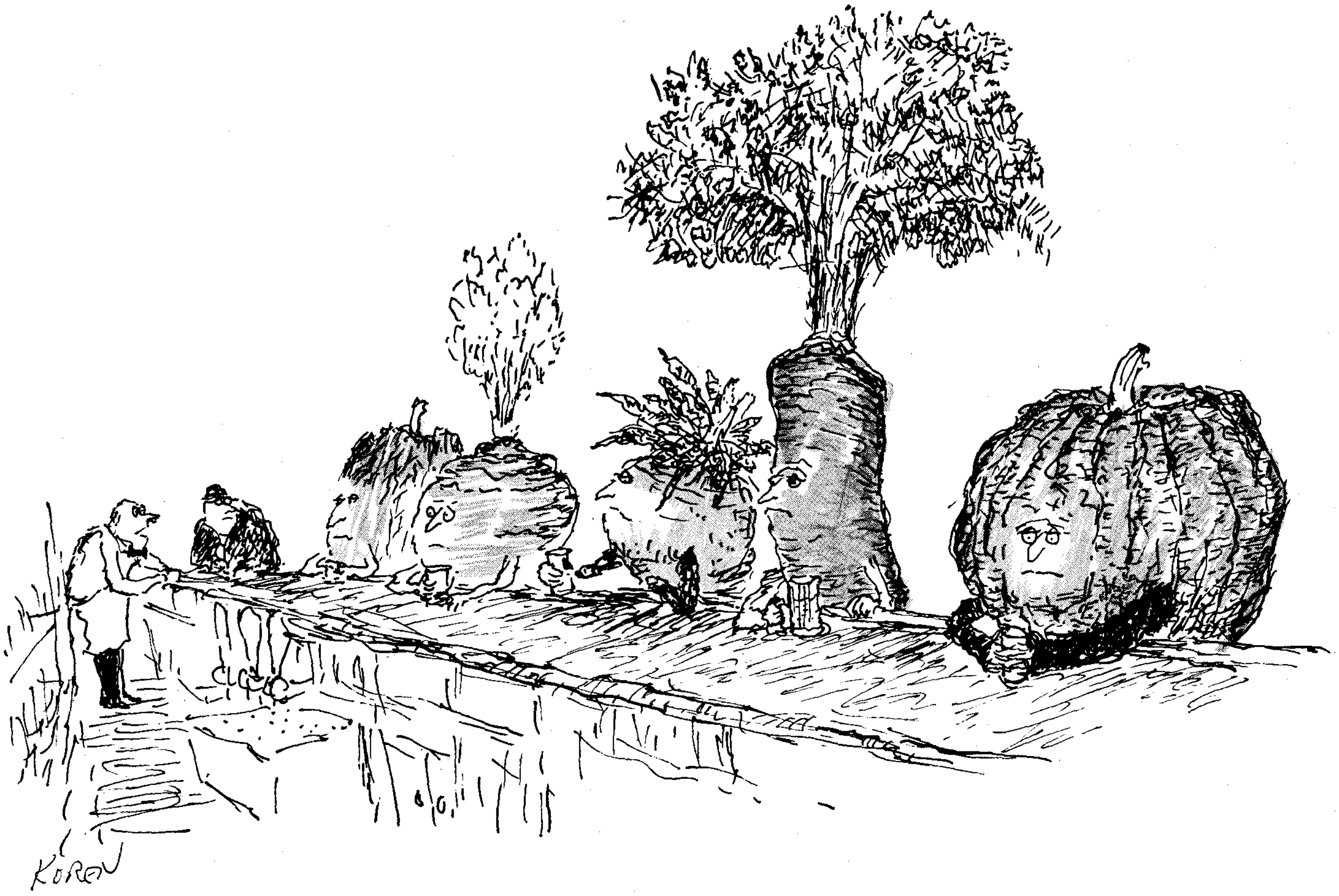
I stood next to the trash cans and looked up at it, painted ugly dark green, peeling. There are squirrels in the attic, in the walls. I heard them all winter. Last month, when I was in bed most of the time, I heard them scratching, running. Sometimes, when I slept in the sunny room, I half heard them in my dreams, and it was like being doomed in a circle of Hell, with rats scurrying inside my skull forever—my punishment. Lila stayed home with me most of the month. All of April, I looked out the windows at the big oaks on the front lawn, with their tight buds waiting for spring. They are still waiting, but now they are cautiously putting out yellowish jewel clusters that will be leaves.

I STOOD on the curb and stared up at the oak buds. What are they doing, I wondered. If you could listen to them all day, would you hear the buds slowly coming out, opening to life and light? I looked at the tree, at how strong and thick it was. On the ground underneath were small branches, and twigs, and hundreds of acorn shells left by the squirrels. The twigs—I should clean the lawn, get it ready for first mowing. The doctor said not to exert myself for some time. He said this thing could leave a hole in your heart, or heart valves, or something. But the danger is so much less now, he said, with the new drugs.

The twigs were scattered, big and small. Feeling a pressure, an awful need for exercise, I decided to clean them up. I would do just the front. We take care of the front, the Proutys the back. In the winter, I shovel snow out front, they in back. They never shovelled once all winter. I did, what with snowstorms coming in right off the river, piling up huge drifts on the front walk and steps.

Standing there, I tried hard to think of the white heavy snow. It was impossible. All the trees were budding, even though the sky was dark, full of rolling black clouds. The wind was blowing. The twigs were dancing, quivering under the big trees.

I got an empty trash can and went out front. I had no rake or other tool, but I could gather them with my hands. I picked up big twigs and



"They're part of our dwindling farm population."

• •

snapped them on my knee and put them into the can. I bent over and picked up more—thick ones—moving slowly over the lawn. A squirrel flashed—stopping, jerking. Starlings grubbed nearby, those sadly misshapen creatures. But then two robins hopped, paused, listened, pulled at the ground: fat worms. Robins are perfect in color, sound, fashion. Why? What is the difference between starlings and robins?

The trash can filled up fast. On the lawn, I found small stones and worn-edged bits of red brick, and I threw them down the gravel slope. Along a hedge, behind the broad tree trunks, I picked up broken arrows, rubber balls, a baseball, a cracked khaki-colored plastic jeep, candy wrappers, a crushed grape-soda can, paper handkerchiefs thick and matted and already disintegrating into another form. I took the full trash can out back and set it on the curb and got an empty one. It was one of the Proutys'—old, dented, no cover, partly rusted out. I set it in the middle of the lawn. People were going by in cars, and, as if part of their machines, they turned their heads mechanically to look. I felt embarrassed. I wished Lila were with me. I thought of her scavenging in someone's mouth and myself scavenging here. With my bare hands, I was scouring the earth back to order. Impossible. The buds above would become leaves, the leaves would fall. They would mat and rot. There would be more sticks, twigs, garbage, toys, cans. Next year, I would clean them up again, or someone else would. And after that someone else, and after.

I bent down and scooped up more twigs—tiny crooked ones, brown, dead. I put them into the container. I thought about peasants gathering winter fuel. Old women in black. My great-grandmother, maybe, back in Europe, in the mountains.

The land sloped a little, and I pumped up and down it. My heart squeezed and sloshed, and I heard it in my head. I was so tired that now I stayed squatted and went over the earth like a crab, scuttling, clawing at twigs, tossing them into the can.

All at once, I smelled the grass. I looked at it for the first time. It was very green and thick here, almost lush. All folded up, I got very close to it. It was silky, feathery, cold. There were tears in my eyes. The wind was blowing. The woman across the street next door to my landlady's house came out with her garbage pail. She saw me, and I felt like disappearing. She shouted, "Cold, isn't it?"

I said, "Do you think spring will ever come?" I was sweating, boiling inside my winter coat, my heart pounding.

"More like fall," she said, crossing her arms in front of her big-breasted blouse. She shivered and hurried back into her house.

I ran my fingers rhythmically through the grass. Then I looked at my hands. They were dirty, and the knuckles ached. There was earth under the fingernails, and little black hairs on the backs of my fingers, and the bright glitter of my wedding ring. I turned my hands over. The palms were gritty, with skin scraped white here and there, green stains. I smelled my hands. Earth. Grass. Spring. Baseball. Childhood. The gray river rippled. I was still squatting, and my knee joints burned. A robin lighted near me, ran and stopped, made no sound. I felt weak. For a long time I had not been close to the earth. I wanted to lie flat on it, deep in it. The wind blew my hair into my eyes. I moved, picking up more twigs, and the robin made a small irritated squawk and flew away. Near a straggly rambler rosebush, I came upon a broken brown beer bottle with a rock in its smashed center. Carefully, taking a long time, I picked up big pieces that hung together limply, with the label stuck to them. Then shards. Then slivers, tiny clear-brown trapezoids among the blades of new grass. I placed all the pieces deep in the can, along its side.

My knees ached when I stood up. Except for the acorn shells, the front lawn was clean. Across the street, Mrs. Avad's house was dark. She was probably asleep.

The second trash can was neatly filled to the top with twigs. What a quick crackling bright fire they could make—too bad I had no fireplace. I stared at the house, downstairs at Mrs. Prouty's front windows. Her curtains were drawn. All the noisy, angry Proutys were away—at work or in school—and the big green house was empty. I watched the Proutys' blank, still windows for a long time, and the wind blew my hair wild, and I shivered from sweat. I tried to love the Proutys with all the will I could muster, and I did not. I did not love them. I loved the earth. I wanted to be earth, grass, fallen twigs.

I carried the can to the curb in back and then went upstairs. I stripped to the waist and wiped the sweat from my chest and back. After a quick shower, I put on clean clothes, took my medicine, and lay down. I would rest easily now, with all that darkness out there, no sun. But instead I tossed and squirmed and kept thinking, Please Lila, hurry home. Lila.

I closed my eyes and tried to be still.

After a while, the garbage truck came. Its brakes squealed slow, and then the trash cans banged and crashed.

Did I hear a squirrel scratching in the attic? The punishment; all of our punishments. I did not love the Proutys but, rather, something lonely and sombre. I heard a scurrying in my brain. Was it the medicine?

I got up, rushed through the apartment, and looked out the kitchen window. Through delicate new pale-green leaves on the brown birch below, I saw a garbageman put down the final barrel with a clatter. "Yo!" he shouted, and the big white truck jerked.

The men had dumped the twigs in on top—all the beautiful crooked twigs. Grinding up the hill, the truck passed by. —H. L. Mountzoures

PATRICK KAVANAGH: AN ANNOTATED EXEQUY

Well, Kavanagh, you've gone and done it, died
The way you said you would, propped up with pride
And penury in a dim nursing home
In Dublin, not in Monaghan. The morn-
Ing newspapers[1] said what you said they would,[2]
Not mourning, so it's nice and tidy. Good.
But wait. I'm here to say a thing or two
About a lovely man I never knew
Who lived in lodgings next door to despair,
And caught the winter light in Gibson Square,[3]
And walked alone in crumbling Islington,
And saw the setting of the Irish sun
On the potato fields of Monaghan
Across the ocean wild and wide, a home
To be escaped from and returned to, where
Calves called for his deft hands, and up the stair
The mother lay in her bare, crucified
Chamber, as old and constant as the tide
In rising and receding to and from
The complicated presence of a son,
Or else his absence. Absent in a slum
Of Dublin or of London, he conveyed
His country to the city, which he made
New with his patient peasant heart and hand
And urbane horn-rimmed head. Of course he'd stand—
And be stood—too much drink in darkling bars
And wake up to the anthem of the cars
And lorries of the morning. But he got
On with the serious business of what
An artist is to do with his rucksack
Of gift, the dead weight that deforms his back
And drives him on to prodigies of thought
And anguishes of execution, bought
At all costs of respectability
And all expense of nice society,
Until, alone, he faces homely him,
The only other tenant of his room,
And finds the world well lost.[4] Well, Kavanagh,
Possession being nine points of the law,
I find you guilty of possession of
The mortal spirit of unstinted love
For all things animate and otherwise,
And of the fatal talent to devise
Live poems expressing it, transcending all
Obituaries which record your fall.[5]

—L. E. Sissman

[1] The morning newspapers and the radio
Announced his death in a few horrid words:
—A man of talent who lacked the little more
That makes the difference
Between success and failure
—"*Portrait of the Artist.*"

[2] Reputation for Eccentricity
Said to Have Overshadowed
Talents as a Writer
—*Obituary in the Times.*

[3] I'll show you a holier aisle—
The length of Gibson Square
Caught in November's stare
That would set you to prayer
—"*News Item.*"

[4] . . . And I also found some crucial
Documents of sad evil that may yet
For all their ugliness and vacuous leers
Fuel the fires of comedy The main thing is to continue,
To walk Parnassus right into the sunset
Detached in love where pygmies cannot pin you
To the ground like Gulliver. So good luck and cheers.
—"*Dear Folks.*"

[5] He's finished and that's definitely.
—"*The Same Again.*"

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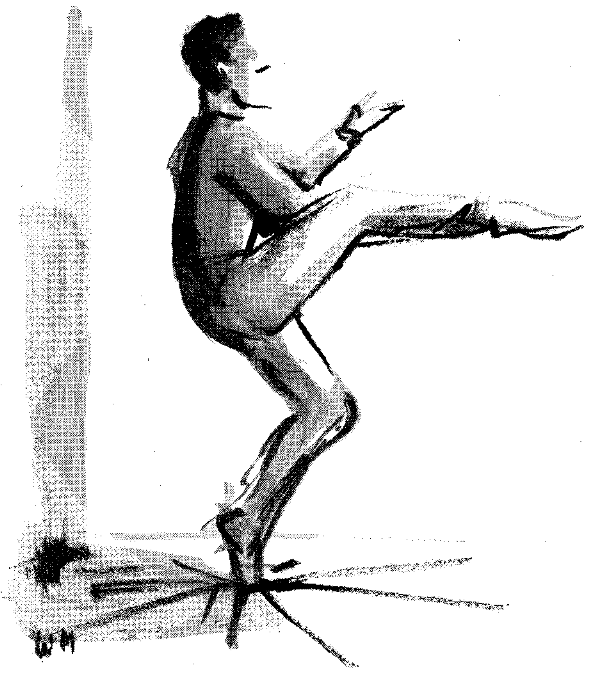
PROFILES

AN APPETITE FOR MOTION



THE first rehearsal of "Scramble," one of three major new dance works created by Merce Cunningham during the last twelve months, took place at the Cunningham studio one afternoon last spring in the interval between two regularly scheduled dance classes. The fact that only three of his eight regular dancers were on hand that day did not bother Cunningham in the least. "I learned long ago that if I waited until everyone was available to rehearse, I'd never finish anything," he said later. "So I just evolved this system of choreographing for whoever's there." Carolyn Brown, the principal female dancer in the Cunningham company, had been teaching the intermediate class in the studio—a large room, thirty by forty-five feet, on the fourth floor of a dingy loft building in the East Thirties, with a high ceiling, worn linoleum on the floor, and windows at one end overlooking Third Avenue—and two other Cunningham dancers, Sandra Neels and Yseult Riopelle, had been in the class, along with a dozen other students; the three girls had stayed on afterward, exercising to keep their muscles limber, until Cunningham arrived, shortly after three o'clock.

Nodding cheerfully to the dancers, Cunningham took a position near a long mirror that runs the length of the studio's south wall and did a series of rapid, loose-jointed movements, turning and changing direction, breaking off abruptly, finishing the phrase with a hand gesture, and then going into another experimental sequence. As he approaches fifty, Cunningham still moves like no other dancer. He cannot jump as high or as far as he used to, but the years have not diminished his uncanny speed and elasticity or his fluid, restless animal grace. An inch over six feet tall, long in the torso but not particularly so in the legs, he has a physical presence that is oddly deceptive. Offstage, in ordinary clothes, he looks thin to the point of frailty; performing, or even moving about the studio in a drab green shirt and sweat pants, he is a powerful and supple athlete, a dominating figure. His face is endlessly expressive—gaunt, furrowed, large-featured, with arching brows and a high forehead framed by tight, archaic curls that are now touched with gray. The features convey a force that is not readily apparent offstage, where most people find him unfailingly courteous, informal, and yet somewhat withdrawn.

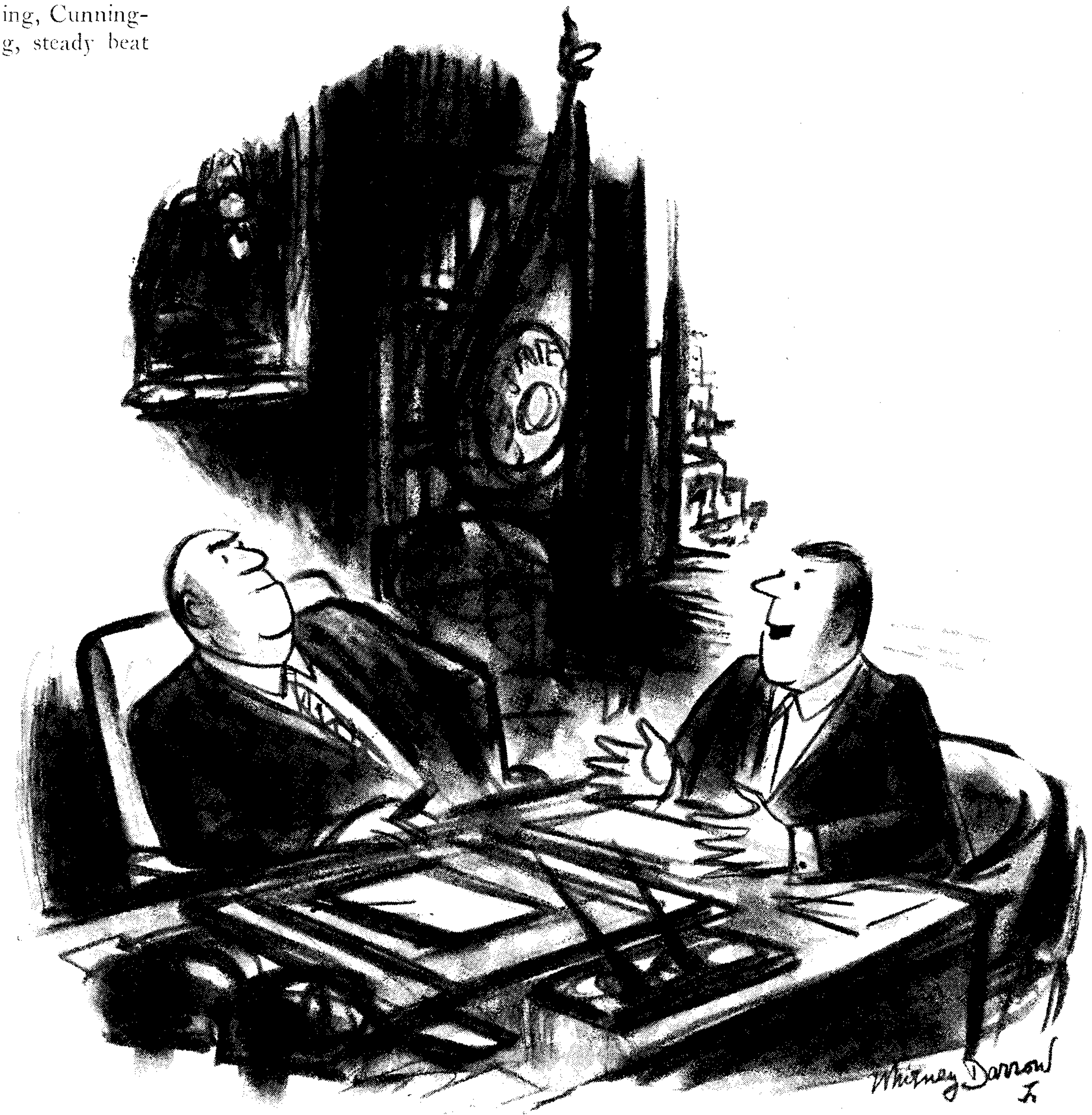
After ten minutes of self-absorbed experimentation, Cunningham signalled by softly clapping his hands that he was ready to start working on the new dance, which had not yet been named. He began with Carolyn Brown, his most accomplished dancer, a lean, dark-haired girl, who was wearing black woollen tights and a black sleeveless top. She watched him attentively, hovering a few steps behind him as he demonstrated in front of the mirror the rapid phrase that he had been sketching out by himself a few minutes before. She moved with him, picking up some of the motion as she went along, and when he demonstrated it a second time, she was able to follow him almost step for step. Her arms were wrong, though, and Cunningham stopped to show her what he wanted—a flowing, wavelike motion back from each shoulder, slower in tempo than the leg movements. Cunningham watched her try it out several times, nodded approvingly, and turned to Sandra Neels. Miss Neels, a long-legged brunette, wearing a white leotard with a blue velours overblouse, was to come in from the wings, pause, then spring vertically into the air three times, her arms rising and falling in countermotion to the jumps, the third jump bringing her to a point just behind where Carolyn Brown would be at the end of her phrase. When Miss Neels had mastered this, Cunningham proceeded to give Yseult Riopelle, the company's nineteen-year-old apprentice, a relatively simple walking-and-turning step that would bring her on from the other side of the stage and position her slightly behind and to one side of Miss Neels.

The three girls responded very differently to Cunningham's instructions. Carolyn Brown, a perfectionist, a brilliant and mature dancer at the peak of her career, seemed to want to understand every aspect of the movement that had been given to her, to have all the details clear in her mind, before she put them together. She practiced the arm motion over and over while Cunningham worked with the two others, watching herself critically in the mirror until she had it just right. When she did the whole phrase, though, the quality that she gave to it was her own and not Cunningham's; it was precise, poised, and under strict control. Sandra Neels, who is about the same height as Carolyn Brown but looks taller because of the length of her legs, preferred to absorb the phrase in its entirety; she tended to make her jumps a little more graceful and less emphatic than Cunningham wanted, but she responded with alacrity to his corrections. Miss Riopelle moved more stiffly, counting to herself and trying hard to remember the steps. There was no music to support the dancers. The only sounds in the room were the friction of bare feet on the linoleum floor, hard breathing, and the muffled sounds of traffic on Third Avenue.

After about twenty minutes, Cunningham went on to the next phrase, which the three girls were to do in unison. It was a sort of grotesque walk—a swinging of the legs out sidewise from the hips while the torso shifted from side to side and the head wagged in a stiff articulation, like a marionette on strings. The movement had a quality often found in Cunningham's work—a physical awkwardness that is disturbing at first glance but later, in the context of the dance, beautiful. It took the girls some time to get this, with Cunningham demonstrating over and over—teaching with his body rather than verbally. Very few words were exchanged throughout the session. In the time remaining that afternoon, Cunningham gave them two more phrases. The first was made up of very slow movements—extended turns and deep knee bends made while each dancer poised, heronlike, on one leg. They danced it together, in a circle, but not in unison, and at intervals one dancer would break into a swift measure and then return to the slow, turning motion. The other phrase was a strict-unison movement that involved large, space-devouring strides and ended with each girl bringing her arms forward over her head as she glided offstage. Since a phrase to be done in unison requires exact timing, Cunningham gave them a strong, steady beat by clapping his hands. Later, when they had learned the movement, they would do without the beat—just as they would do without the support of music throughout the dance.

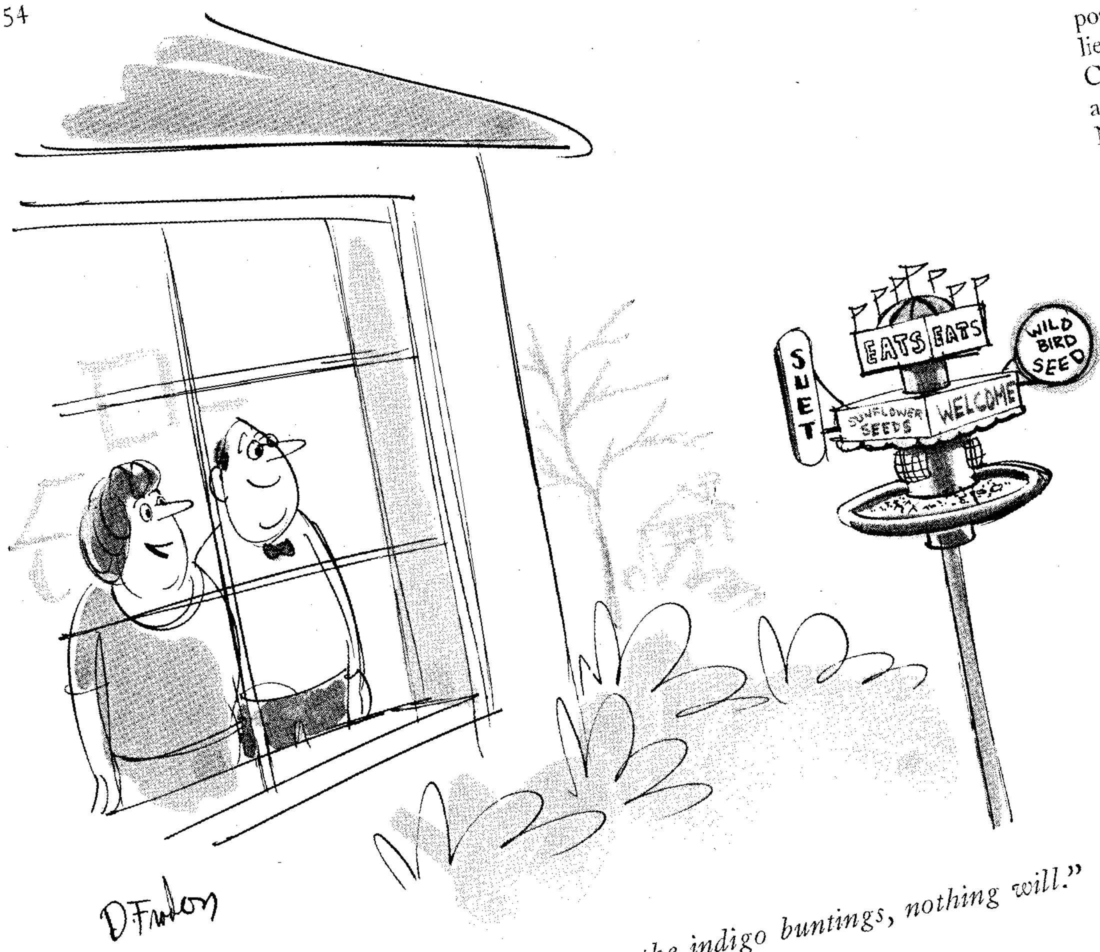
NO aspect of Cunningham's choreography—which, during the last decade, has been the most influential (and controversial) development in the world of modern dance—dismays lovers of traditional choreography so much as his complete dissociation of dance and music. Cunningham is not the only choreographer to dispense with storytelling and mimed emotion—the underpinnings of classical ballet and of most modern dance as well—but until fairly recently he was the only one to treat music and dance as distinct and wholly independent activities that simply occur in a common time and place. Most people tend to assume that there is a natural link between dance and rhythmic accompaniment of some sort, and a great many dancers consider Cunningham's denial of that link both arbitrary and self-defeating. Music can support a dancer—help him to jump higher and to move with greater precision—so why dispense with this useful and ancient relationship? Actually, as the ethnomusicologist Curt Sachs pointed out in his "World History of the Dance," there is evidence that primitive man may very well have started dancing in response to certain inner promptings long before he danced to audible rhythms, and the supposed unity of music and dance may not be "natural" at all. In any case, Cunningham firmly believes that the independence of the dance from the music offers to both a higher degree of expressive freedom. "The result is that the dance is free to act as it chooses, as is the music," he wrote in a 1953 magazine article. "The music doesn't have to work itself to death trying to underline the dance, or the dance create havoc in trying to be as flashy as the music."

In Cunningham's work, the dissociation dates from the beginning of his professional association with the composer John Cage, who has served for the last twenty-five years as musical director of the Cunningham dance company. Cunningham and Cage met in the nineteen-thirties at the Cornish School, an arts-centered institution in Seattle, where Cunningham was a student and Cage was on the faculty. They met again in New York in the nineteen-forties, while Cunningham was dancing with the Martha Graham company. Cage had already evolved a method of composing music based on



"With a good public-relations team on the job, Senator, you'll come through as a smart guy who happens to be inarticulate, instead of a guy who doesn't know what the hell he's talking about."

MAY 4, 1968



"*Now, if that doesn't bring the indigo buntings, nothing will.*"

units of time, a method that afforded a complete break with the traditional theme-and-variations melodic structure of composition. Cunningham responded enthusiastically to this structural notion of Cage's, because it fitted in precisely with his own artistic leanings. "I never could stand the modern-dance idea of structure in terms of theme and variations," Cunningham said recently. "That sort of A-B-A business based on emotional or psychological meanings just seemed ridiculous to me." From the start of their association, Cage and Cunningham have simply agreed on a certain time structure—for example, eight parts of two minutes each—and then gone off independently to compose the music and the dance.

In the spring of 1944, Cunningham and Cage gave their first joint New York recital, at the Humphrey-Weidman studio theatre. Cage played his own compositions on a "prepared" piano (nuts, bolts, bits of rubber, and other objects were inserted between the strings, thus converting the instrument into a sort of percussion orchestra) while Cunningham danced to rhythms that sometimes coincided with what Cage was playing and sometimes did not. "A lot of modern-dance people in the audience liked one of my dances on that program—the one called 'Root of an Unfocus'—because it seemed to them to be tied to an emotional meaning," Cunningham recalled not long ago. "They thought it had to do with fear. It had nothing directly to do with fear as far as I was concerned. The main thing about it—and the thing everybody missed—was that its structure was based on time, in the same sense that a radio show is. It was divided into time units, and the dance and the music would come together at the beginning and the end of each unit but in between they would be independent of each other. This was the beginning of the idea that music and dance could be dissociated, and from this point on the dissociation in our work just got wider and wider."

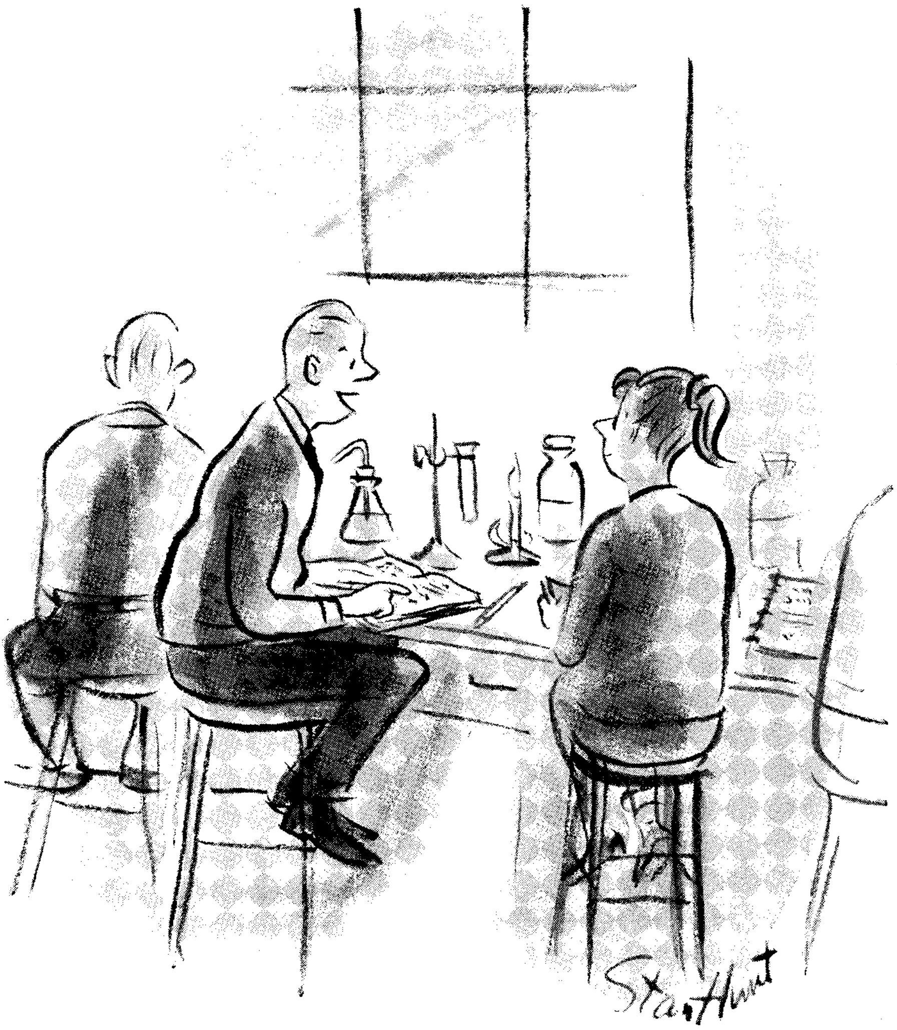
In the years since 1944, Cunningham has commissioned or composed dances to scores by many of the leading avant-garde composers in this country and Europe, including Pierre Boulez, Bo Nilsson, Morton Feldman, Christian Wolff, Earle Brown (who is Carolyn's husband), and, of course, Cage. As the new dance started to take shape in his mind last spring, he decided to approach Toshi Ichiyanagi, a young Japanese composer who four years earlier had done the score for Cunningham's "Story" and was now working in New York under a grant from the JDR 3rd (or John D. Rockefeller III) Fund. Ichiyanagi readily agreed to do a new score for Cunningham. He even came to several rehearsals, to get an idea of what the dance was going to be like—something he had not done in the case of "Story." His score was not completed until shortly before the première, however, and the first time the dancers heard it was during their initial performance of the dance onstage.

Having begun with Carolyn Brown, Sandra Neels, and Yseult Riopelle, Cunningham continued to work with them exclusively for the rest of that week, at the end of which he went to California for a teaching engagement at Mills College. Several of the other dancers in the company had begun to wonder whether they would be in the piece at all. "They're all wondering about the new dance," Cunningham said wryly. "But then so am I." He had no clear idea of what the piece might become, except for a vague feeling that it would be a fairly long work—thirty minutes or longer—and quite complex. "I don't have ideas, exactly," he explained to a friend the afternoon before he left for California. "There's no thinking involved in my choreography. I work alone for a couple of hours every morning in the studio. I just try things out. And my eye catches something in the mirror, or the body catches something that looks interesting, and then I work on that. Of course, I know that when I give it to the dancers it's going to look different, just because their bodies are not the same as mine. But there's a point of balance—a point of tension—to any movement, and, with luck, I can transfer that to someone else. Sometimes it's not transferable—either their bodies won't do it or I can't translate it for them. But it's all in terms of the body, you see. I don't work through images or ideas—I work through the body. And I don't ever want a dancer to start thinking that a movement *means* something. That was what I really didn't like about working with Martha Graham—the idea that was always being given to you that a particular movement meant something specific. I thought that was nonsense. And, you know, I really think Martha felt it was, too. Once, when we were rehearsing 'Appalachian Spring,' I had a passage that Martha said had to do with fear, or maybe with ecstasy—she wasn't sure which—and she said why didn't I go and work on it and see what I came up with. I did, and she was delighted; she even said it had solved some of her other problems. It's always seemed to me that Martha's followers make her ideas much more rigid and specific than they really are with her, and that Martha herself has a basic respect for the ambiguity in all dance movement. At least, that's my opinion. The ambiguity is always the interesting part for me, the getting to know each other in a new terrain—what we're doing now in this new piece."

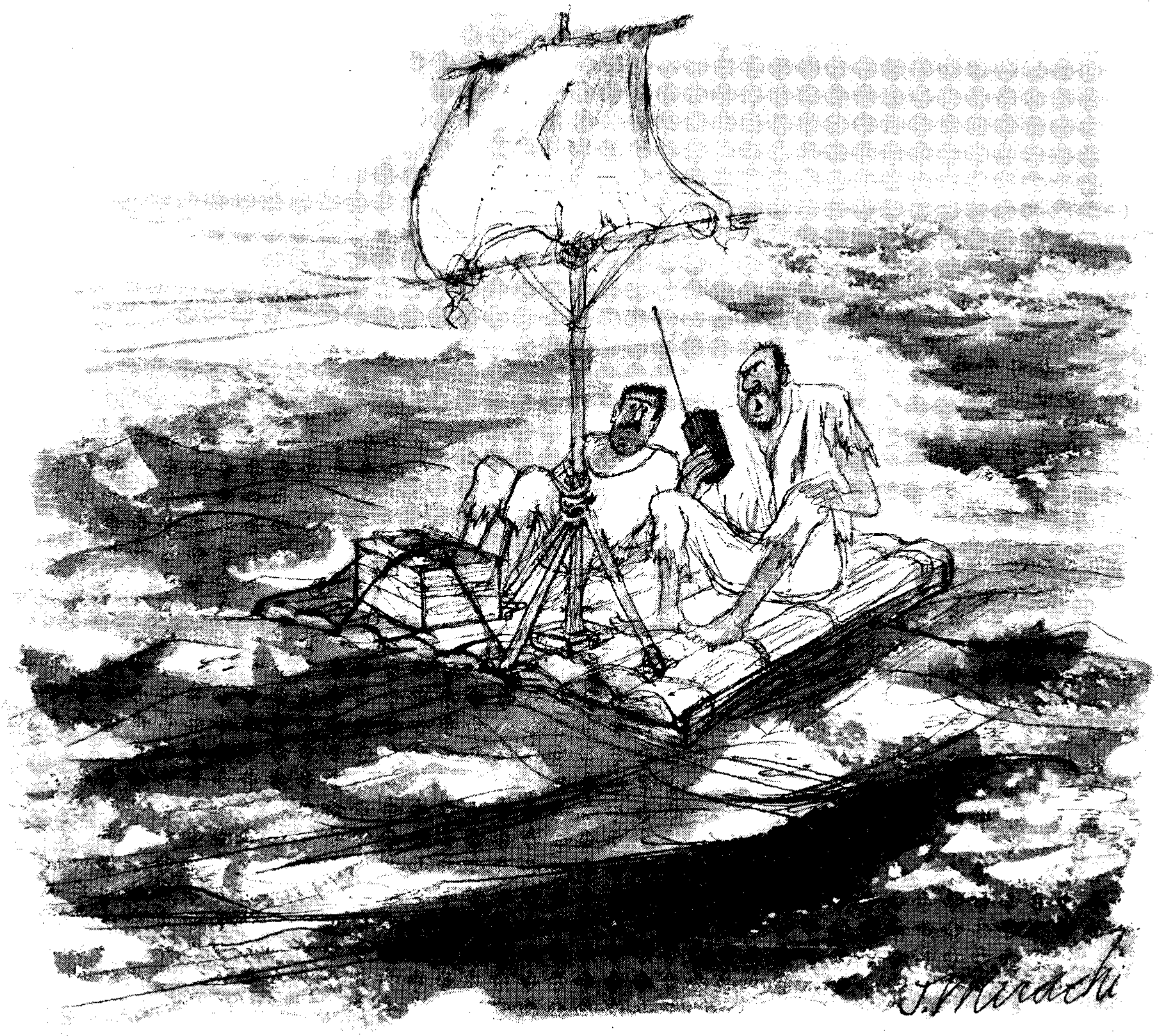
The ambiguity in Cunningham's work has led some critics to call his dances abstract. This term is somewhat misleading, for—unlike the Alwin Nikolais dancers, who wear elaborate and enveloping costumes—Cunningham's dancers are never merely symbolic or decorative. "My feeling is very strongly that we are human beings engaged in certain situations," Cunningham has said. These situations may not be familiar, or even recognizable, but the dancers, whose simple costumes never conceal the body and whose movements are all based on the body's natural expressivity, are never more or less than human. Cunningham is often asked just what it is, in a dance that tells no story and delineates no psychological or emotional state of mind, that is being expressed. His reply is that he does not set out to express anything specifically. There is no "statement," no underlying idea or meaning. At the same time, he does believe that each of his dances produces a unique atmosphere, and, like many twentieth-century artists, he invites the spectator to interpret that atmosphere in any way he wishes. Even a specific interpretation is all right with Cunningham. He wrote some years ago, "If the dancer dances—which is not the same as having theories about dancing or wishing to dance or trying to dance or remembering in his body someone else's dance—but if the dancer *dances*, everything is there. The meaning is there if that's what you want."

WITH a small company such as Cunningham's, in which everyone is to some degree a soloist, the look of each dance changes markedly as the company itself changes. (Two dancers have left the group since last spring, and two others have joined it. As a result, the company that is to perform "Scramble"—together with "RainForest" and "Walkaround Time," the two other new works—at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this month will be dancing the piece rather differently from the way it was danced at its initial performance.) Cunningham welcomes and uses all individual variations. He chooses his dancers for technical ability and physical strength and also, one gathers, for intelligence. Carolyn Brown, the daughter of a dance teacher who had performed with the Denishawn troupe, claims that she tried hard not to become a dancer; she had been accepted as a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia when she started taking Cunningham's classes, in 1952. Gus Solomons, Jr., who joined the company in 1965, has a degree in architecture from M.I.T. Cunningham wants each of his dancers to develop and project a uniquely personal style, not a style that would be a mere reflection of his own. His training, which depends upon a natural and free use of the whole body, has the effect, he once said, of letting "the individual quality of each of the dancers appear, naked, powerful, and unafraid."

After attending a few rehearsals, one begins to understand what Cunningham means by this individual quality. It has very little to do with "personality" in the commonly accepted sense, and nothing at all to do with the stage mannerisms of an actor or actress. Rather, it is tied up with a particular way of moving, which, in turn, bears a direct relation to the physical proportions of the dancer. Barbara Lloyd, whose small, delicate body is attenuated from the hips down, moves with a delightful, childlike spontaneity; of all the girls in the company she seems to be the most natural dancer, and critics



"Fat, soda, sulfur, carbon, phosphorus, iron, copper, lime, salt, potash, sugar, iodine, manganese, magnesium, nickel, fluorine, nitrogen, oxygen, and water—that's you, baby."



"By God, I just wish I could get my hands on that umpire!"

• •

often single her out, after Carolyn Brown, for special mention. Gus Solomons, a Negro, who is six feet four inches tall and whose legs are very long in relation to his torso, has a relaxed, springy buoyancy that is in striking contrast to the controlled precision of Albert Reid, a much more compactly built dancer. The personal quality of each dancer may be emphasized by the length of the neck, the way the head is carried, the relation of the arms to the torso. Valda Setterfield, who apprenticed briefly with José Limón before joining Cunningham in 1965, has an aristocratic hauteur that can change in a twinkling to its own comic parody. Peter Saul, trained both in ballet and modern dance, moves with an intensity that becomes even stronger during the stillnesses between movements. Yseult Riopelle is still working out her individual style. Sandra Neels, whose sole ambition when she came East from Seattle six years ago was to become a Cunningham dancer, made the breakthrough about two years ago. "I saw it start to happen," Cunningham said last spring. "I just caught something out of the corner of my eye, and said to myself, 'Well, now, that's beginning to be interesting.' Sometimes, you see, when a dancer works as hard as Sandra does, and has great concentration, she goes through everything and gets to this particular thing, this personal character that comes through the dance—not in spite of it but through it. For a long time, Sandra didn't have that, and people didn't notice her much. All you saw were those long legs and the short torso. Now it's all come together, and what you notice is herself. That's what makes watching dancers so fascinating."

Just before Cunningham went out to Mills College last spring, he gave Miss Neels a solo to do in the new dance. Characteristically, he did not tell her that it was to be a solo, and she did not know until some time later that she would be alone onstage when she performed it. She practiced the movement constantly, in spare moments between classes and during rehearsals. It was a slow phrase, with frequent changes of tempo and many points of stillness. (In Cunningham's dances, stillness is not just a pause between movements; like the negative volumes in a Henry Moore sculpture, Cunningham's still points have a distinct expressive power of their own.) Cunningham told Miss Neels to make the changes in tempo very clear, but he offered no other suggestions, and she was not at all sure that she was doing what he wanted. Soon after his return from California, she did the movement in rehearsal and heard him say, more or less to himself, "Oh, yes, it's going to work." But she had no idea precisely what she was doing to draw forth this comment. The dancers all learn not to expect direct praise from Cunningham, or anything very specific in the way of verbal direction. Miss Neels feels that without Carolyn Brown's help she could never have learned the repertory.

"In spite of his being such a marvellous teacher, Merce is never completely precise about things," she explained once. "When he does something, you can see the whole shape of it beautifully, but often you're not quite sure about the direction—about whether you're supposed to face front or diagonally, or whether the back is supposed to be straight or curved." For his part, Cunningham maintains that he is too impatient to be able to enjoy teaching. He has said that the only sort of teaching he would find congenial is the teaching of the Japanese Zen masters, "who just go on doing what they do."

The individual quality of Cunningham's own dancing defies brief analysis. Any movement, he has said, can become part of a dance, and there are times during a performance when a movement of his looks so unstylized and natural or, conversely, so eccentric that he does not appear to be dancing at all. He frequently starts a phrase with no sense of preparation, no visible "attack;" he simply moves, as an animal moves, effortlessly and without tension,

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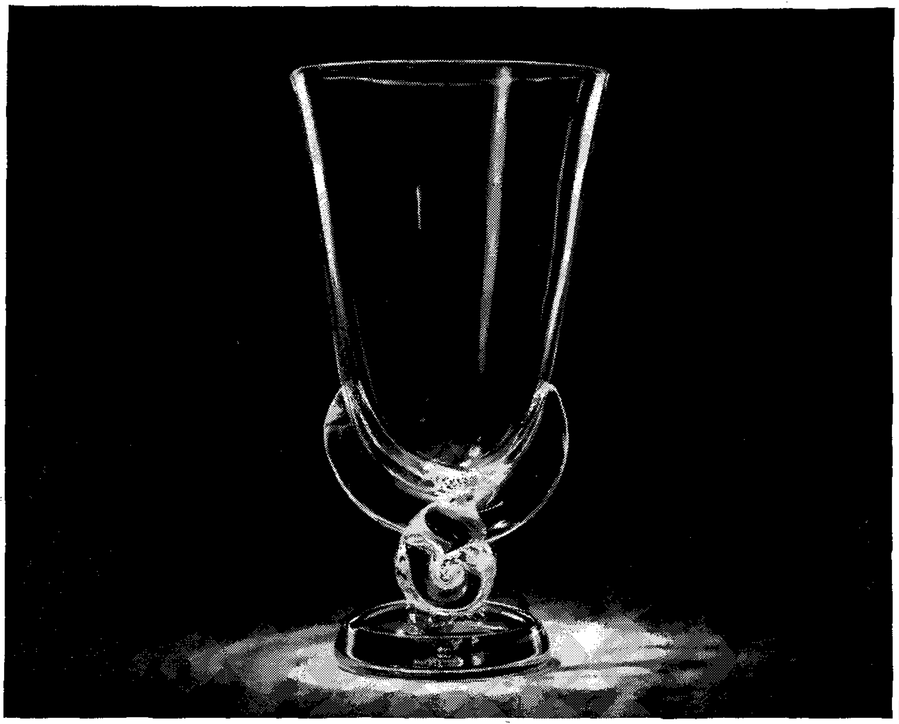
lending an impromptu, experimental character to the most complicated passages. In almost everything he does, there is a delicate balance between feral grace and awkwardness—the pleasing awkwardness of something done expertly but for the first time. "I think dance only comes alive when it gets awkward again," Cunningham once said. "I remember the only time I saw Ulanova. She was dancing 'Giselle,' that old chestnut, and yet she managed to make it seem awkward and fresh again. That's what I admire." The critic Peter Yates has described as essential to the quality of Cunningham's dancing "the sensation of release, the prevailing relaxation, however elaborate or difficult the movement." Certainly the release is there, taking the forms, in astonishing variety, of wit, intelligence, strength, guile, tenderness, menace, and playful, openhearted curiosity. "I think basically it comes down to an appetite for motion," Cunningham said of his own dancing last spring. "Once, years ago, a student came to me and said she understood why I wanted to invent all these new kinds of movement but she didn't understand why I wanted to do them fast. My answer was 'Appetite.' It's as though you were going to get up and walk over to that door over there." He pointed to the door of the studio, through which students were just then entering for an advanced class. "You do it the normal way. Then you wonder how it would be if there were an obstacle in the way that you had to go around and still arrive in the same amount of time. And you do it with a lot more steps, and with fewer steps, and then you add some turning and jumping—all these other possibilities. You just have to be interested in motion for its own sake."

MERCE CUNNINGHAM was born and brought up in Centralia, Washington, a small town fifty miles south of Tacoma. His father practiced law in Centralia, and his two brothers live there today—one practices law, and the other is a judge. Cunningham might conceivably have followed the same course if he had not started, at the age of twelve and by his own request, to attend private dance classes offered by Mrs. J. W. Barrett, a former vaudeville performer and circus bareback rider who imparted a rare theatrical zest to the Centralia social scene. Mrs. Barrett soon recognized that her new pupil was a naturally gifted dancer, with an extraordinary sense of rhythm. She accordingly



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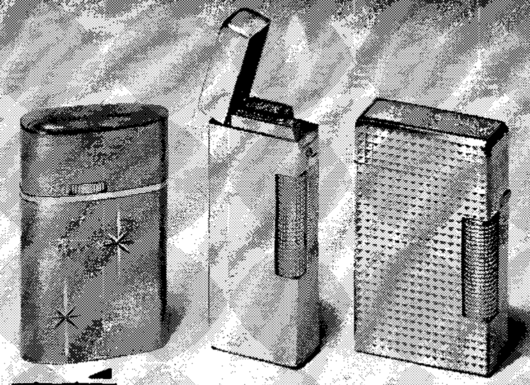

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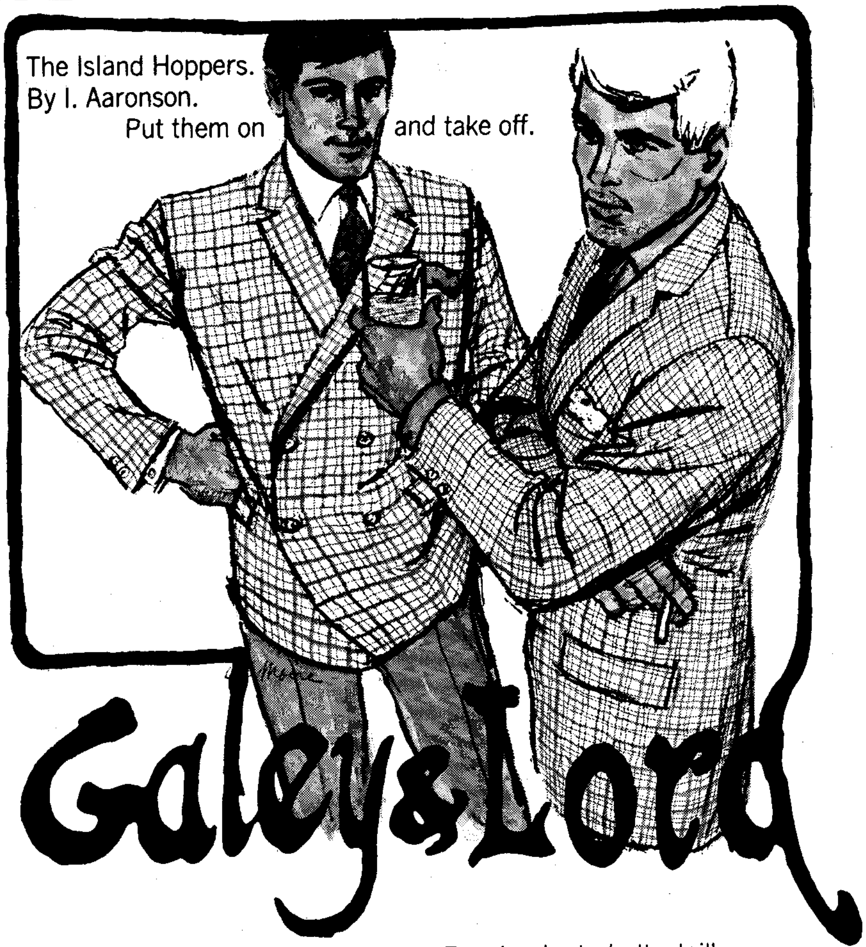
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arranged a dance program at the local Grange hall for Cunningham and her daughter Marjorie, who was about the same age, and the event was so successful that when summer came around she took them both on what she called a "vaudeville tour" to California and back. Cunningham still treasures the memory of one night during that tour, when the makeup bag got lost. He and Marjorie huddled in a broom closet, which served as the dressing room for the night club they were to perform in, while Mrs. Barrett searched for the missing bag. Suddenly Mrs. Barrett flung open the closet door, took one look at their forlorn expressions, and burst out laughing. "There's no makeup," she said, "so bite your lips and pinch your cheeks, and you're on!" Her spirit is something that Cunningham likes to recall during difficult moments on tour with his company.

Cunningham planned to become an actor when, after graduation from high school in Centralia, he went away to the Cornish School in Seattle in 1937. But he soon found himself getting more and more deeply involved in the dance department at Cornish. The head of the department was Bonnie Bird, a modern dancer who had worked with Martha Graham. At the end of his second year at Cornish, Miss Bird and John Cage, who played the piano for dance classes in addition to his other duties on the Cornish faculty, encouraged Cunningham to enroll in a summer program at Mills College, in Oakland, where the Bennington School of the Dance and a number of prominent figures in American modern dance—including Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Hanya Holm—were to be in residence. Miss Graham saw Cunningham dance in a student program, and immediately afterward she suggested that he come to New York and work with her. Cunningham managed, not without difficulty, to persuade his parents, and two weeks later, in September, 1940, he arrived in New York and presented himself at the Graham studio. "Oh," said Miss Graham. "I didn't think you'd come." But she at once gave him an important solo part in the new dance she was then working on, called "Every Soul Is a Circus." Cunningham was thus a soloist from the start of his professional career.

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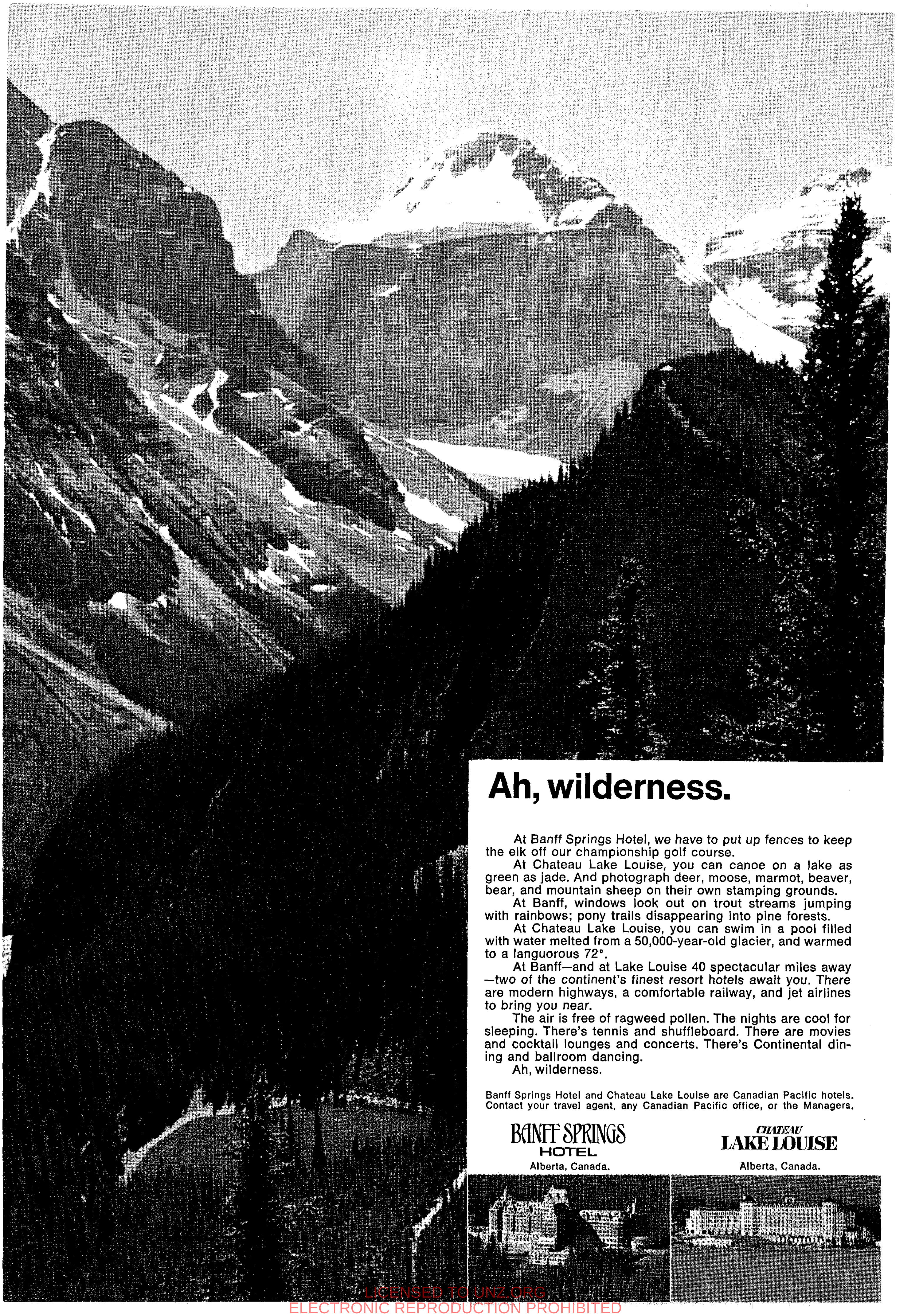

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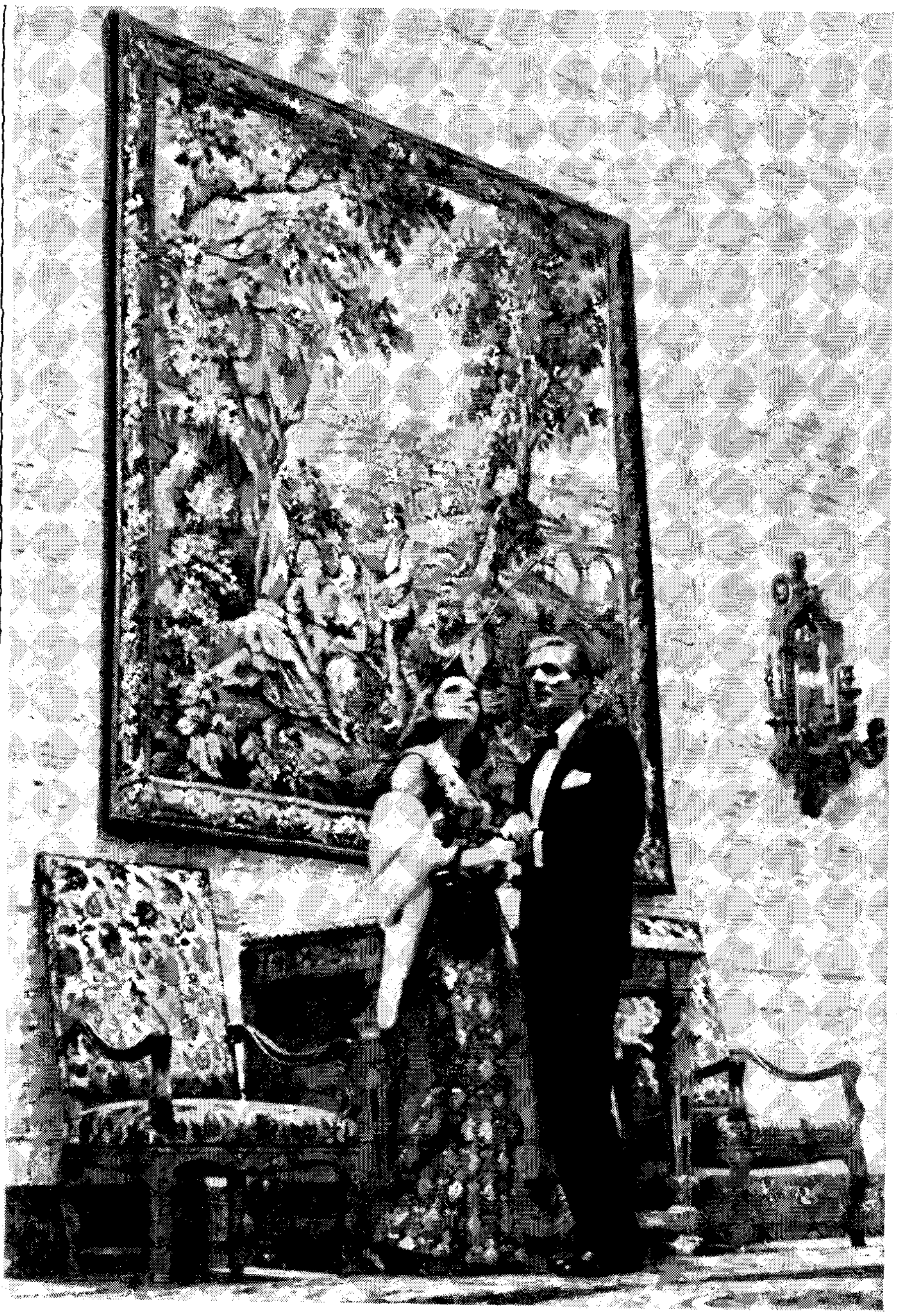
and the floor. To the gravity-defying illusion conveyed by the ballet dancer *en pointe* Miss Graham opposed the sculptural dignity of a body drawing its strength and its expressive power from its contact with the solid ground. Her dancing, accordingly, possessed a monolithic quality, a heaviness of movement and gesture. It struck some people as odd that she should become enthusiastic about a dancer like Cunningham, whose natural gifts—bounce and lightness, and astonishing speed—seemed almost the exact opposite of her needs. Cunningham's own explanation is that Miss Graham's choreography was just then in the process of changing. "I think she had begun to be interested in the possibility of lightness," he said recently. "And, of course, she would always use the things that a dancer could do." In any event, Cunningham drew high praise from the critics for his athletic performance as the Acrobat in "Every Soul Is a Circus," and for the next five years he was, with Erick Hawkins, one of the featured male soloists with the Graham troupe.

By the end of his first season with Miss Graham, Cunningham had started to wonder what else there was to do in the field of dance. He had been to see a great many dance recitals and performances in New York that winter, and had found himself increasingly drawn to the ballet. "What appealed to me was the technical demands of ballet," he said. "Martha made great demands, of course, but not so much technically. Ballet's demands interested me: dexterity in the legs, speed, and, of course, air—jumping up and down." In spite of the deep and rather bitter schism dividing ballet and modern dance at that time—there was practically no communication between devotees of the two—Cunningham managed, with Miss Graham's help and encouragement, to enroll in the School of American Ballet, which had been founded in 1933 by Lincoln Kirstein and Edward M. M. Warburg, and of which George Balanchine was the director. Cunningham studied there for two years, on and off, while continuing to perform with the Graham troupe, and the training, he feels, was invaluable. It was certainly as important an influence as Miss Graham's in the development of his own style.

Cunningham also had a brief flirtation with the Broadway stage at about this time. Agnes de Mille, Valerie Bettis, and a few other modern dancers were just starting then to break into the musical-comedy field, displacing



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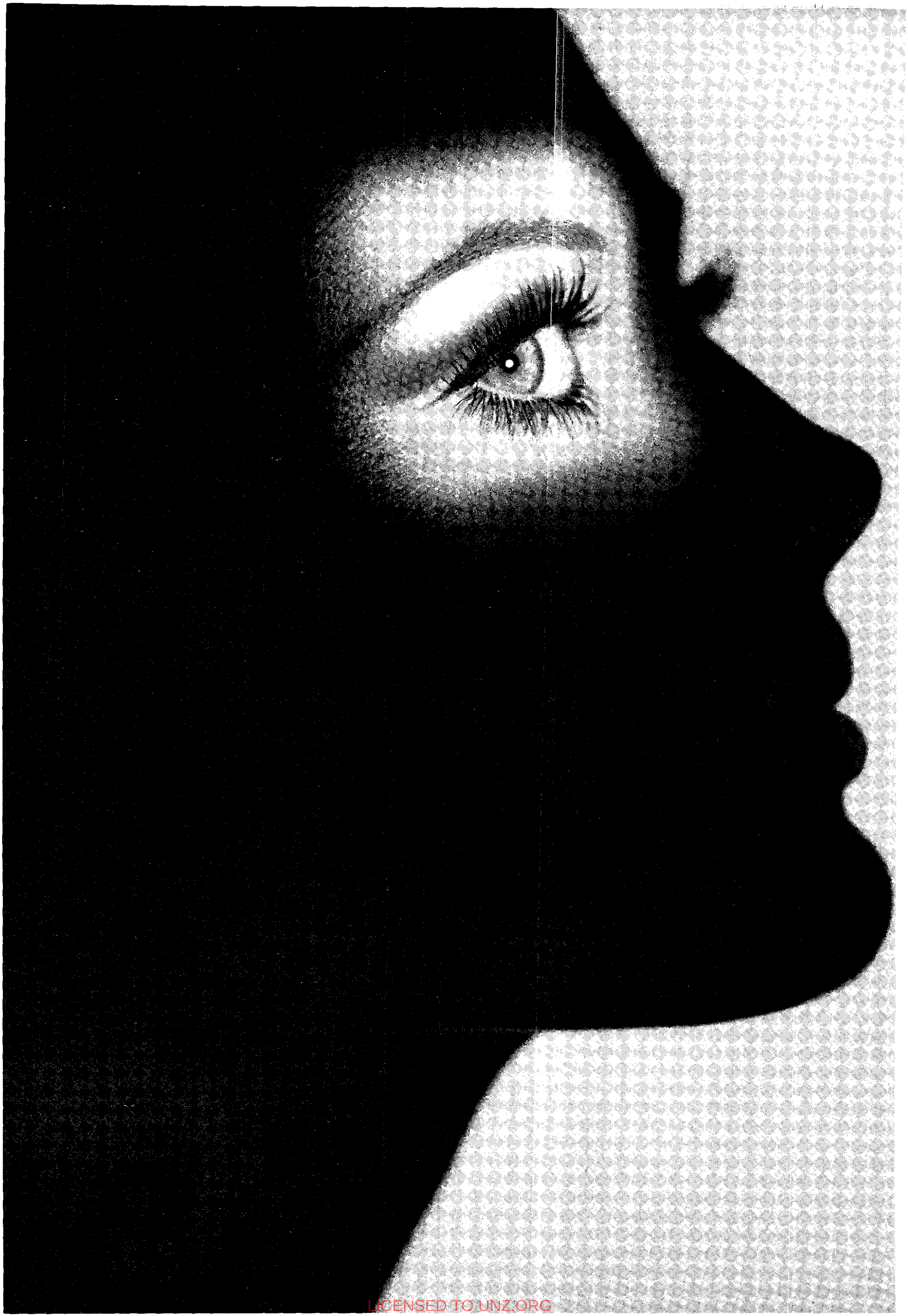

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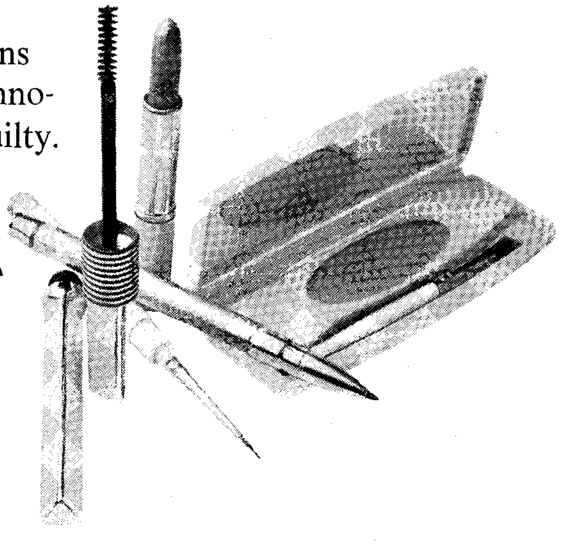

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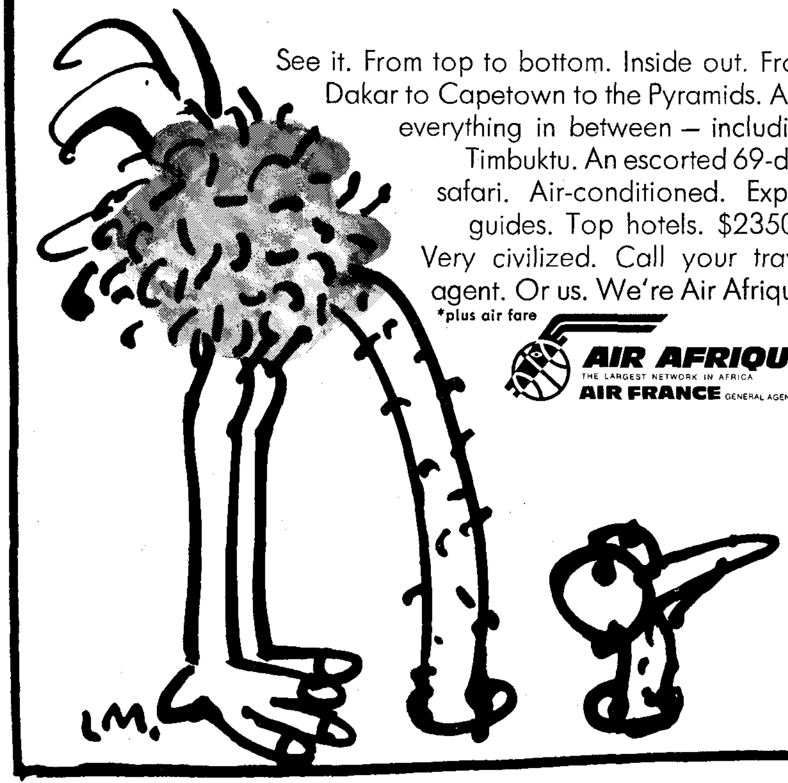

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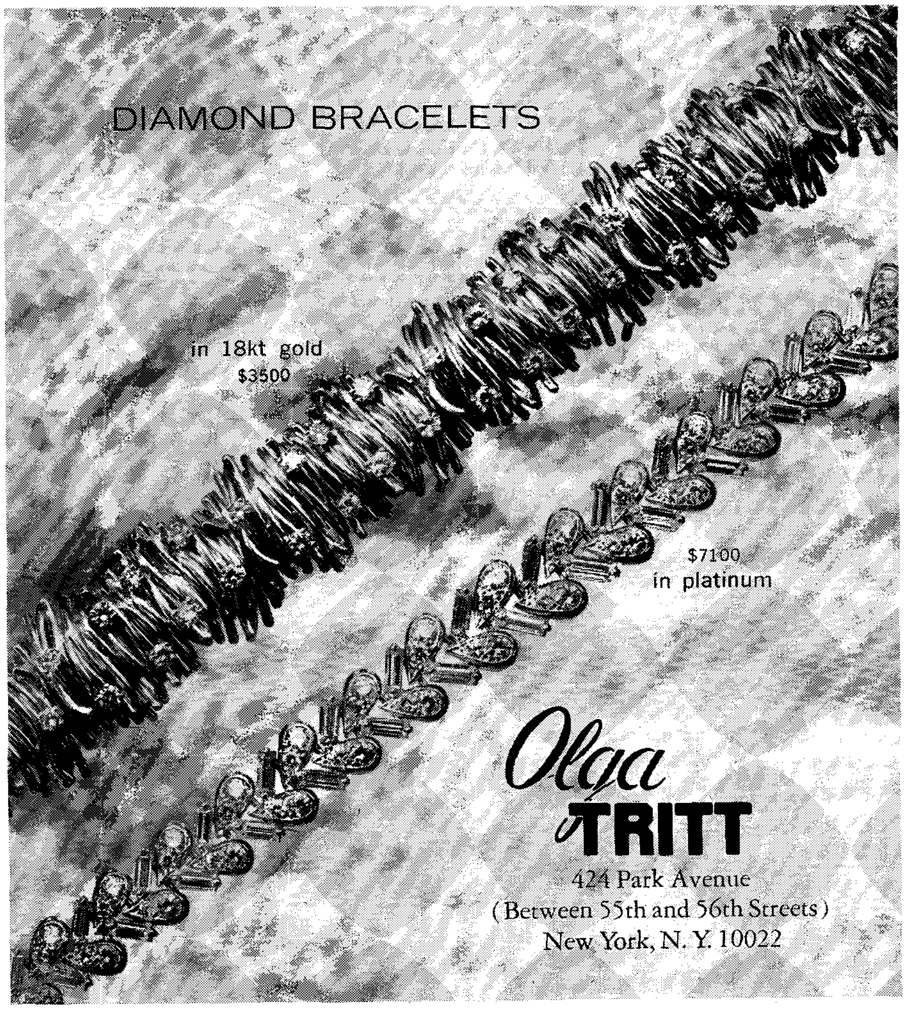

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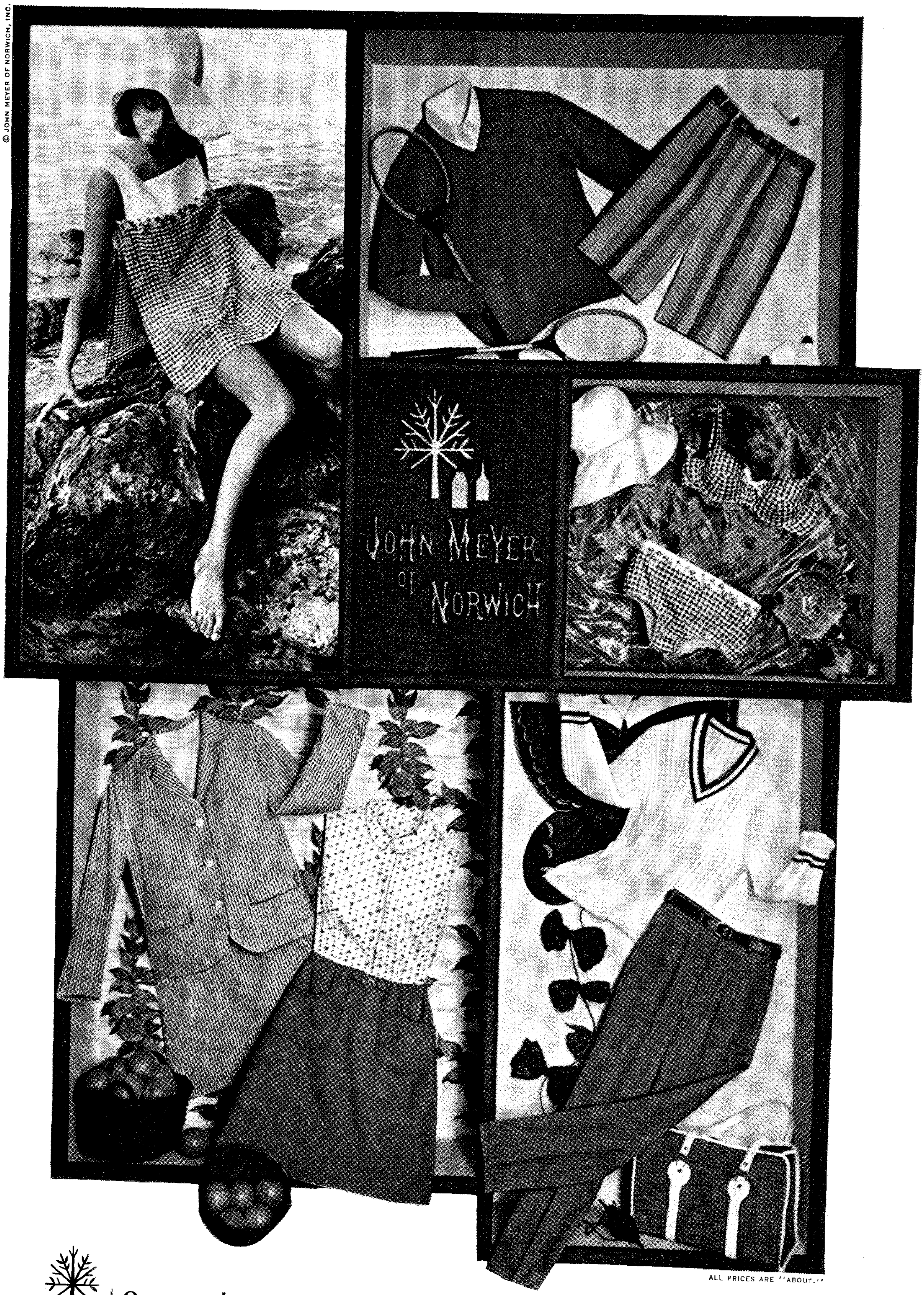
the one-two-three-kick chorines of yore, and in 1943 Miss de Mille offered Cunningham a dancing role in "Oklahoma!," for which she was doing the choreography. Cunningham turned it down. Six months later, though, he did accept a solo dancing part in another show that Miss de Mille choreographed, "One Touch of Venus." He rehearsed and performed with the show for a week in Boston, and felt so ridiculous that he withdrew before the opening in New York, offering the somewhat lame excuse that Martha Graham needed him to rehearse for a tour that was about to begin. The Broadway musical stage has given employment to many modern dancers since then—it is still the only place they can earn what non-dancers would consider a decent living—but Cunningham was never tempted by Broadway again.

By this time, Cunningham had started to withdraw from the powerful influence of Martha Graham. Although he continued until 1945 to dance in certain works of hers and to tour with the company, he stopped taking her classes and spent most of his time working by himself, in a small loft studio on Seventeenth Street near Union Square. He lived on the money he made touring with Miss Graham, augmented by an occasional check from his parents, but in time he also started to teach a little. "I was just trying out everything I could think of," he has said of this period. "Probably the idea of having my own company was in my head, but I didn't really think in those terms. I'd always wanted to make dances, and I was just experimenting with different types of movement." The joint Cunningham-Cage recital at the Humphrey-Weidman studio in April, 1944, gave New Yorkers an opportunity to see the results of his experiments. Edwin Denby, in his review of the recital for the *Herald Tribune*, wrote of Cunningham, "His build resembles that of the juvenile 'saltimbanques' of the early Picasso canvases. As a dancer, his instep and his knees are extraordinarily elastic and quick; his steps, runs, knee bends, and leaps are brilliant in lightness and speed. His torso can turn on its vertical axis with great sensitivity, his shoulders are held lightly free, and his head poises intelligently. The arms are light and long, they float but do not have an active look. These are all merits particularly suited to lyric expression. The effect of them is one of excessively elegant and irreproachable sensuality." Of the program itself, Denby wrote, "I have never seen a first recital that



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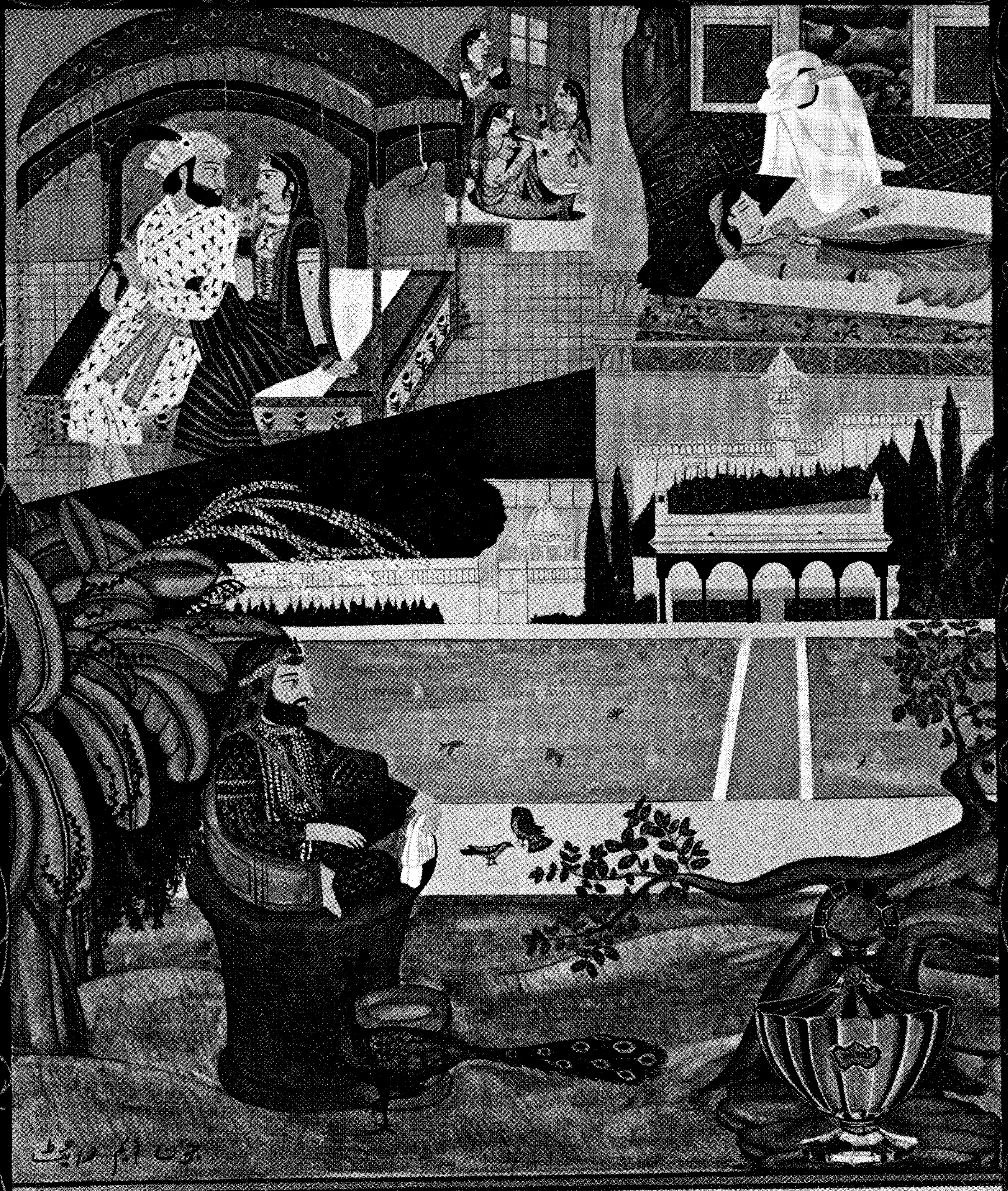

Blessed they were, with a supremacy of love
That could not dwell with others
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His obsession, his Heavenly bride,
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She left him not; thus he built again for her,
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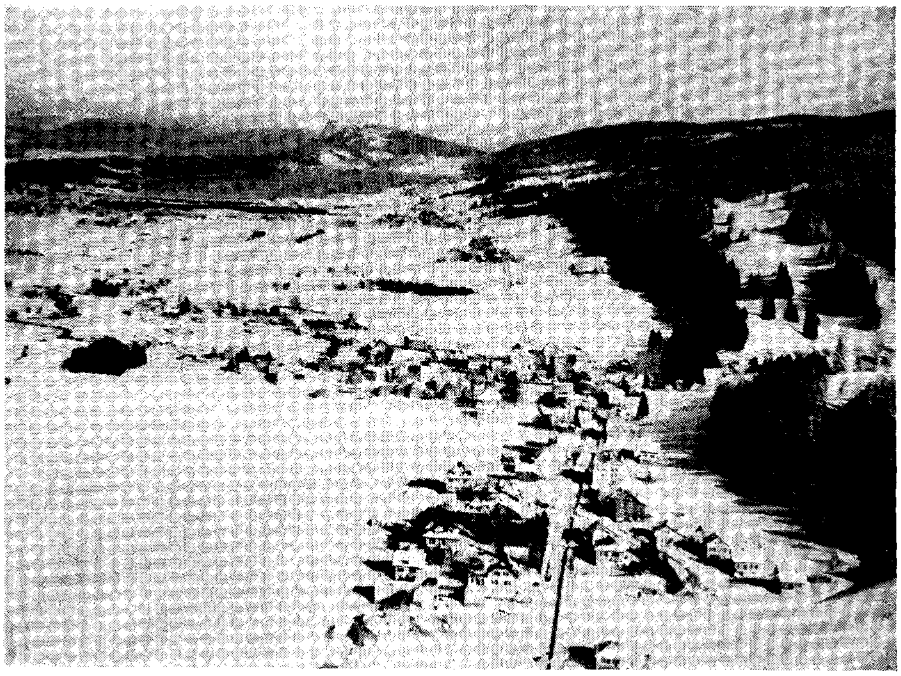
combined such impeccable taste, intellectually and decoratively, such originality of dance material, and so sure a manner of presentation."

There has never been any question about Cunningham's natural gifts. Ever since 1944, though, there has been no end of dispute over the uses to which he has put these gifts, and the directions in which his explorations have led him. Some of Cunningham's dances—"Nocturnes," for example, and the much acclaimed "Summerspace"—have been as lyrical, as elegant, and as irreproachably sensual as Denby or anyone else could have wished. Other dances have put lyricism very distinctly aside, however, in favor of grotesque distortions and eccentricities whose effect seems primarily comic, though in a few works, such as "Winterbranch" and the more recent "Place," the whole purpose seems to be to create an atmosphere of grim devastation. Certainly the most amazing aspect of his work over the years has been its variety—its kaleidoscopic changes of tone and mood, not only from one dance to another but often within a single dance. As the London *Observer* noted in 1964, after the Cunningham troupe had had an extraordinary triumph in London, his dances "are so full of invention that they will be a mine for imitators for years."

Following the 1944 recital, Cunningham and Cage gave annual New York presentations of their new works. Their recitals, at the Y.M.H.A., the Hunter College Playhouse, and elsewhere, were attended mostly by painters and poets—rarely, in the early years, by musicians and dancers—and it took most of the next year for Cage and Cunningham to pay off the modest debts they had incurred for each recital, so they began casting about for performance opportunities outside New York. They found them by writing to colleges and universities, and from 1947 until fairly recently they rarely performed anywhere else. Their travels were sometimes complicated by Cunningham's rather sketchy sense of geography—he once booked them to perform in Phoenix and Seattle on the same day, thinking somehow that the difference in time zones would make the connection possible—but they covered a lot of territory and perplexed a sizable number of students. Confronted for the first time by prepared-piano music that incorporated many nonmusical sounds and long silences, and by dancing that was neither interpretive nor programmatic, the audiences in the small colleges that Cunningham



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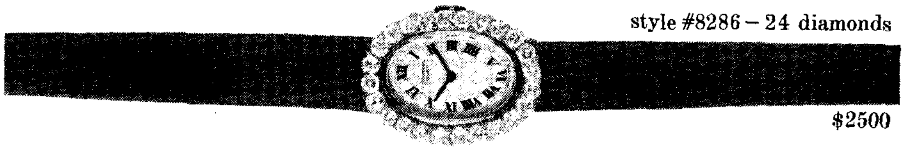

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and Cage visited were usually dumbfounded. "People didn't yell or scream," Cunningham has said, "but there was a lot of nervous laughter, and, of course, a great many people walked out. If they happened to know anything about the modern dance—Graham and José Limón and people like that—they didn't like us at all."

The majority of established modern dancers did not look with much favor upon what Cunningham was doing, either, and it is worthy of note that his first major commission came from the rival world of ballet. Early in 1947, the newly formed Ballet Society in New York, which had grown out of Balanchine's School of American Ballet and was soon to become the New York City Ballet, commissioned Cunningham and Cage to create a work for its company of brilliant young dancers. Cage composed a score for an orchestra of forty conventional instruments. Cunningham worked independently with the dancers, among whom was the future star Tanaquil Le Clercq. Most of the dancers, Cunningham discovered, were much disturbed at first when they found themselves rehearsing without music, but then they caught on and did it beautifully. Isamu Noguchi designed the sets for the new work, which was called "The Seasons," and which had its première at the Ziegfeld Theatre in May, 1947. Cunningham returned to the School of American Ballet in 1948 for two years, this time as a teacher, and in the summer of 1949 he put together a recital in Paris with Tanaquil Le Clercq and Betty Nichols, another young dancer from Ballet Society, whom he had happened to meet outside the American Express office. The recital took place in the atelier of the painter Jean Hélion, before a rather distinguished audience of artists and literati. Alice B. Toklas sat in the front row, and afterward she told Cunningham that she liked his dancing, "because it's so pagan." Cunningham has always enjoyed working with ballet-trained dancers, and as recently as the fall of 1967 he accepted an invitation to re-create his "Summerspace" for the Cullberg Ballet Company, in Stockholm. By 1949, though, he had begun to think more and more seriously of forming his own company.

"Forming a company," Cunningham said once, "means simply that you decide you want to do a piece with some other people instead of alone, and so you start to look around." He had already made a few pieces in which his students at the Seventeenth Street stu-

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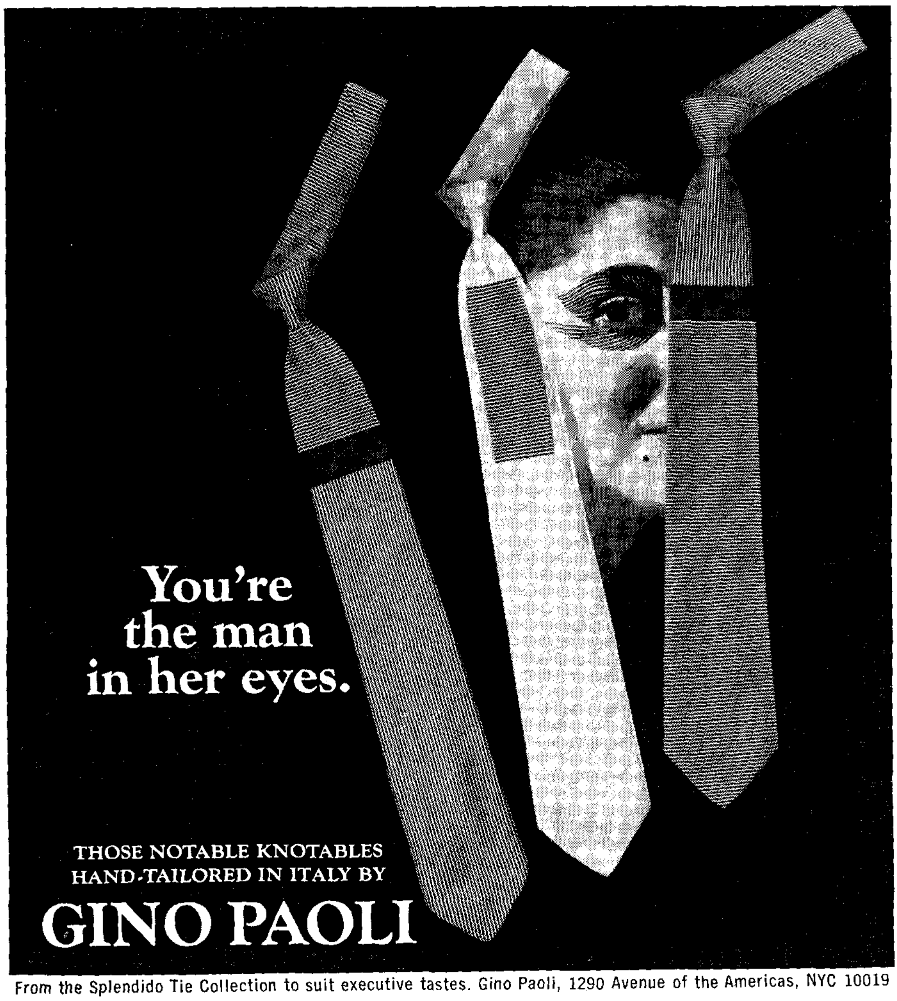

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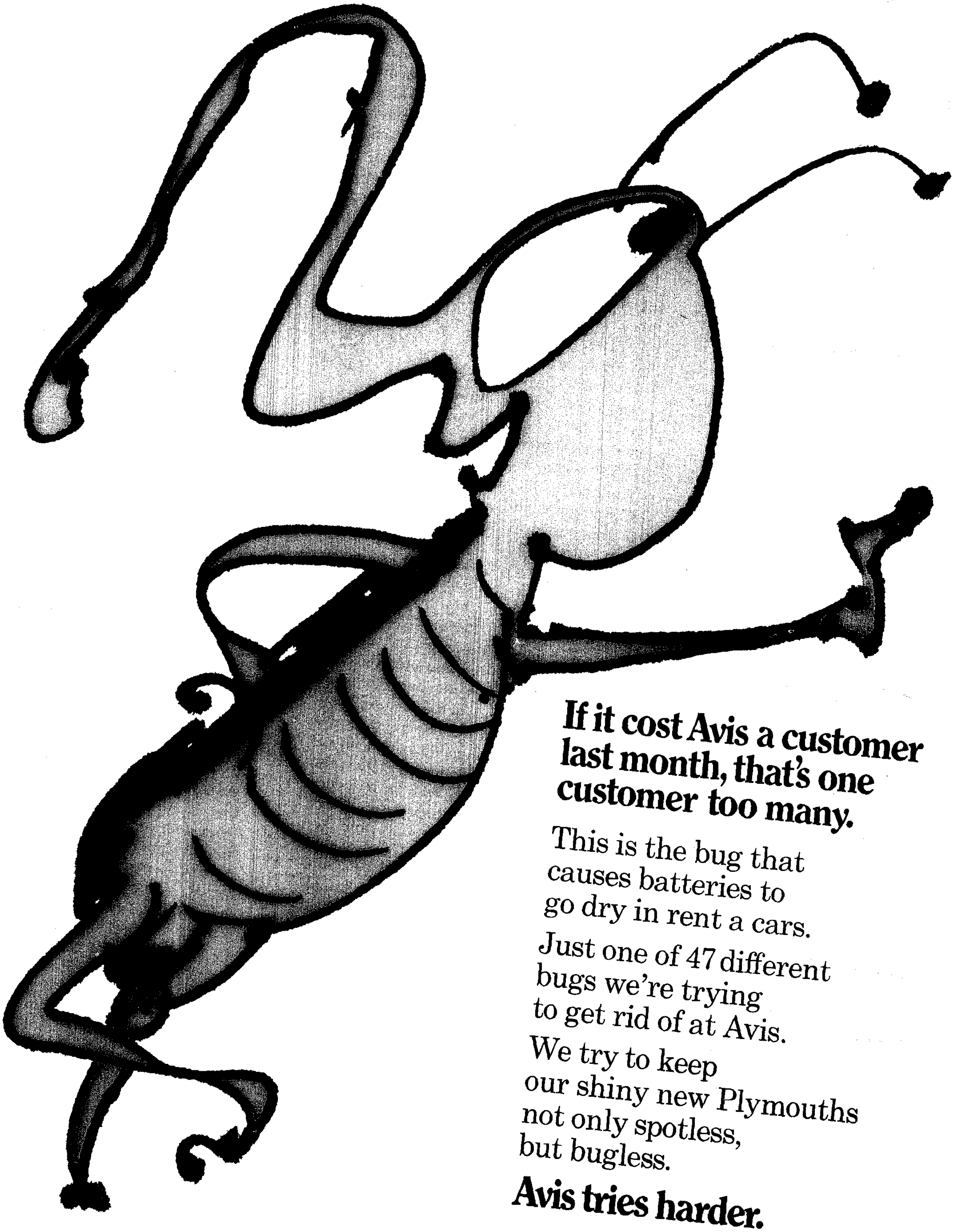

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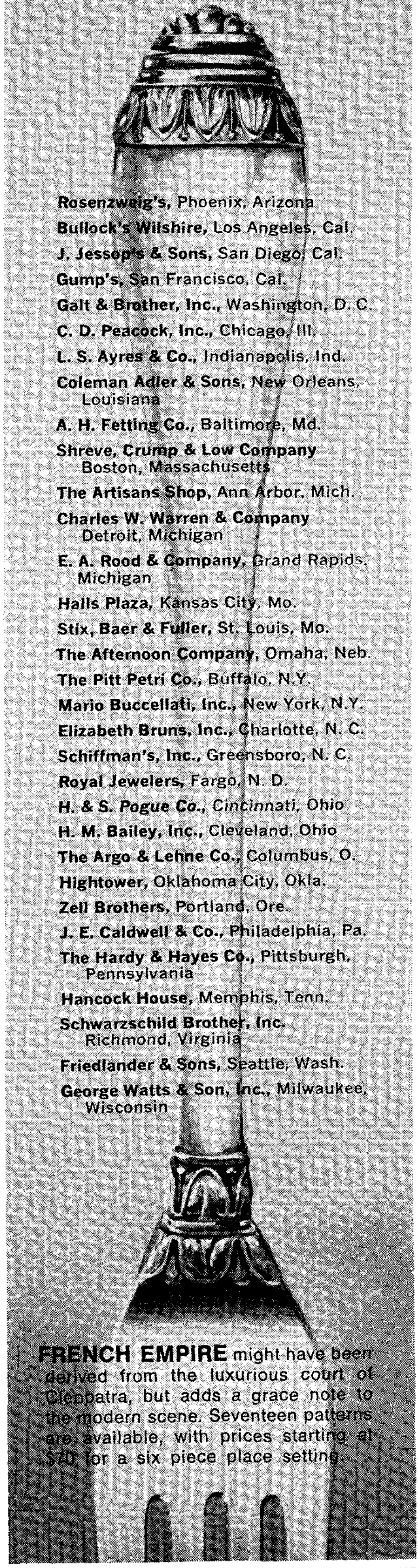

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dio danced, but in those days his students were mostly dancers who had received their fundamental training elsewhere, and their physical and intellectual attributes did not always satisfy Cunningham's requirements. Following his return from Europe in 1949, he began to get a number of pupils with little or no previous training. The most talented of these students—Marianne Preger, Remy Charlip, Jo Anne Melsher, Marilyn Wood, and, later on, Paul Taylor, Viola Farber, Judith Dunn, and Carolyn Brown—became the nucleus of an informal Cunningham company. Performance opportunities were rare. Leonard Bernstein invited them to dance at the Brandeis University Festival of the Performing Arts in 1952, and in 1953 they appeared at the Alvin Theatre, in New York, in a program with the Martha Graham and José Limón companies. The Cunningham group did not really begin to function as a unit, however, until the summer of 1953, when it was invited to Black Mountain College, in North Carolina. Cunningham and Cage had been going to this militantly experimental institution since 1947, to perform and to teach; the faculty and the students were hospitable to their work, and the previous summer they had put on Cage's "Theatre Piece #1," a mixture of dancing, music, poetry, motion pictures, slide projections, and other activities, planned and unplanned, that is now generally considered to have been the real beginning of the trend in this country toward Happenings and multimedia shows of all kinds. In 1953, the Cunningham dancers were in residence at Black Mountain for six weeks. They worked together every day, and acquired a repertory of new Cunningham dances that included "Collage" and "Suite by Chance"—the latter having an electronic score, the first of its kind written for a dance, by the young American composer Christian Wolff.

Like Cage in his music, Cunningham at this time was experimenting with various chance methods of composition, in an effort to go beyond his personal taste and his own physical memory of dance motions. He drew up elaborate charts for different aspects of the dance—tempo, direction of movement, kind of movement (leaping, running, turning, and so on), single or group movement—and then tossed coins to determine the order in which these would go together. For one dance, "Untitled Solo," Cunningham drew up charts for specific movements of his head, back, shoulders, arms, hands, legs, and feet; to his great surprise, the dance turned out to be intensely dramatic. Unlike Cage, whose interest in chance was in part a reflection of an interest in Oriental religions and in recent developments in mathematics and science, Cunningham considered chance simply a tool for practical use—one method among others. "If you use chance, all sorts of things happen that wouldn't otherwise," he said once. "I found my dances becoming richer and more interesting, so I continued using chance methods. That's the only reason." Cunningham is a far more traditional artist than Cage in some ways; he will use chance when he thinks it may be useful, but he also depends on his own powers of conscious invention, his personal taste, and at times his memory, and he refuses to be bound by any system, even one of his own devising. At Black Mountain in that summer of 1953, for example, he abrogated the dissociation of music and dance long enough to choreograph a work, which he called "Septet," for a particular piece of music—the "Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear," by Erik Satie. It was because Cunningham liked the music so much that he decided to make a dance to go with it—though there was not the strict, beat-for-beat relationship that ballet lovers would recognize. He did the same thing three years later with Satie's "Nocturnes."

The Cunningham dancers had their first major New York engagement in December, 1953—a one-week stand at the Off Broadway Theatre de Lys. They performed all the new works they had rehearsed that summer, played to a full house each night, and were totally ignored by the press. "But we had started to be a company, and that was something," Cunningham has recalled. "My idea was just to go on making pieces, and I felt it was silly to make a piece and then wait for an opportunity to do it, so I continued writing letters all the time to colleges and universities. We got a few dates. I remember once, at Notre Dame, there was a prom the same night and the only people in the audience were priests and nuns. But that's the way it happened—the company just sort of evolved."

THE Cunningham company continued to evolve for the next decade, in spite of the desperate economics

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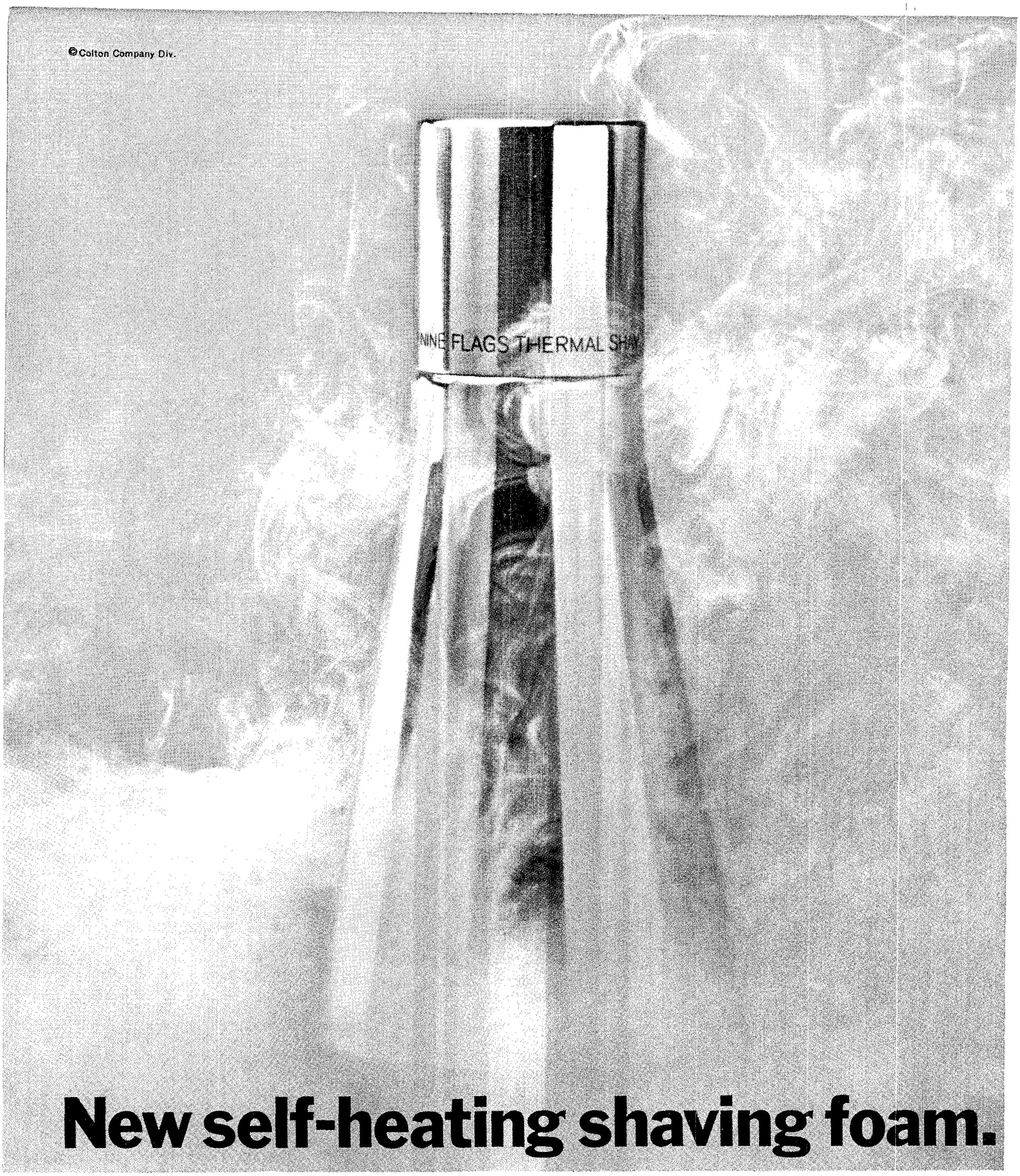

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of the modern dance. In 1965, the Rockefeller Panel Report on the Performing Arts estimated that the total public for dance of all kinds in this country was less than one million regular attendants, and pointed out that, for economic reasons, even Martha Graham "has not toured in her own country for fifteen years." Although the Cunningham company travelled light—for several years they managed to get everything, including costumes and sets, into Cage's Volkswagen Microbus—the expense of transporting and feeding even a small company of dancers usually exceeded the modest fees that colleges could offer them, and, as a result, Cunningham could rarely pay his dancers anything at all beyond their expenses. The dancers supported themselves between engagements, usually by teaching, and considered themselves well rewarded simply to be associated with Cunningham. Naturally, some dropped out. Paul Taylor, a brilliantly gifted dancer, left in 1954 to form his own company, and several of the girls stopped dancing to get married or to have babies. By and large, though, that first "classic" Cunningham troupe functioned, far more than most repertory companies, as a tightly knit family. Its members all got along, in spite of the cramped quarters and the other recurrent miseries of the touring life. They saw a great deal of each other in New York between engagements, they shared the same ideas and interests, and they approached their work in the same state of intense stimulation, as a result of Cunningham's creative vision. Judith Dunn, who left Cunningham's company in 1963, to create dances of her own, has recalled that once, when the dancers trooped into a roadside diner after travelling all day, a waitress asked if they were members of some religious group. This spirit carried over into their dancing, and helped to create the strong impression of unity and physical interrelatedness that in Cunningham's dances takes the place of the precise correlation of music and dance in the formal ballet.

Like the other members of the company, Cunningham supported himself mainly by teaching. Although he rarely performed in New York, young dancers heard about him and came to study with him, drawn by the belief that he was breaking new ground in the dance. The followers of Martha Graham, generally speaking, were continuing to work the psychological-symbolic vein that she had first mined thirty years earlier. Cunningham's work had

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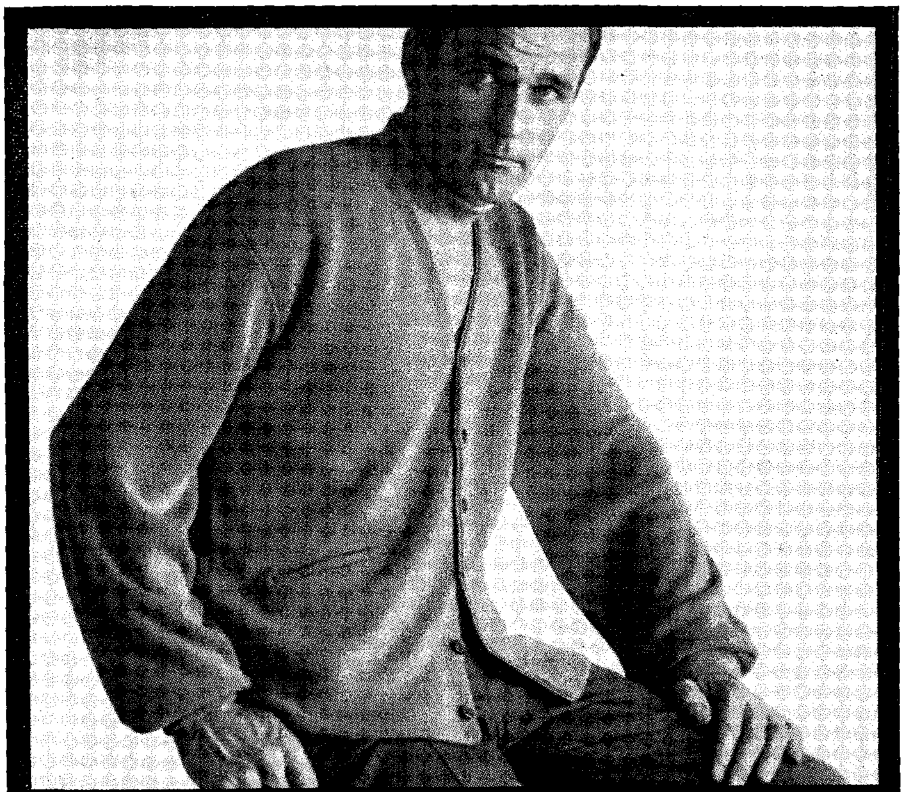

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less in common with the modern-dance choreography of Graham and José Limón than it had with the dazzling neoclassicism of George Balanchine, who had made the New York City Ballet into the most advanced and most exciting ballet company in the world. Both Cunningham and Balanchine have always been interested in movement for its own sake, and Balanchine's ballets are often as plotless as Cunningham's pieces. The movement, however, is fundamentally different. Out of the so-called contraction-and-release technique of Martha Graham, Cunningham developed an articulation of the back and torso that is large and free—something not found in the ballet, where the torso is held relatively rigid at all times. Nor is it found in the Graham choreography, with its tense and dramatically contorted bodies. Cunningham's students are taught that the body operates from a central point of balance in the lower region of the spine; once this center of balance is fully recognized, he has written, the spine "acts not just as a source for the arms and legs, but in itself can coil and explode like a spring, can grow taut or loose, can turn on its own axis or project into space directions." Cunningham took "dexterity in the legs" from ballet technique and transformed it into a means of spatial expression. Instead of moving primarily up and down and in long leaps, as ballet dancers do, the Cunningham dancers tend to make large lateral movements; they cover a great deal of stage space, and make frequent use of everyday, non-stylized motions, such as walking and running. The difference between the Balanchine and the Cunningham companies became very clear in 1966, when, at Balanchine's invitation, Cunningham restaged his "Summerspace" for the New York City Ballet. Marvellously trained as Balanchine's dancers were, they found it extraordinarily difficult to move in the large, sweeping manner that is natural to the Cunningham company, and they could not do everyday things like running without making them seem slightly artificial. The New York City Ballet's performance of "Summerspace" struck most of the critics as interesting but not quite successful (when Viola Farber, then one of Cunningham's dancers, saw it she burst into tears), and Balanchine has not kept the work in the company's active repertory.

Many of the young dancers who sought out Cunningham were interested in doing choreography themselves. A class in experimental music and

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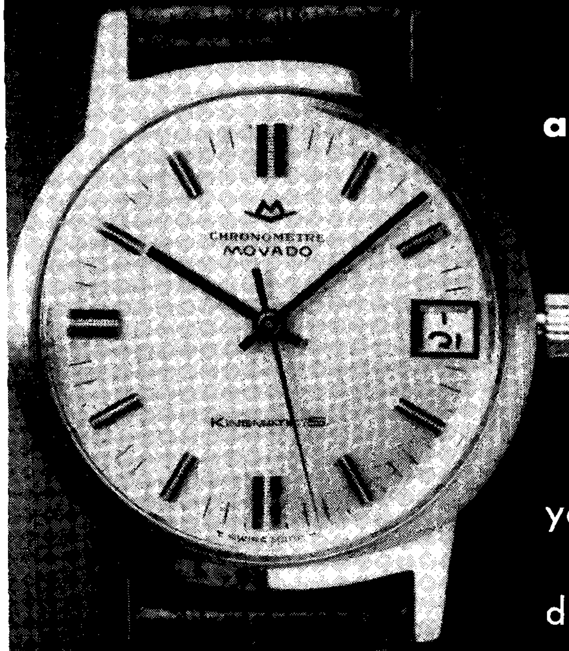

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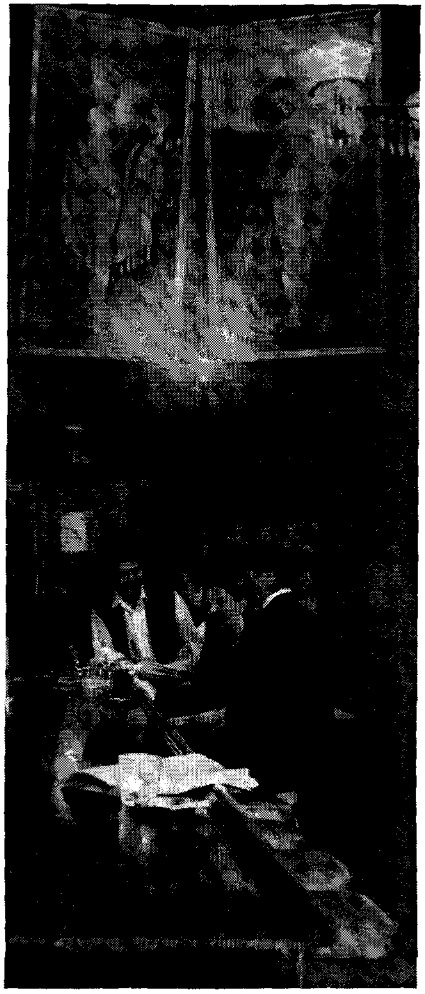

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dance composition at the Cunningham studio in 1960, conducted by Robert Dunn, with Cunningham's coöperation, and made up almost entirely of Cunningham students, led directly to the formation of a new dance avant-garde that became associated with the Judson Memorial Church, on Washington Square. Taking as their starting point Cunningham's idea that any movement can be part of a dance, Yvonne Rainer, Judith Dunn, Steve Paxton, and other members of the Judson group arrived at a sort of nondance aesthetic that could dispense with such rudimentary requirements as dance training and physical technique. Cunningham himself has never been willing to dispense with technique, and as a result he is looked upon by some of his former disciples with a respect that is slightly tinged with condescension. He has remained firmly committed to dance as dance, although he acknowledges that the concept is difficult to define. "I think it has to do with amplification, with enlargement," he said recently. "Dancing provides something—an amplification of energy—that is not provided any other way, and that's what interests me." It might be added that in Cunningham's case an innate and nearly infallible sense of theatre underlies all his experiments, and makes the final result interesting whether or not one is aware of the aesthetic that produced it.

Cunningham's ideas have always had much in common with those of his contemporaries in the visual arts, and for this reason some of his most loyal admirers and supporters have been painters and sculptors. His dances have been compared to the canvases of Jackson Pollock, in which there is no fixed center but, rather, an all-over relatedness of shifting movement. His feeling that any movement can be part of a dance has its echo in the assemblages and combines of Robert Rauschenberg, among others. Both Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, the two most influential artists of the post-Pollock generation, have been associated directly with the Cunningham company—Rauschenberg for several years was its costume and stage designer, and Johns last summer became its artistic adviser. Rauschenberg was at Black Mountain during the summer of 1952, and he took part in "Theatre Piece #1," projecting slides of his paintings onto a screen and playing a wind-up Victrola. For ten years, starting in 1954, he designed the costumes and sets for virtually all the new Cunningham dances, and from 1961 to 1964, having taught himself the rudi-

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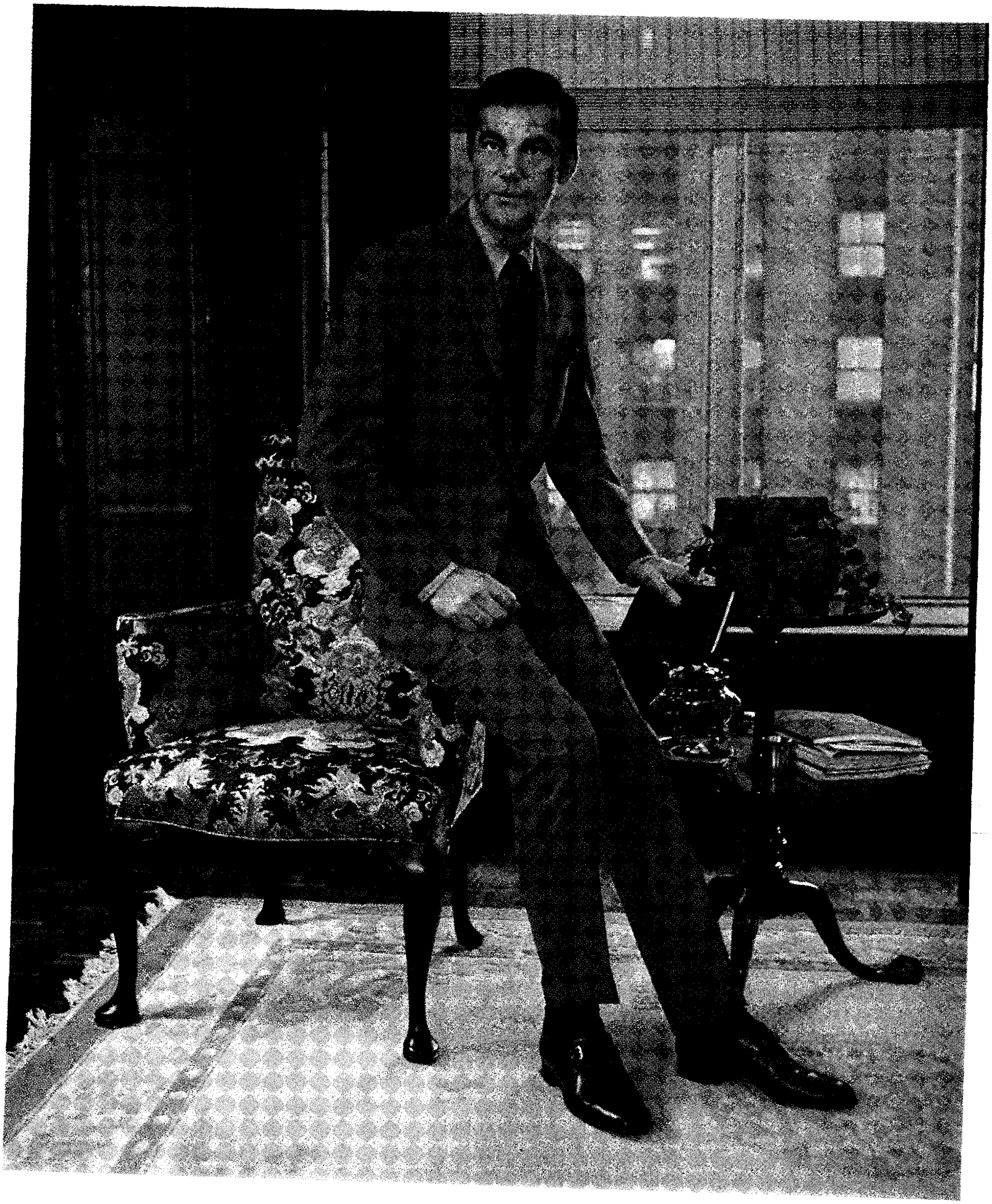

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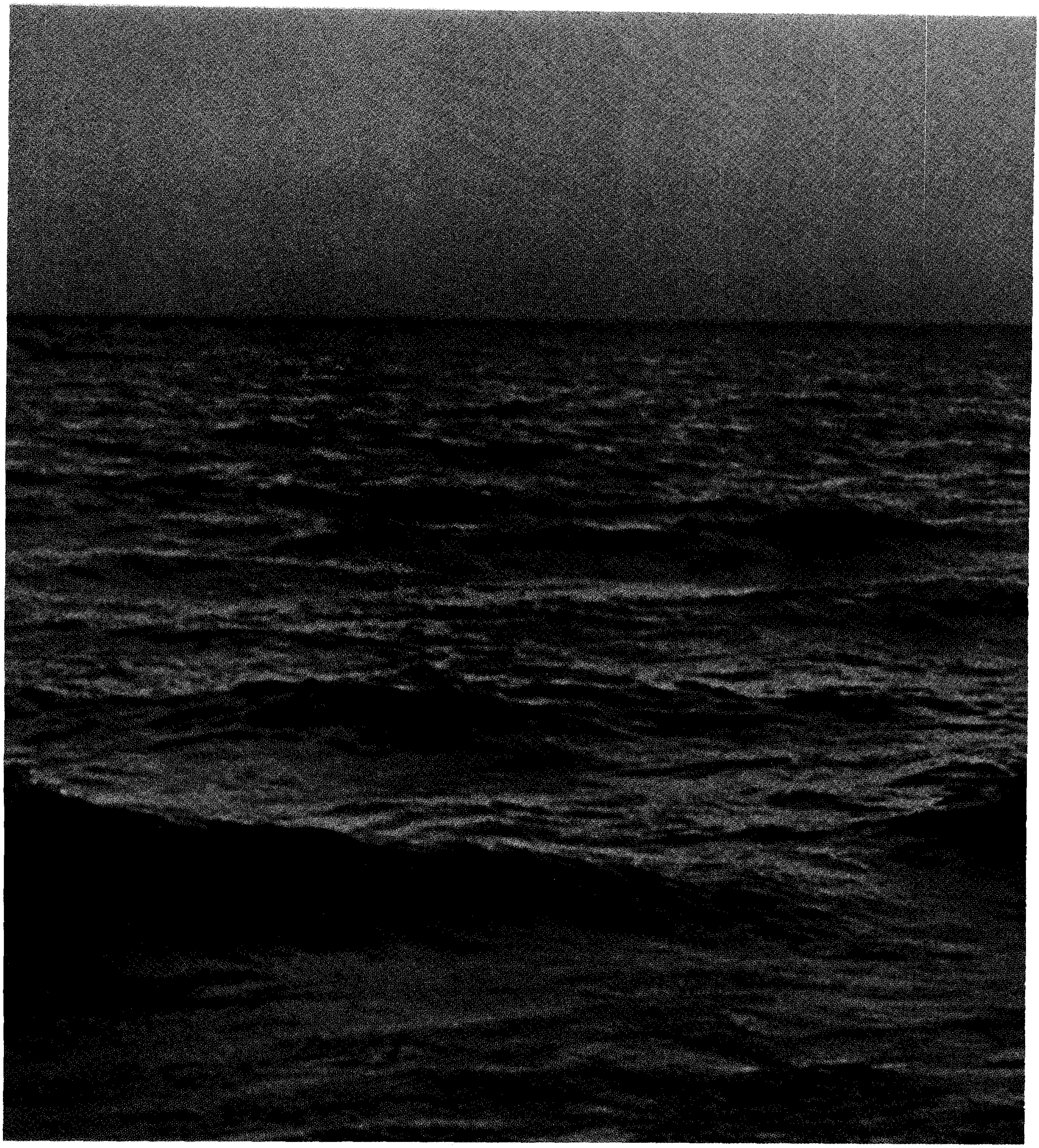

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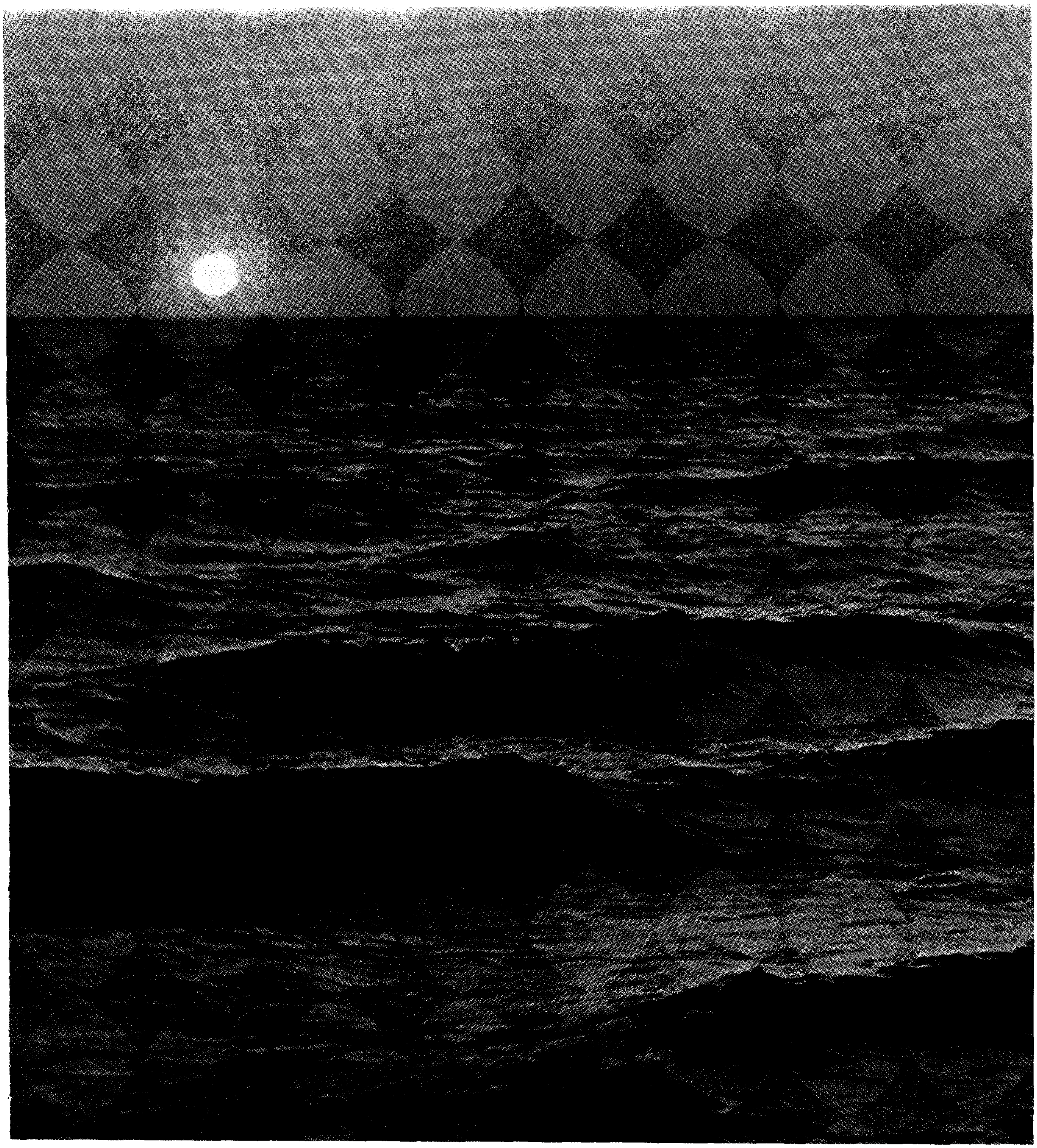

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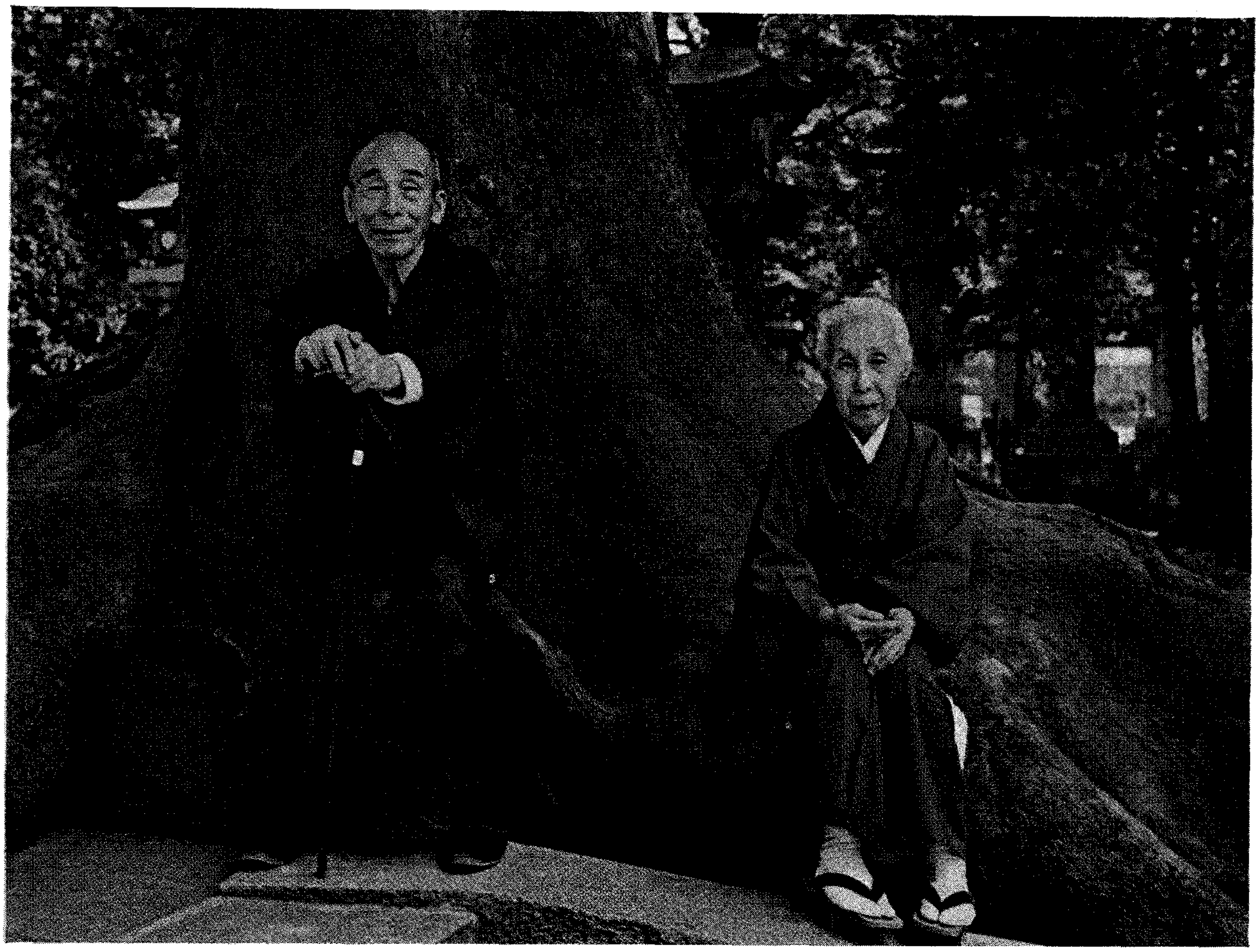

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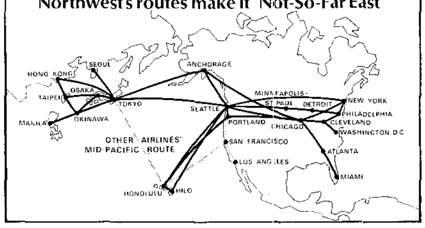

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ments of theatrical lighting, he travelled with the group as its lighting designer and stage manager. Rauschenberg's fertile imagination contributed to some of the most striking works in the repertory: "Summerspace," for which he and Johns painted a huge pointillist backdrop that the dancers, who wear costumes of the same pointillist pattern, seem to disappear into whenever they stop moving; "Antic Meet," a marvellously loony piece that at one point has Carolyn Brown, in a nightgown Rauschenberg found in a thrift shop, step through an onstage door and sit down in a chair strapped to Cunningham's back; "Story," the indeterminate work for which Rauschenberg devised costumes and props out of whatever he found backstage on the day of the performance; and "Winterbranch," a dark and powerful work that has been variously interpreted as being "about" nuclear war, concentration camps, Vietnam, and a shipwreck (as a sea captain's wife once suggested).

The collaboration of Cage, Cunningham, and Rauschenberg was an immensely stimulating experience for all three, and it also attracted the attention of people who might not normally have interested themselves in modern dance. In the late fifties, Cunningham began to receive more and more invitations to perform abroad, in Europe and even in the Far East—invitations that had to be turned down in most cases, because he lacked the money to get there. Cunningham did perform in Europe in 1958 and 1960, together with Cage, David Tudor, and Carolyn Brown, who had by this time become his principal dancer; in order for him to take the entire company along, someone would have had to put up the money for air transportation. The State Department, which regularly sends performing groups on foreign tours, considers Cunningham's work "controversial" and has consistently withheld its support.

Early in 1964, the company received a number of invitations to perform at European summer music festivals, and at the same time the wealthy family of Gita Sarabhai, an Indian musician who had studied with Cage, renewed an offer it had made once before to arrange a series of performances in India. The State Department refused to pay any travel costs, as usual, but this time Cunningham's admirers among New York artists came to the rescue. In 1962, a number of artists had contributed paintings to a benefit sale at the Allan Stone Gallery, which had been

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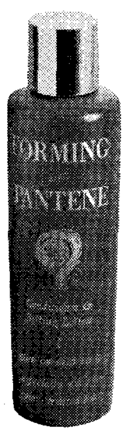

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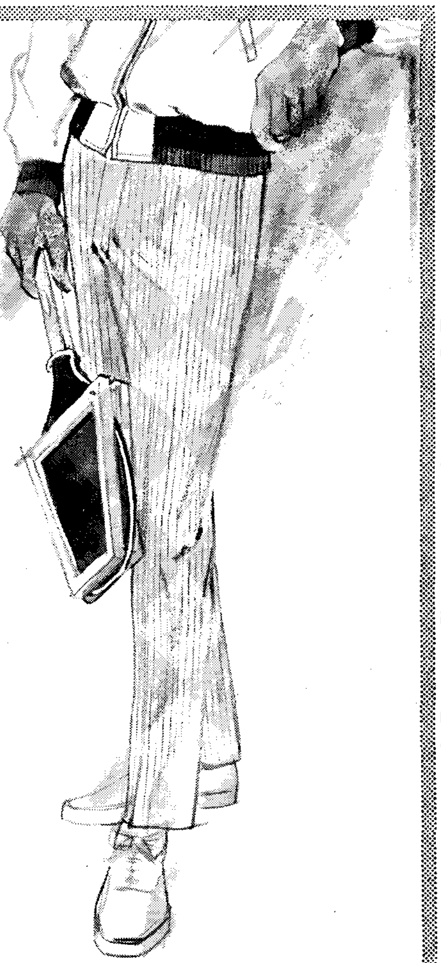

organized by the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts in order to make it possible for the Cunningham company to have a one-week "season" in a Broadway theatre. The Broadway season had not come about, for various reasons, so now the entire proceeds of the sale—slightly more than seventeen thousand dollars—were made available to Cunningham for travel expenses around the world. A grant of twenty thousand dollars for payroll expenses while in the Far East was subsequently obtained from the JDR 3rd Fund, and this, together with some additional grants from private sources, plus the sales of a sculpture by Richard Lippold and a painting by Rauschenberg, seemed to provide nearly sufficient funds for the undertaking. In June, 1964, therefore, the Cunningham dance company, with its various assisting artists and attendants (eighteen people in all, including ten dancers and Barbara Lloyd's two-year-old son), embarked on a world tour.

The tour lasted six months. The company gave seventy performances, starting in Strasbourg and Paris, where its reception was mixed, moving on to Venice, Vienna, and London, where it caused such a sensation that a one-week engagement at Sadler's Wells was extended by three more sold-out weeks at the Phoenix, and then going on to Scandinavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, and eventually to India, Thailand, and Japan. There were some casualties en route. Shareen Blair, a very pretty blond dancer, married an admirer in London and left the company forthwith. Viola Farber, who shared feature billing with Carolyn Brown, strained the Achilles' tendon in her left heel during a performance in Paris but continued to dance throughout the tour, despite medical warnings, and aggravated the injury to such a degree that she was obliged to withdraw from professional dancing soon after the company returned to the United States. (The loss was keenly felt. "She was unlike any other dancer I've ever seen," Cunningham said not long ago. "She always looked as though she were off balance, but she was always *on*. We used to do a duet called 'Paired,' in which we'd come out at one point with our hands smeared with paint from cans we kept in the wings and daub it on each other; a certain color gave the cue for a certain kind of movement, and the movements were extremely hazardous. I don't think I could have done it with anyone but Viola. And that body! At Connecticut College once, a friend of

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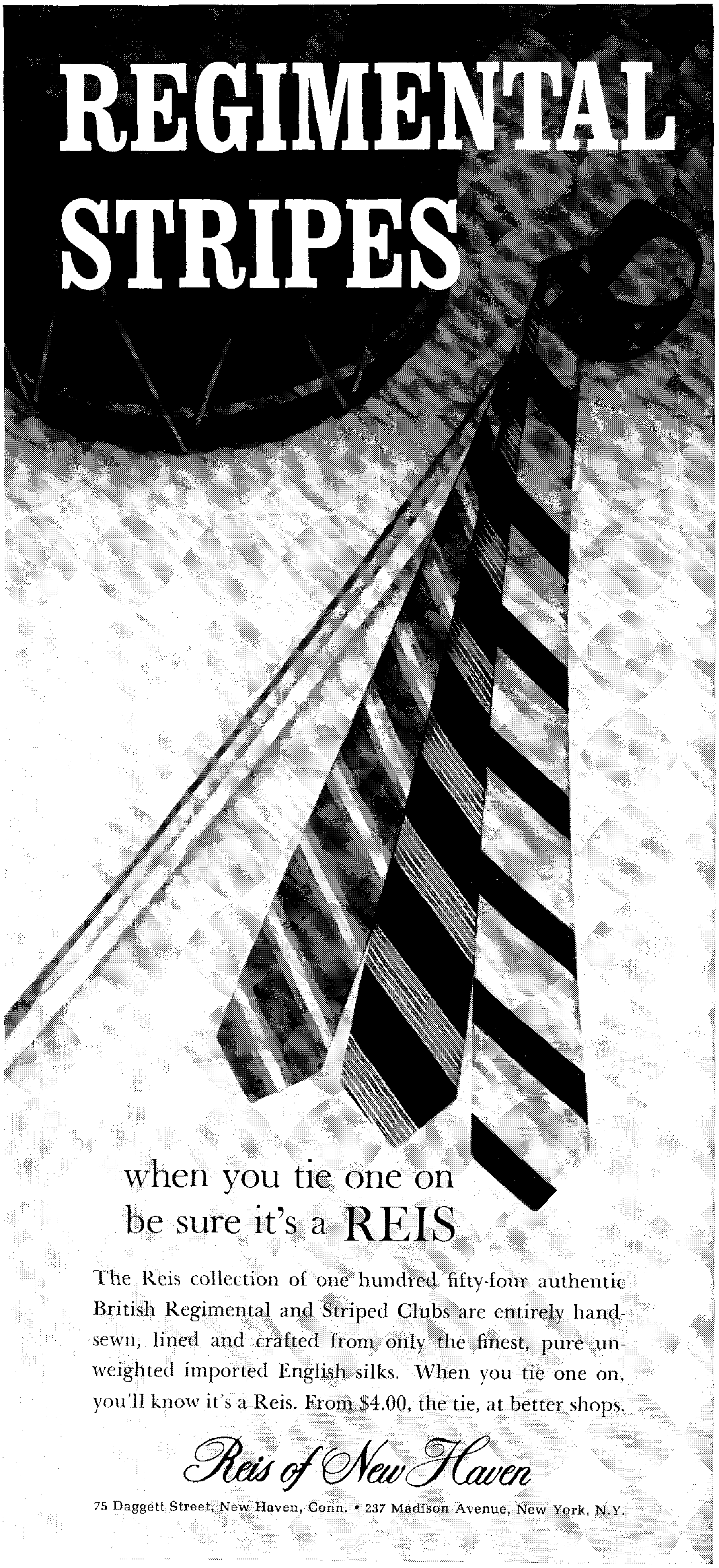
mine in the audience heard a lady say, 'If that blond girl were my daughter, I'd snatch her right off the stage!' "). Also, to everyone's sorrow, friction arose between Cunningham and Rauschenberg during the tour and led to Rauschenberg's severing his ties with the company that fall. Rauschenberg had won the grand international prize for painting at the Venice Biennale in June, and this made him the most publicized painter in Europe; the friction, friends of both men believe, was a matter of artistic temperaments and was almost certainly unavoidable.

Although the company came home heavily in debt, the world tour proved to be a watershed in its development. The London success was a large factor. Dance critics, theatre and film directors, painters, musicians, and young aesthetes of all kinds had flocked to see the Cunningham dancers in London and had been enchanted by their ability to combine freedom of movement with classical precision. Being taken seriously in London, it seemed, was the key to being taken seriously in New York. The company was scheduled to dance twice at the Hunter College Playhouse that fall, and the demand for tickets was so great that a third performance was added. Appearances followed at the New York State Theatre, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and, in 1965, at Philharmonic Hall, where the Cunningham-Cage "Variations V" had its première. This is a multi-media work in which radio antennas mounted about the stage respond to the motion of the dancers' bodies, thus creating an electronic score anew each time, while in the background a huge screen shows fragmented images from television and movie films by Stan VanDerBeek; the piece ends with Cunningham riding a bicycle onstage.

Invitations also came in from other parts of the country. In the fall of 1965, the company gave a week of performances at the Harper Theatre Dance Festival, in Chicago, during which they presented the latest Cunningham-Cage work, called "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." This immediately became the company's most popular offering—an irresistible combination of joyous athletics by the dancers, who wear bright sweaters and white ankle socks, and a "score" made up of droll stories read, one a minute, by Cage, who sits at a table at one side of the stage and sips champagne while reading. For this and other numbers, the company could now count on a lively reception everywhere it went, and Cunningham's reputation grew



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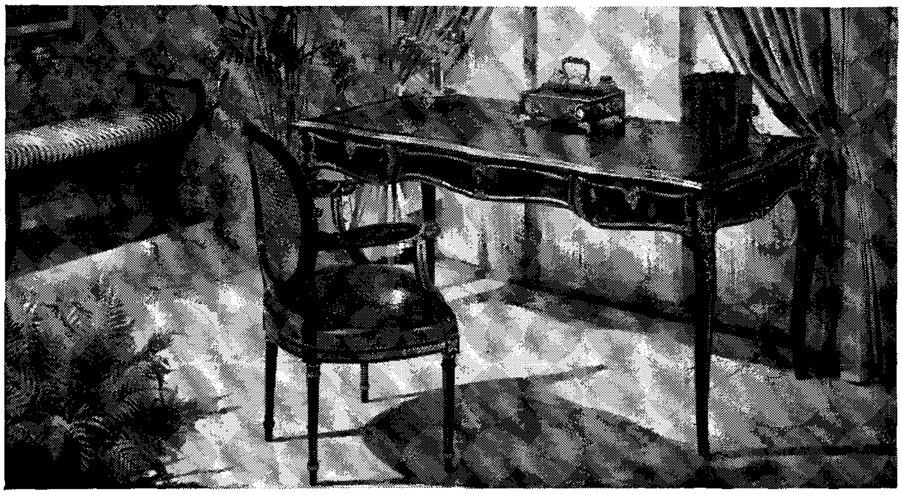

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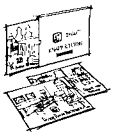

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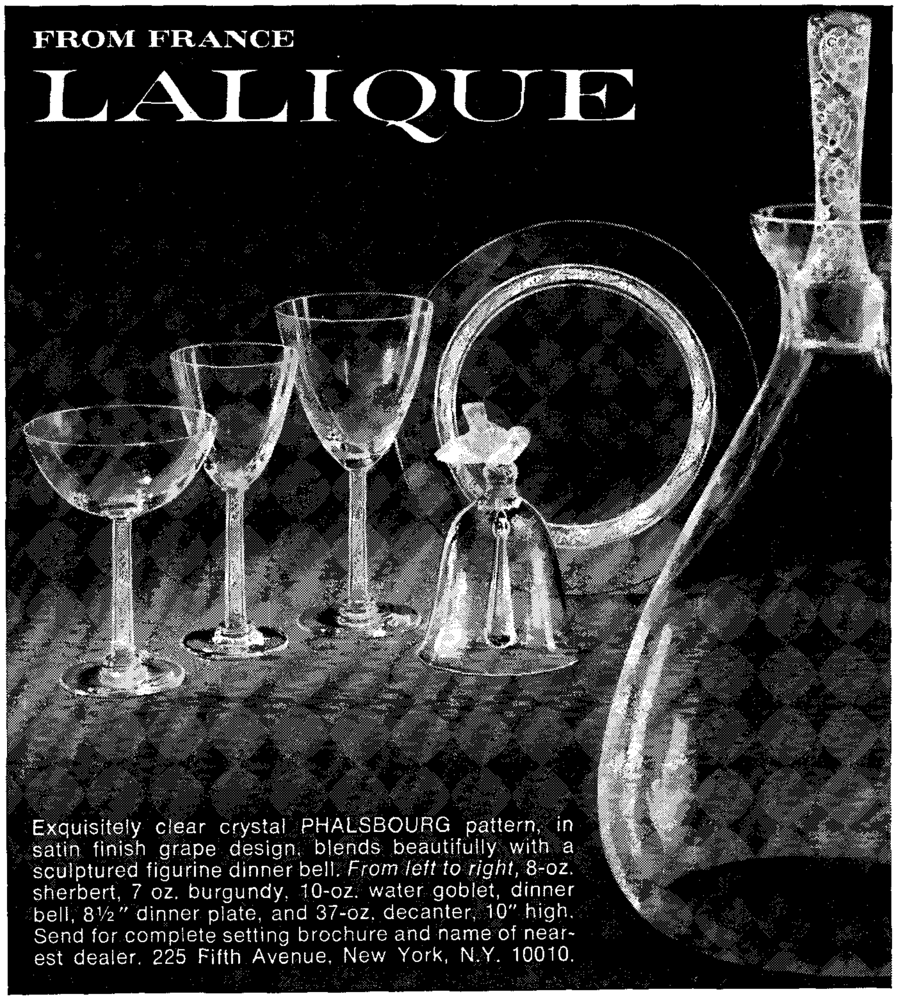

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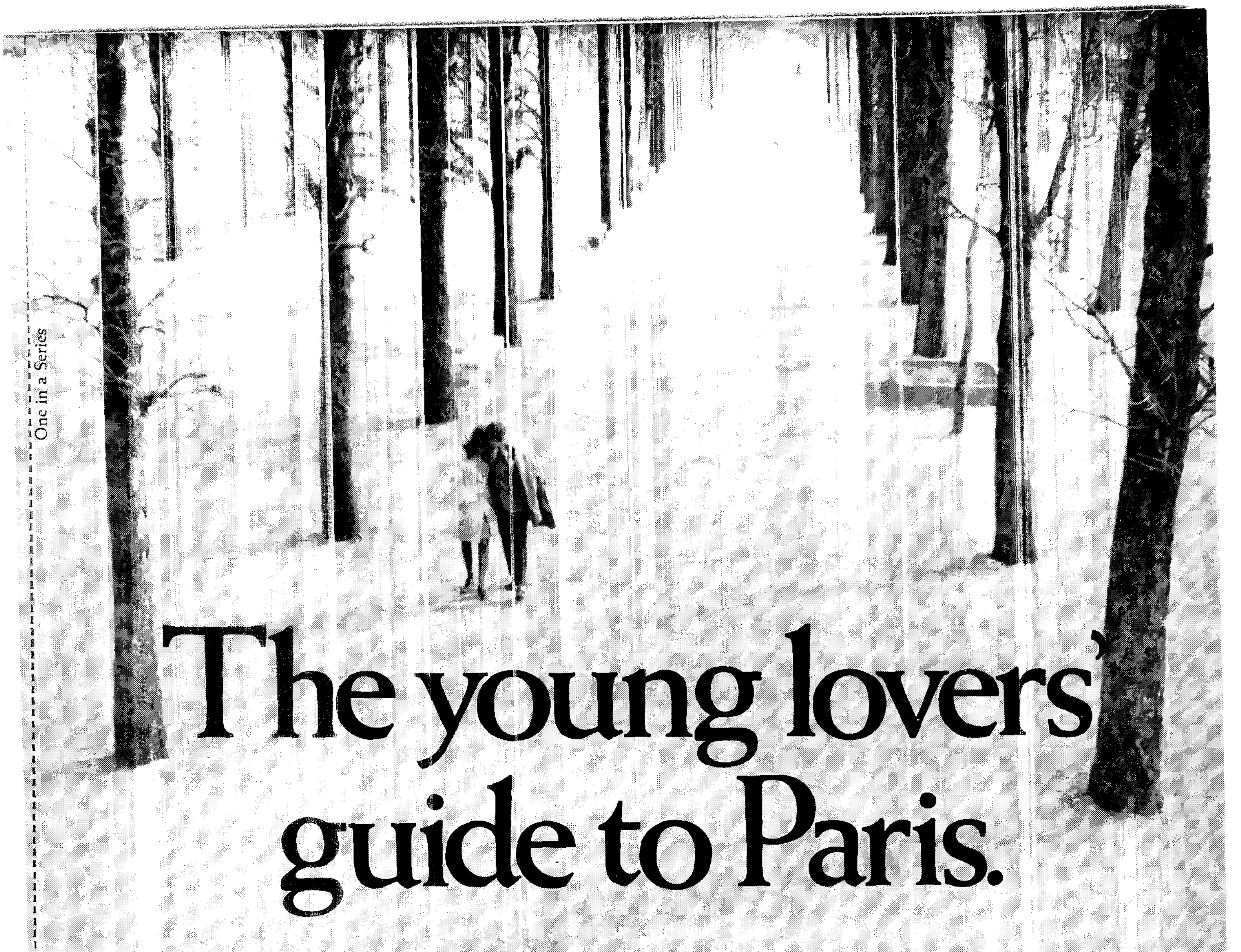
rapidly. He had been discovered by a new and predominantly youthful audience, which had perhaps not been previously interested in dance and responded to Cunningham's dances as a new form of theatre. But when the Cunningham company was invited to represent America at the highly esteemed Paris International Dance Festival in November, 1966, the State Department once again refused to put up any funds, arguing that, as one government official blandly put it, "there was not much interest in Cunningham's kind of thing in Europe." The Cunningham dancers made the trip anyway, thanks largely to the generosity of the Spanish painter Joan Miró, who had seen them dance two years before, and who donated a painting to be sold for the purpose of paying their travel costs. In Paris, where they were in competition with state-subsidized dance companies from Cuba, the Soviet Union, and other countries, Cunningham took the major prize—the golden star for choreography. The award was received in Cunningham's absence (he had already flown home) by a United States Embassy official, who then refused to turn it over to Cunningham's business administrator, explaining that he preferred to send it to Washington. The award reached Cunningham in New York two weeks later, by mail, in a package on which there was forty cents' postage due.

FOR a modern-dance company, international success can be ruinous. Cunningham's debts, covering the accumulated losses of two foreign tours, the costs of moving to his new studio, on Third Avenue, and a sizable sum in back taxes due the government, amounted to something in excess of seventeen thousand dollars by last spring, at the time he was starting to work on "Scramble." He did not seem to be seriously troubled by this burden, which is a fairly typical one for a small dance company in America. "I try not to think about money anymore," he confided to a friend at the time. "If I think about it at all, I get too nervous." Some practical thinking about the problem *was* being done, however—by Judith Blinken, the booking agent for the company, and by the directors of the Cunningham Dance Foundation, a tax-exempt organization formed in 1964 to cope with the economic consequences of Cunningham's expanded activities in various fields. Mrs. Blinken, an attractive and resourceful young woman who also serves as Cunningham's business representative, and

One in a Series



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Wilder Green, a curator of the Museum of Modern Art, had organized a benefit for the Cunningham company to be held on June 3rd at the estate of the architect Philip Johnson, in Connecticut. They hoped to raise enough money this way to pay off at least a portion of the debt. In addition to working on the new dance, therefore, Cunningham was preparing a one-hour dance program for the company to present at the benefit. They would be dancing outdoors, and Cunningham planned to use sections from several of his dances, including the new one.

When Cunningham got back from his week of teaching at Mills College, he scheduled daily rehearsals for the entire company. With the exception of Peter Saul, who had injured his back during a performance earlier in the season, everybody would be dancing in the new piece. Saul came to the studio now and then to watch the rehearsals, which were sandwiched between two afternoon classes. Valda Setterfield and Barbara Lloyd frequently brought their small sons, who played together, sometimes quite noisily, during rehearsals. Gus Solomons, Albert Reid, and Barbara Lloyd all had outside teaching commitments that obliged them to miss some rehearsals, and on those occasions Cunningham tried to work on parts of the dance in which they did not appear. By this time, he had pretty well decided to call the new dance "Scramble"—a word that suggested to him the kind of coming together and breaking apart in interweaving movements that he was working out for it. Cunningham likes ambiguity in his titles, and in this case, he has said, he also had in mind the "scrambling" of codes and messages, the Air Force slang expression for getting planes off the ground in a hurry, and, prosaically enough, the method of cooking eggs.

"Scramble" took shape slowly at first, and by June 3rd, the day of the benefit at Philip Johnson's, the dancers had learned only about six minutes of the new material. They danced this much of it at the very end of the one-hour program, which also included portions of "Field Dances," "Variations V," "Rune," "Suite for Five," "Nocturnes," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." They performed on a specially constructed outdoor stage, before a large and fashionable audience seated in a meadow, to the accompaniment of a largely electronic score created spontaneously by John Cage, David Tudor, Gordon Mumma, and Toshi Ichiyanagi. It had been Cage's idea to make of the occasion a sort of aural "picnic," with each musician bringing whatever sounds and sound-producing equipment he favored, and the rural welkin was rent by the amplified sounds of creaking automobile doors, engines, windshield wipers, and radios; a giant amplified tam-tam; a small Audubon birdcall (also amplified); a French horn; and a good deal of miscellaneous electronic feedback. Usually, the Cunningham dancers say, they are so absorbed in the movement that they do not really hear the music being played, but this time the sheer volume commanded attention. Carolyn Brown complained later that the noise had affected her inner ear and, consequently, her balance, so that for a moment during the performance she came close to fainting. The company danced superbly nevertheless, and the six minutes of "Scramble" at the end impressed the audience as particularly brilliant. Dusk was falling over the meadow by this time, and Miss Beverly Emmons, the company's lighting designer and stage manager, had turned on some improvised stage lights—two spots mounted on a pole, plus the headlights of a Ford ranch wagon. During Carolyn Brown's first solo, a lovely sequence in which her undulating arm movements suggest a swimmer under water, one of several big helium balloons that had been tethered behind the stage was cut loose from its moorings; it rose swiftly above the trees and into a violet sky, where it cut across the white vapor trail of a passing jet—an effect that seemed perfectly in keeping with the atmosphere of the dance.

The Johnson benefit was a phenomenal success. Nearly four hundred invited guests—far more than had been expected—paid seventy-five dollars apiece to attend, and they stayed on after the performance for an elegant picnic supper, provided by Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil, who were co-sponsors of the event with Philip Johnson. The party ended somewhat abruptly at eleven-thirty, when a local policeman, acting on complaints from neighbors, silenced the Velvet Underground rock group just as it and the more enthusiastic amateur dancers among the guests were getting into action on the outdoor stage. No one seemed to feel particularly ill used,

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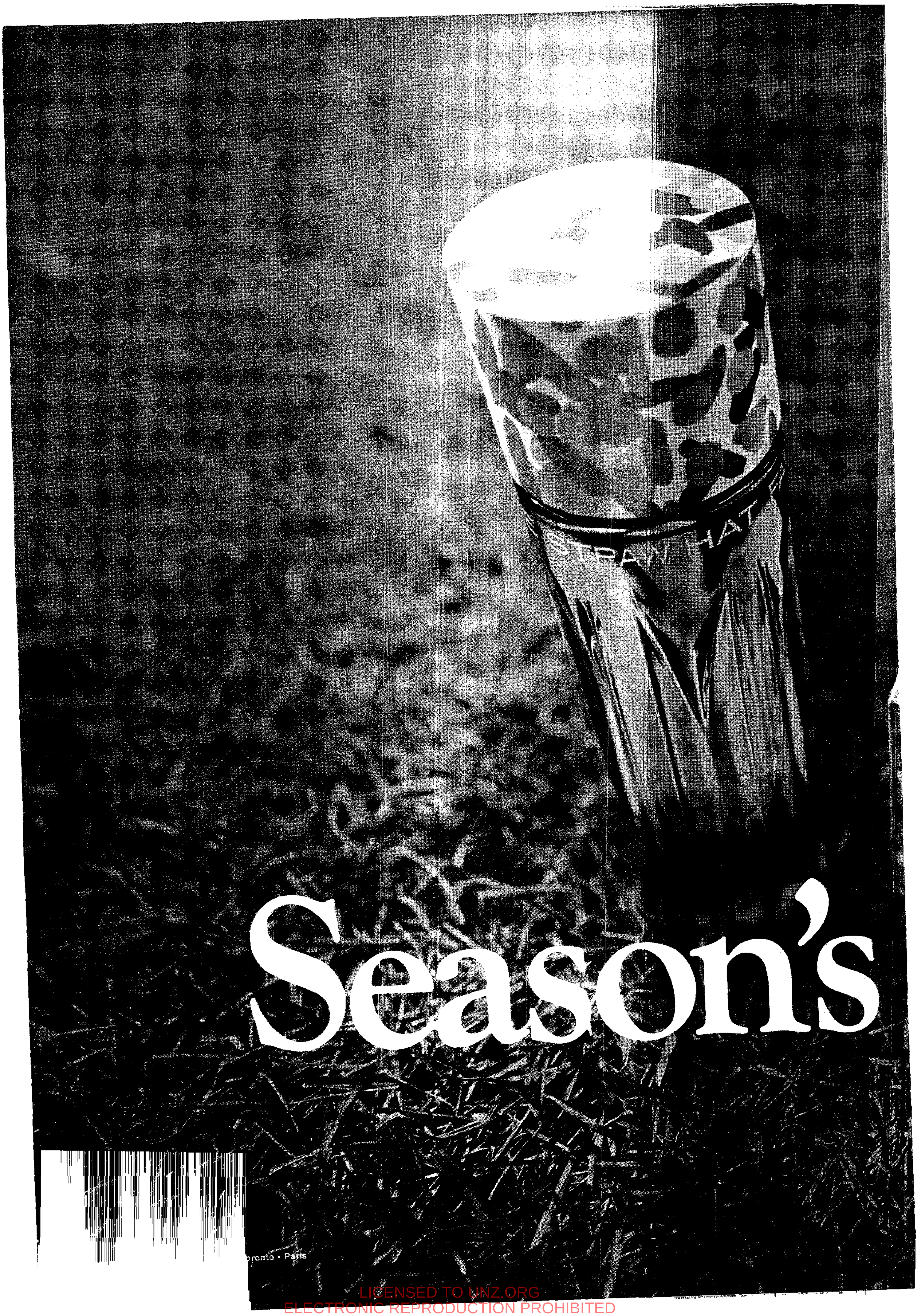
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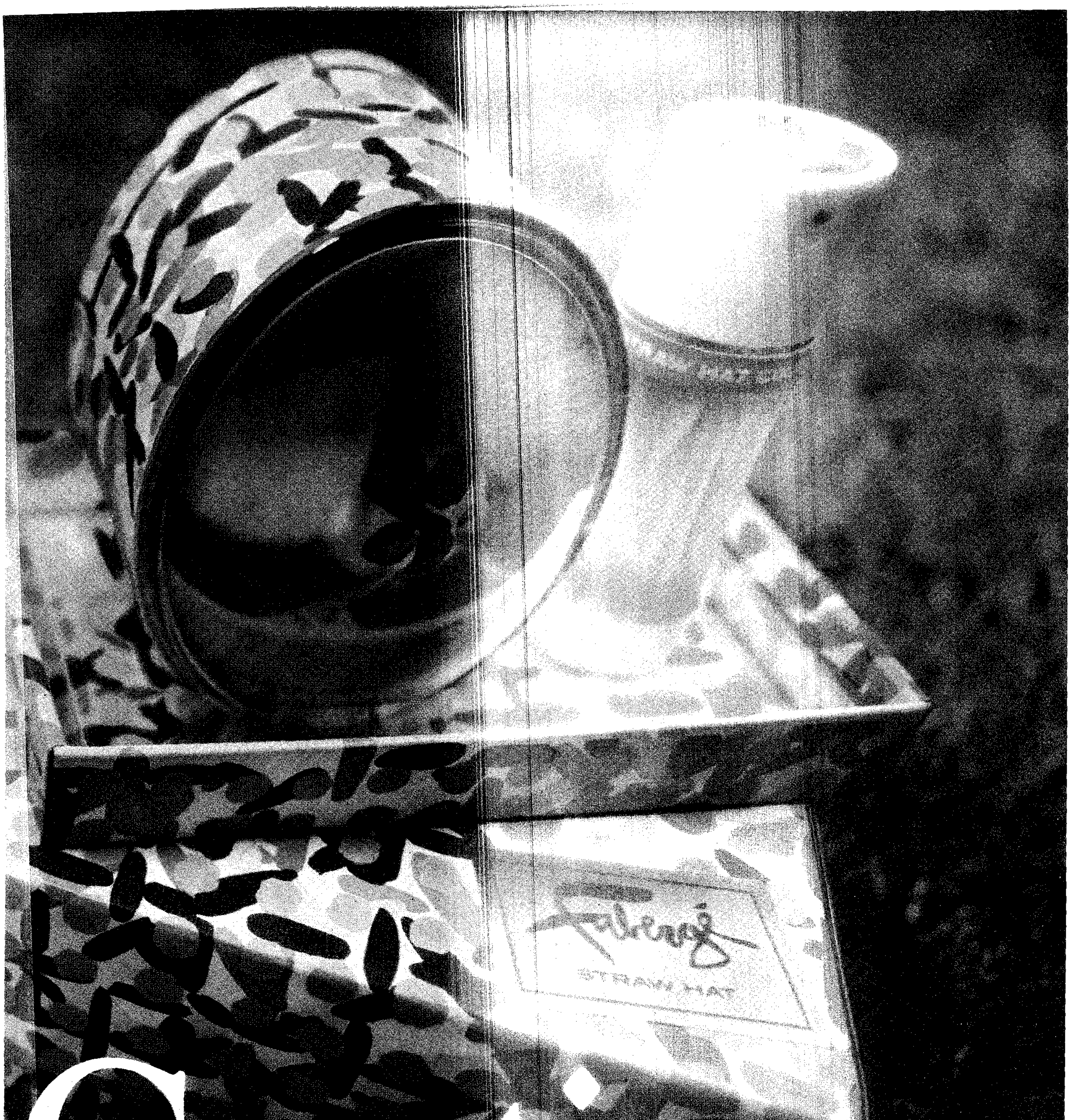

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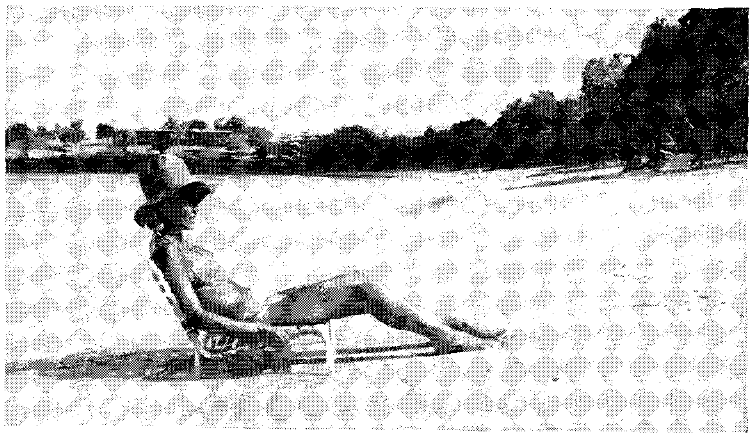
however, and Judith Blinken had excellent news to report at the next board meeting of the Cunningham Dance Foundation. The benefit receipts, after all expenses were subtracted, came to nearly twenty-four thousand dollars—enough to wipe out the debt and leave a surplus for future activities.

AFTER a day off to recover from the benefit, Cunningham and his dancers began to work intensively on “Scramble.” The summer schedule went into effect at the studio on the same day, June 5th, which meant a considerable increase in the number of students attending classes. There were three classes every day—starting at ten-forty-five in the morning—and more than a hundred students. Cunningham taught five classes a week—three advanced, and two repertory classes for students who wanted to go further and master a specific Cunningham work (in this case “Rune”). Carolyn Brown and Sandra Neels taught the intermediate and elementary classes, and Albert Reid taught a new class in fundamentals for beginners (the dancers called this the zoo class). Lewis Lloyd, Barbara’s former husband, who had been working part time as an all-purpose business-and-office manager, was hired on a full-time basis by the Cunningham Dance Foundation early in June, and this freed Cunningham from a number of managerial chores and enabled him to devote most of his time and attention to the new dance.

As “Scramble” progressed, it made increasing demands on the dancers. It was clearly going to be “a real *dance* dance,” as Gus Solomons put it—full of active, strenuous movement. Carolyn Brown, Sandra Neels, and Yseult Riopelle had been given a very fast and intricate passage in which they wove in and out of an interlocking, constantly shifting circle; the passage required perfect timing, and for several days they collided with each other every now and then, and dissolved in laughter each time it happened. There was also a sequence in which all the dancers ran the length of the room four times, leaping and pirouetting as they ran, and trotted back each time to start off in a different order. The continuity of the dance had not yet been established. Cunningham often uses chance operations—coin tossing—to determine such factors as the sequence of movements in a dance. So far, though, it appeared that deliberate choice had been a far more important factor than chance in the evolution of



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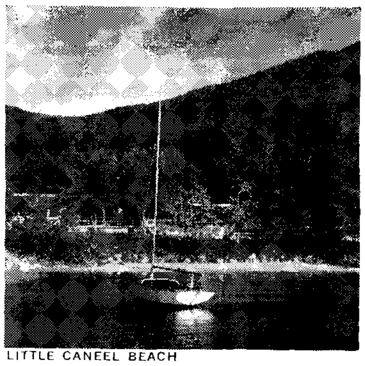

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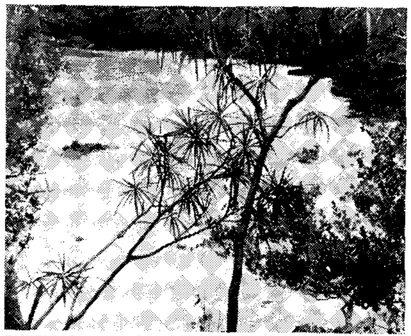

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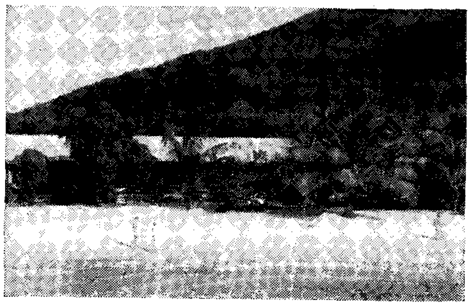

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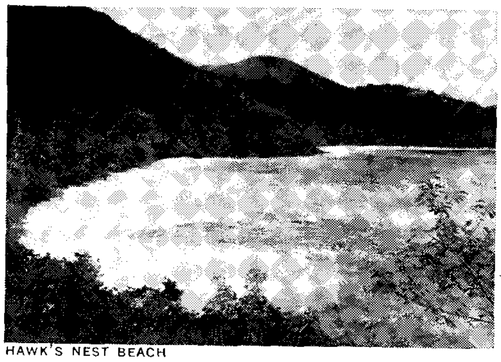

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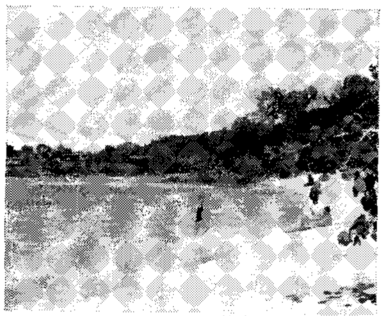

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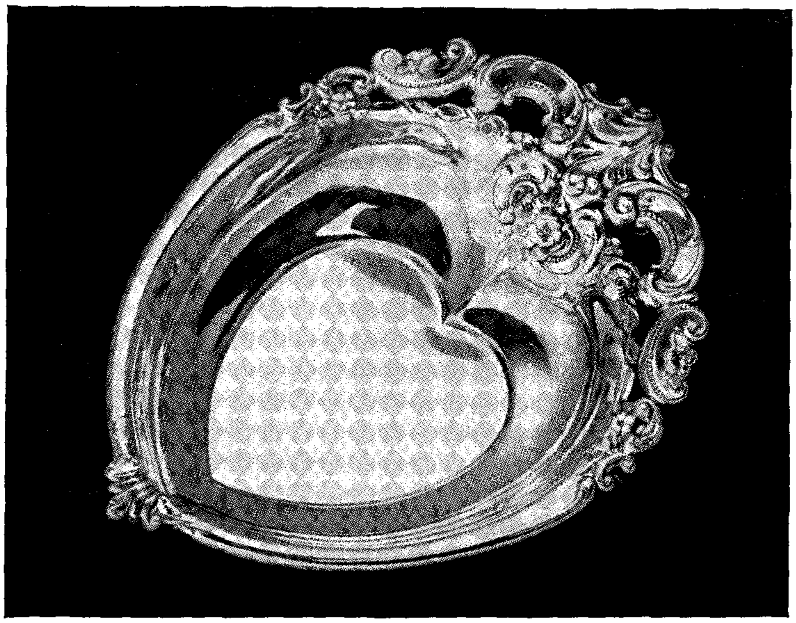
"Scramble." Cunningham carefully gave each dancer the steps and the body movements that he had worked out in advance, and these figures became the raw material of the dance. He would change the movement if it did not seem to work well, or if the dancer felt uncomfortable doing it, and sometimes he would see something unexpected that he liked and would incorporate it—pausing to jot the new movement down in a spiral notebook that provided a rough, partly verbal and partly visual shorthand record of the choreography. Cunningham watched his dancers closely, alert for any new shape or movement that he might use. With "Scramble," though, every movement, once accepted, was scrupulously plotted and rehearsed.

The whole question of chance in Cunningham's work is frequently misunderstood, even by some of his most ardent admirers. Chance sometimes (but not always) enters the choreographic process as a means of determining the kinds of movements used, the order of the movements, the tempi, and other specific aspects of the dance; Cunningham uses it to arrive at certain decisions, which are then permanent. Indeterminacy, a wholly different concept, enters when the dancers are allowed to make certain choices of their own *during* the performance. One occasionally hears people in the audience at a Cunningham recital say knowingly that the dancers "do whatever they like" onstage—a feat that, in view of the complexity and intricate timing of the choreography, would be astonishing indeed. Actually, there is only one piece in the current repertory, "Field Dances," that allows the dancers any freedom of choice during performance. "Field Dances," which dates from 1963, was designed to be performed by any number of dancers, in any space, over any length of time. Cunningham's method was to devise and give to the dancers a series of relatively simple movements, some of which could be done solo and others in conjunction with one or more people. Each dancer has a different gamut of movements, and each is free to do these in any order and in any part of the performing area, and the dancers are also free to leave the stage at any time. "Field Dances" is performed to Cage's "Variations IV"—a collage of recorded sounds—and the dancers simply stop when the music stops. The dance changes from performance to performance and is thus "indeterminate," but the degree of indeterminacy is confined within strict limits. The same used to



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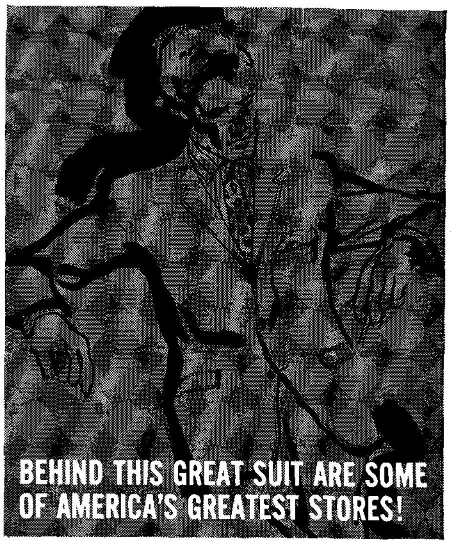
be true of "Story," in which the range of movements was somewhat more complicated. Cunningham sometimes talks of experimenting further in the direction of indeterminacy, but he worries about injuries that might result from dancers colliding with one another at high speed, and he also suspects that more indeterminacy might turn out to be less interesting. "The trouble is, we all tend to fall back on our old habits," he said one afternoon in his studio. "Dancing is very tiring, and when you're tired you're likely to just do the easy thing, the thing you know. Whereas when you know what you have to do, you can usually jump the fatigue, go beyond it." Several of Cunningham's dancers tend to question his basic tolerance for any degree of indeterminacy at all. "Every time we did 'Story,' Merce was furious with us afterward," Sandra Neels said once. "He always said, 'We're never going to perform *that* again.' " Finally, he did drop it from the repertory.

"Scramble" was certainly not indeterminate, nor did chance play much of a role in its creation. Cunningham kept experimenting with the order of its various parts. By the middle of June, he had blocked out three main sections of the dance. There would be four sections in all, and his idea was that each one would be complete in itself. The longest section was the one that began with the whole company running four times across the stage. The fourth time across, Sandra Neels and Gus Solomons fell to the floor and remained there while the others went off; then, rising slowly, they began a sinuous, erotic duet, which led into the solo by Miss Neels. This section also included the Carolyn Brown solo with the swimming movement and a Brown-Cunningham duet, which began with her taking extended positions while he scrambled (literally) under her outstretched arm or leg. The duet then erupted into a very active series of rapid leaps and pirouettes, crisscrossing the stage and ending when she made a startling head-first leap into the wings, where she was caught by Gus Solomons and Albert Reid. One of the other sections centered on an athletic male trio, somewhat violent at times, for Cunningham, Solomons, and Reid. Cunningham was currently devoting his attention to the third section, which began with six of the dancers locked in a tight huddle that kept shifting as they changed positions, while Cunningham hovered on the periphery; the whole group then moved crablike across the floor and suddenly disinte-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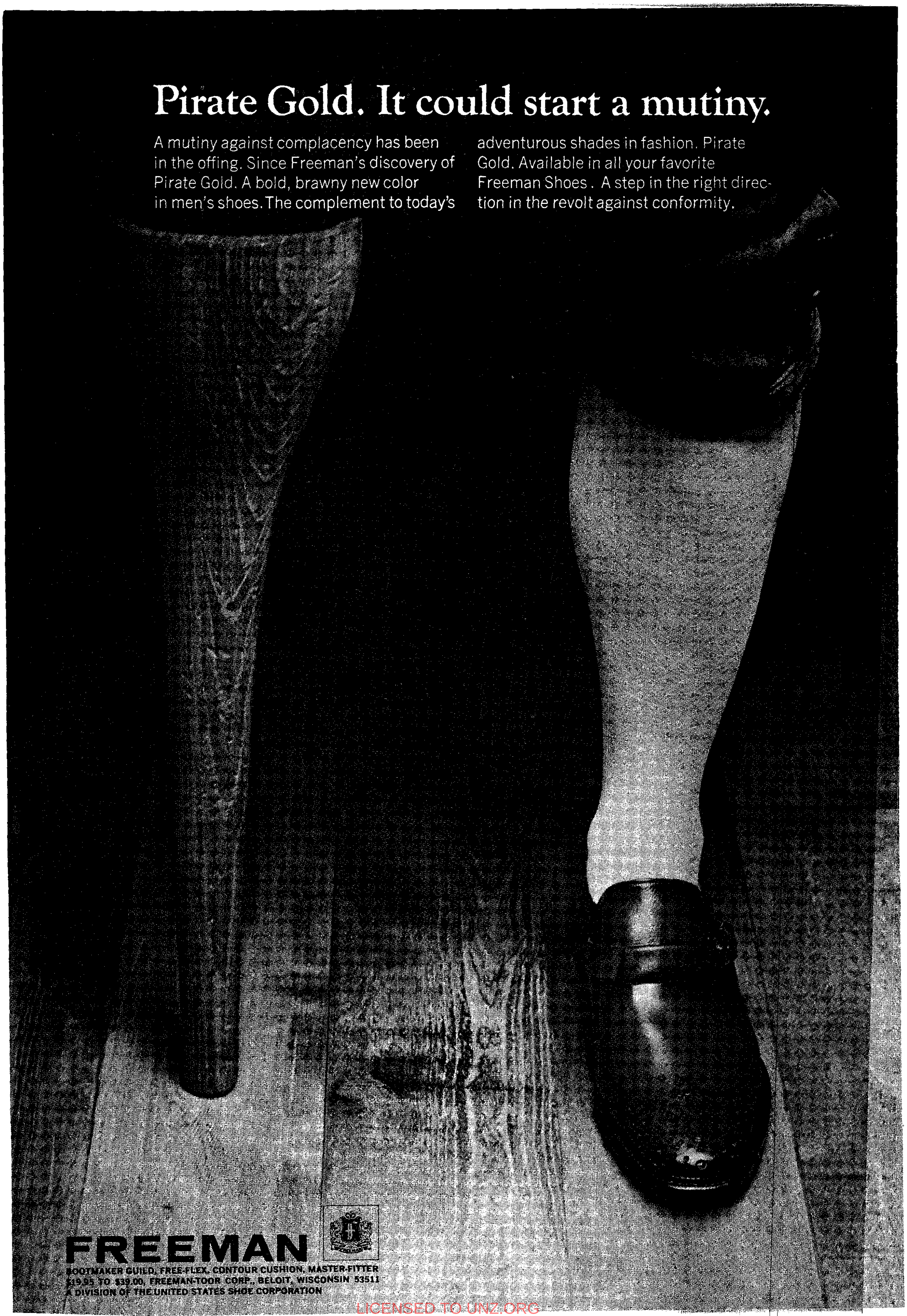

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grated as the dancers broke free and scattered, regrouped in pairs or threes, and went running and leaping across the floor in recurrent flurries of activity. Because the movement was so complex and so strenuous, the dancers were exhausted at the end of each rehearsal. During the brief breaks, they would collapse on the floor, or lie propped against the wall with their legs above their heads. They all downed vast quantities of vitamin pills, and taped and retaped their bare insteps against floor burns. The weather had grown warm and humid, and the sweat poured off them; wherever a dancer's body touched the floor a damp patch remained. Cunningham said that the new dance had started to take its own shape and life, and that his job from now on was to avoid interfering with it. He hoped to have it finished in time for their next engagement—a two-day appearance, on July 24th and 25th, at the Ravinia Music Festival, in Illinois—but he was not committing himself to that.

As the pressure increased, so did the emotional intensity of the dancers. One day, Cunningham was working on a new, extremely complicated phrase, to be done by all the dancers in unison, that occurred in the fourth section. Barbara Lloyd, who teaches a dance class at the Fine Arts Workshop, in Carnegie Hall, twice a week, had missed the previous rehearsal, at which Cunningham had taught them the new phrase. Sandra Neels coached her while the others waited for Cunningham to start the rehearsal, but the movement was too difficult to learn in a few minutes. When the company rehearsed it, Mrs. Lloyd could not keep up; each time they reached a certain point, she dropped out and stood against the wall. Cunningham asked her to try it alone. She got about halfway through the phrase, lost it, and walked back to the wall with her head down, fighting tears. Miss Neels hurried over to reassure her, and Cunningham went on to rehearse the men's trio. Later, he returned to the difficult unison phrase, and rehearsed it over and over while Mrs. Lloyd watched from the sidelines. By the end of the rehearsal, everyone was gasping with exhaustion. Miss Neels, who had developed new uncertainties of her own about the difficult phrase, began to question Carolyn Brown; when Mrs. Brown replied irritably, Miss Neels burst into tears. Later, though, in an East Village bar where the dancers gathered, they all seemed relaxed and in good spirits again. For half an hour after the

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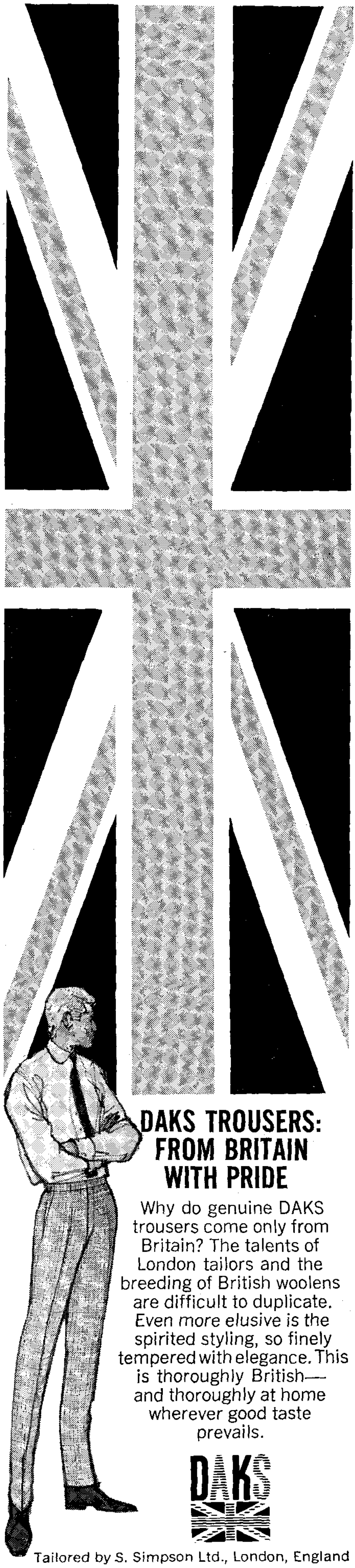

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rehearsal, Cunningham had worked alone with Mrs. Lloyd, coaching her in the new phrase.

No one at this point had a clear idea of what Cunningham himself would be doing in "Scramble." There were a few passages—his duet with Carolyn Brown, the male trio, the "huddle" of six—that he danced with the others in rehearsal, but until the end of June he concentrated for the most part on what the others did and simply sketched in his own movements, taking a few steps and then indicating the rest with hand motions. As a result, the whole shape of the dance was never apparent. "Merce never talks about a piece, or lets you know what he's thinking about it," Mrs. Brown told a visitor in the studio. "And we never know what it's going to look like, because we don't know what *he's* going to be doing. All the time we were learning 'Place,' for example, we weren't even sure he was going to be in it. I had a completely different idea about that dance, and then when we performed it the first time and saw him we all reacted in a completely new way." "Place," which was added to the repertory just before "Scramble," is also full of very lively movement, and while the dancers were learning it they came to think of it as a light and high-spirited piece of choreography. In performance, however, the combination of Gordon Mumma's harsh electronic score (entitled "Mesa"), Beverly Emmons' dimly lit stage, and Cunningham's strange wanderings and slitherings produced an atmosphere that was far from cheerful. Cunningham has conceded that his own part—he is onstage through virtually the entire dance—did in fact change the weight and the general tone of "Place" in a way that was unforeseen by him as well as by the dancers. He did not feel that his part in "Scramble" would have this effect, but one could never tell what a Cunningham dance was really going to look like until it had been performed at least once, with costumes, lighting, set, and music all contributing independently to the total effect.

The set and costumes for "Scramble" were being designed by Frank Stella, a young New York painter known for his severe, geometrically striped and shaped canvases. Stella had never designed a stage set before, and when Cunningham suggested the project to him, early in July, there was very little time remaining. By then, Cunningham had definitely committed himself to presenting "Scramble" at the Ravinia festival, so the set would

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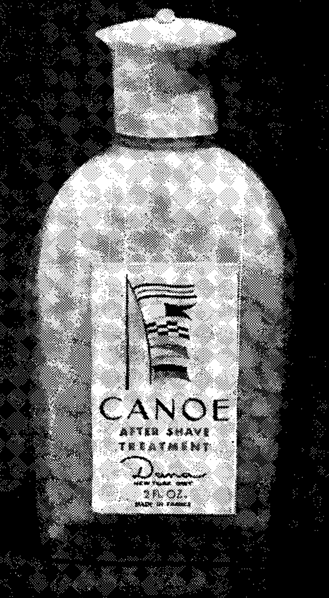

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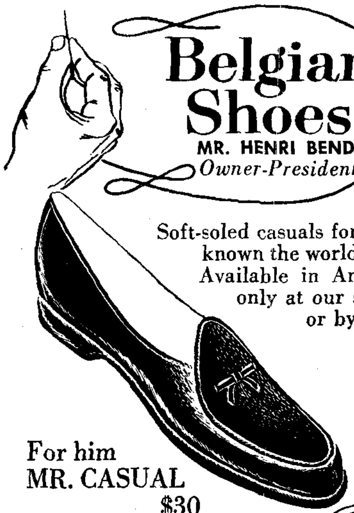

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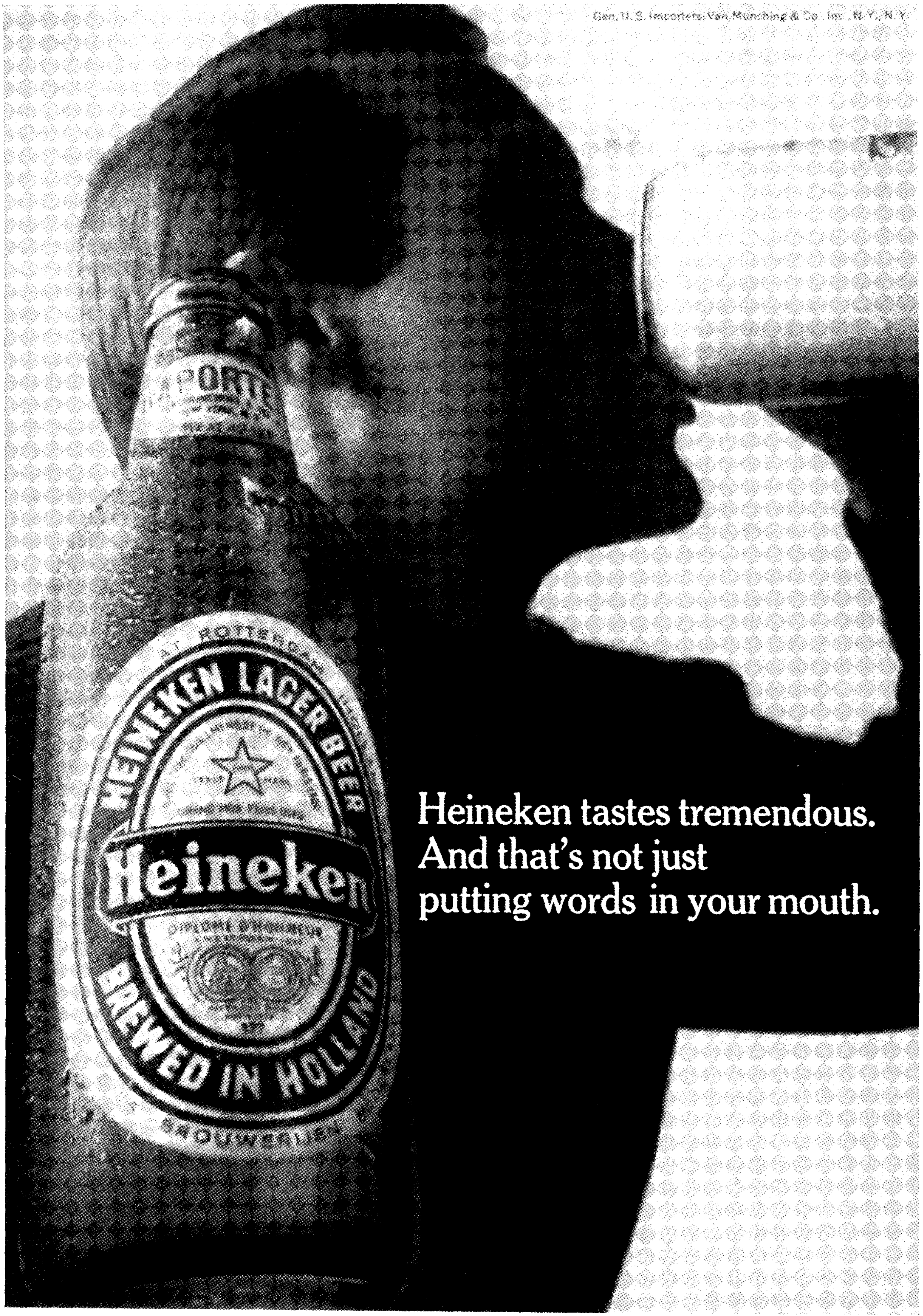
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have to be designed and built in two weeks. Stella nevertheless agreed to do it, and came to the studio on July 5th to see a rehearsal. He sat on the floor of the studio smoking a substantial cigar and watching the dancers attentively. Afterward, he asked some detailed questions. How tall was the tallest dancer when his arms were raised above his head? What were the dimensions of the Ravinia stage, and how high was the ceiling there? Would Cunningham object if part of the stage was blocked off? Cunningham said they would be dancing “Scramble” in the outdoor pavilion at Ravinia, on a stage that was used mainly as an orchestra shell; Beverly Emmons had been trying for three days to get the exact dimensions of the stage, but no one out there seemed to know them. “You understand, nothing about the dance is fixed yet,” Cunningham said. “The order of things can be changed, the timing—we can stop and start again at any point. I’ve kept it that way on purpose.”

What Stella had in mind was a set consisting of several broad horizontal bands of colored canvas of varying lengths, each to be mounted at a different height between vertical supports. The dancers would move in and out among these overlapping color bands, which would sometimes conceal parts of their bodies from view; he spoke of the horizontal lines’ functioning as a contrast to the rapid lateral movement of the dance. Cunningham asked him if the individual bands, with their supports, could be moved about during the performance, and Stella said he didn’t see why not. He said he would work something out and come back in a few days.

Stella came back on July 12th, with a scale drawing on lined yellow paper. The drawing showed six colored bands—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple—ranging in length from four to twenty-four feet and mounted from floor level to eighteen feet in the air. Stella said that the vertical supports holding the frames of canvas would be on casters, so they would be easy to move about. He wanted these supports to be made of the heavy cast-iron pipe used in the garment district for clothes racks; the homely solidity of the pipe appealed to him. For the costumes, Cunningham had settled on six ordinary stretch-fabric leotards for the girls and jump suits for the men dyed the same colors as the canvas. The other two costumes would be black (Cunningham) and white (Carolyn Brown). Gus Solomons and Lewis Lloyd, who had been looking on while Stella explained his ideas to Cunningham, expressed some doubts about the set. Lloyd felt that the vertical supports would take up too much floor space and get in the dancers’ way. Solomons thought it was going to look like “a real old-fashioned stage set—cumbersome.” Cunningham said he thought the whole idea looked very beautiful.

Toshi Ichiyanagi, the composer, whom no one had seen for several weeks, came to the rehearsal on July 14th. Small, neat, and faultlessly attired (in contrast with Stella, who rarely appeared in anything but paint-spattered khakis and an undershirt), the composer sat quietly on a hard chair for two hours while the dancers rehearsed “Scramble” and also worked on “Nocturnes.” John Cage had come in that afternoon to play the Satie piano score for the rehearsal of “Nocturnes,” and when he finished Ichiyanagi opened a large manila envelope and showed him a page of the score for “Scramble.” The score was on white drawing paper, and it had no notes or clef signs or other conventional musical marks. Ichiyanagi had invented his own form of notation for the piece, consisting of exquisitely drawn symbols that referred to various kinds of sound and sound characteristics. Cage said that it looked difficult and very challenging. “It’s as though one had to be intelligent in order to play it,” he said, beaming.

As the day of the Ravinia première approached, the afternoon rehearsals lasted longer and longer—sometimes until six-thirty or seven o’clock. Fortunately, the dancers did not require a great deal of rehearsing for the other pieces they would be doing at Ravinia; they were scheduled to perform for two nights there, and in addition to the new work they would be dancing “Suite for Five,” “Place,” “Nocturnes,” “Winterbranch,” and “How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run,” all of which were in the current repertory and fairly fresh in their minds. Each piece required several rehearsals, though, and “Scramble” was only just beginning to take its final shape. Cunningham went through the entire dance at each rehearsal, timing each of the four major sections and experimenting, even now, with different se-

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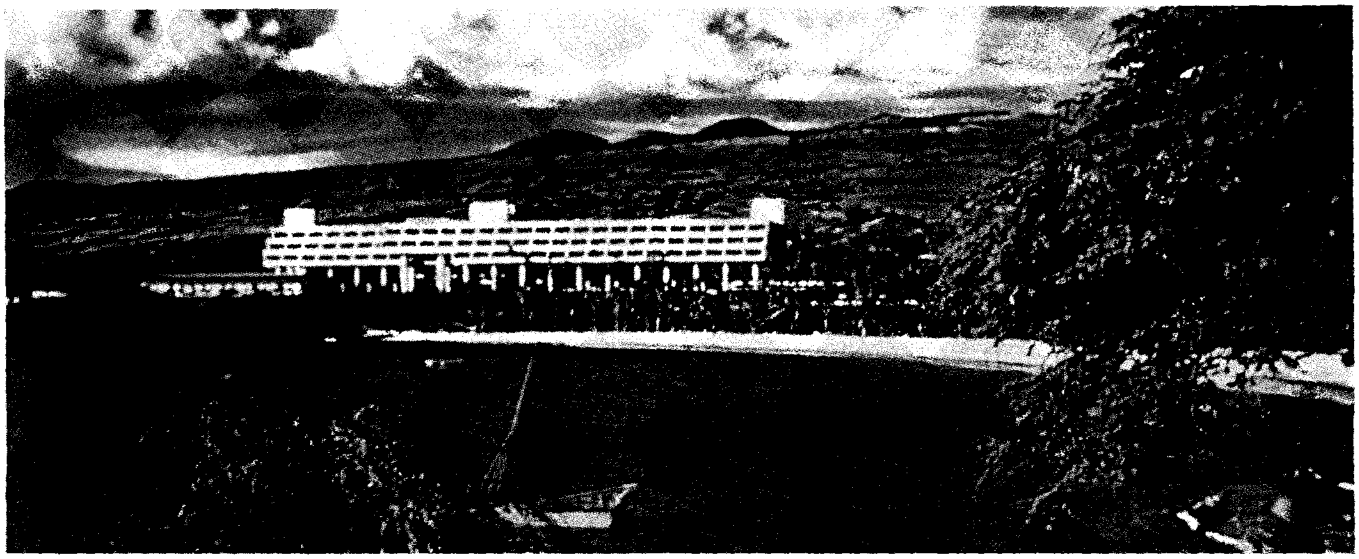

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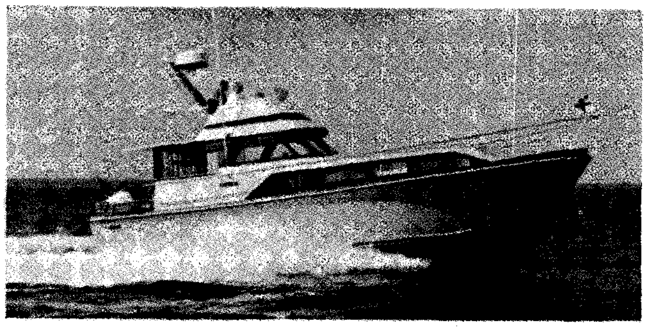

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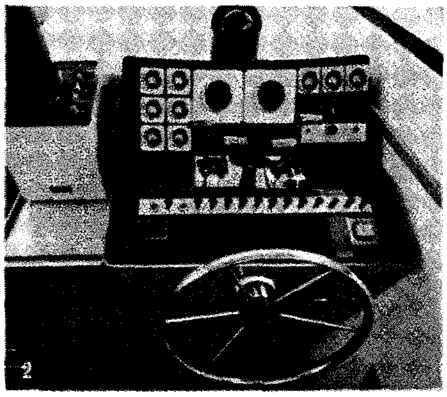
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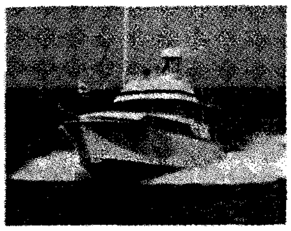

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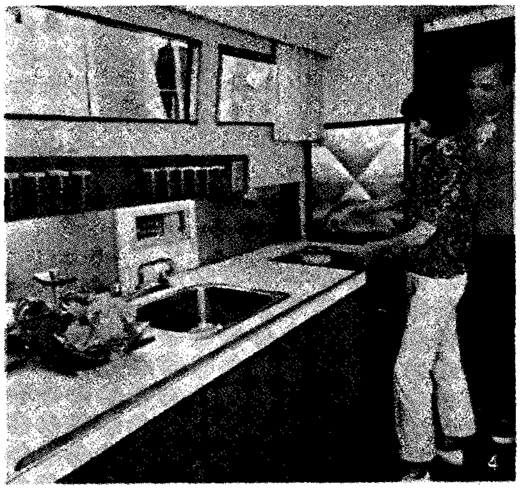
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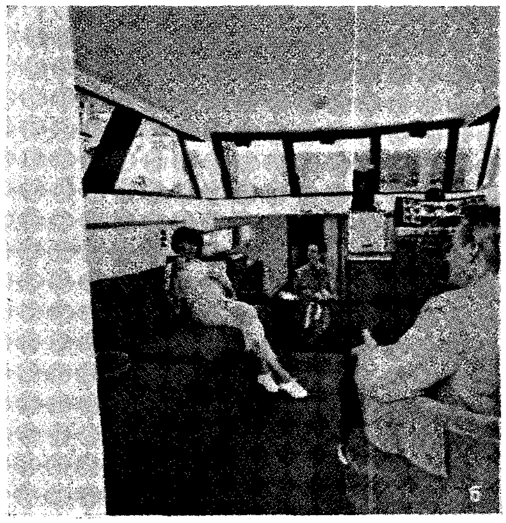
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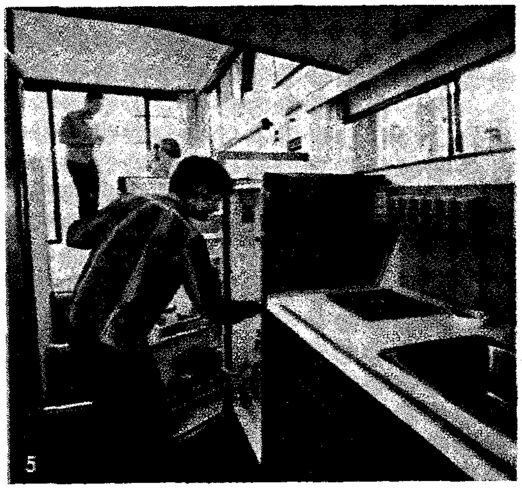
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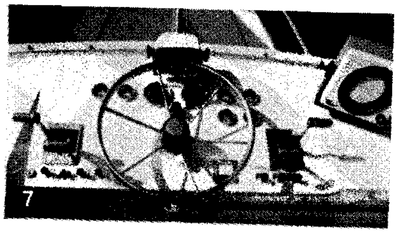

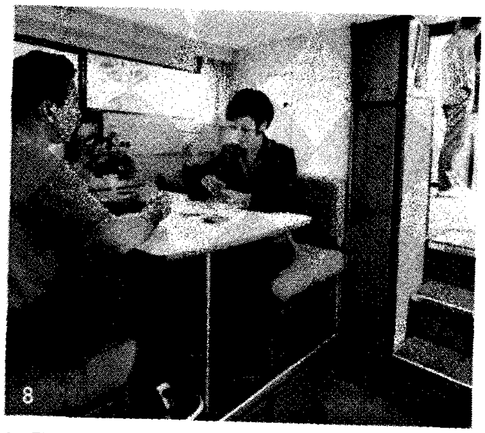

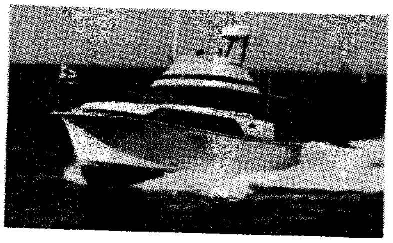

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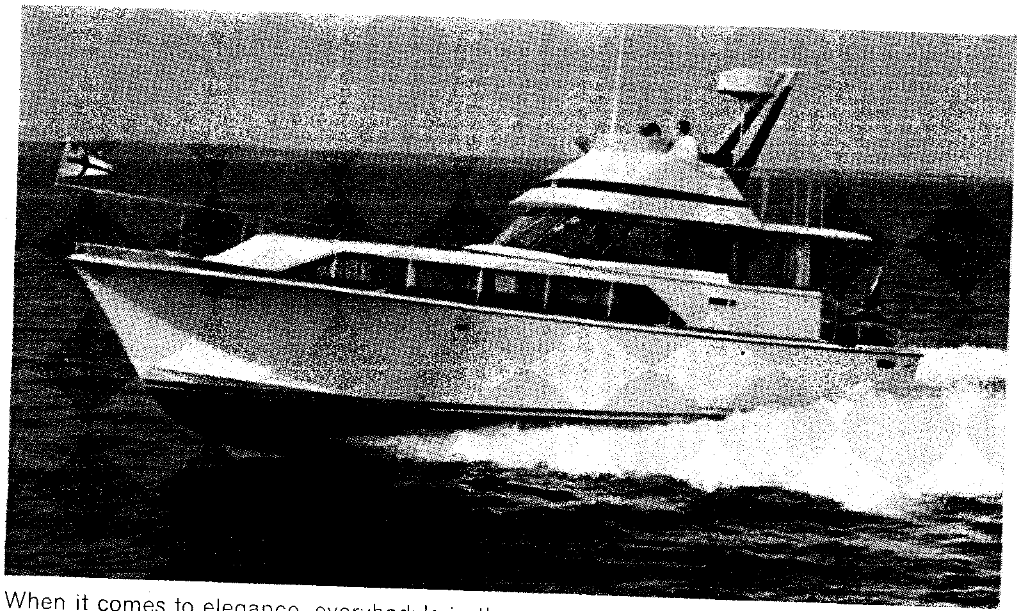

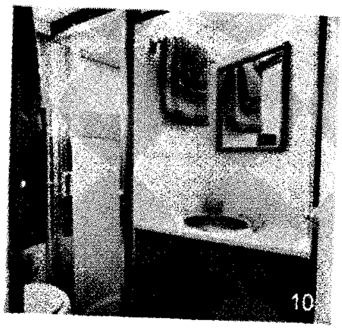

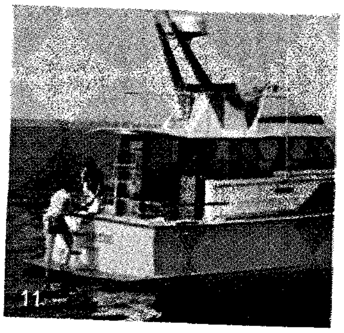

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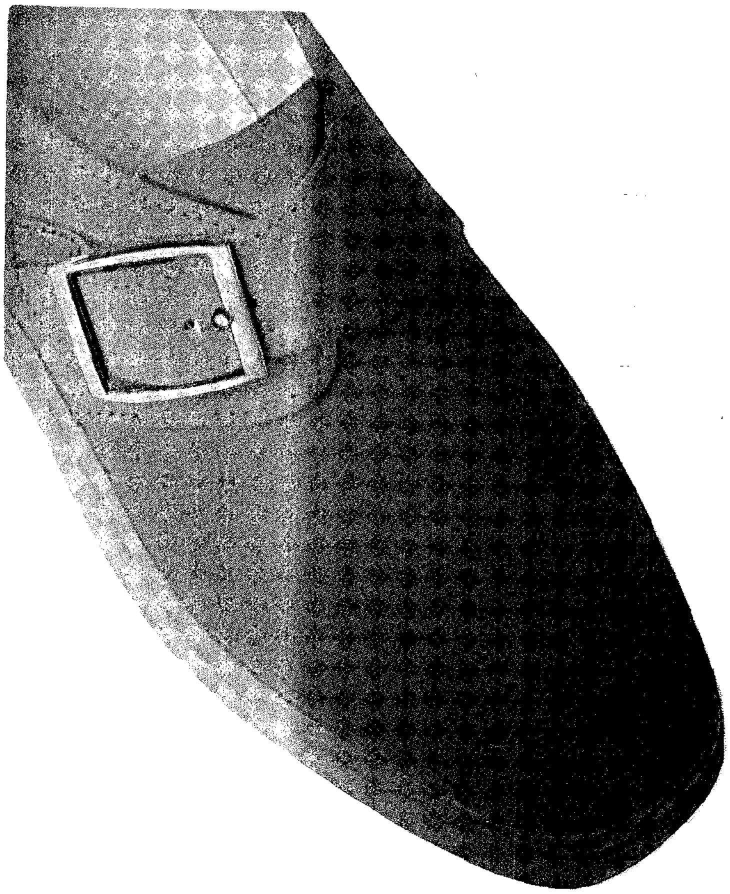

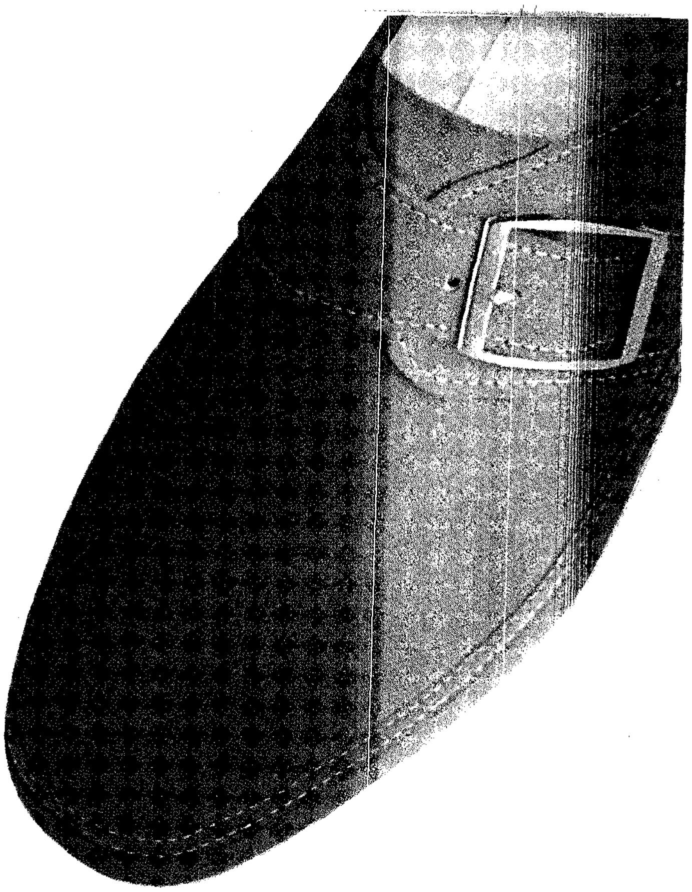

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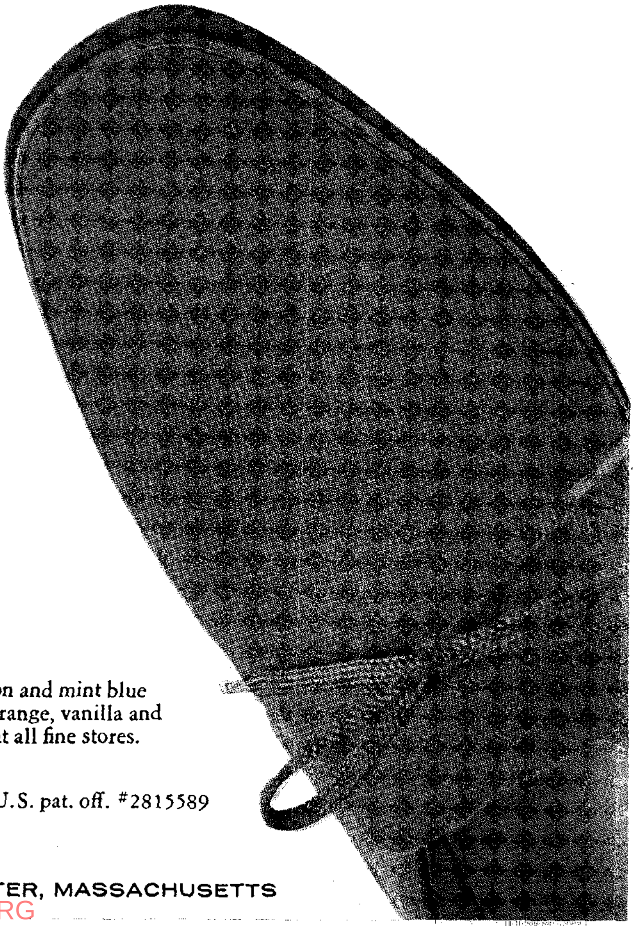

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BATES SHOE COMPANY • WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS quences. Not until July 20th, just a few days before the performance, did he settle on the order that he would use at Ravinia. "Scramble" would begin with the section that the dancers had learned most recently, in which they came in very slowly, one by one, from the wings, each with a different sort of sinuous movement, until they formed a tight group at the center of the stage. Cunningham then sprang into the quick, complex phrase that had given Barbara Lloyd trouble earlier, and, one by one, they followed him until all of them were dancing the phrase in unison. This was followed by a new Cunningham solo, which the dancers now saw for the first time. The solo progressed through odd crouchings and twistings of the body to a passage in which Cunningham seemed to be making karate motions with his arms (he had seen an exhibition of karate and judo at Town Hall in the spring, and it fascinated him), and then he began a loose, loping, circling movement about the stage. As he was finishing the circling movement one day, he suddenly shouted—an angry roar that sounded more animal than human. The dancers thought for a moment that he had hurt himself. When he continued to dance, unperturbed, they realized that it must be part of the solo.

Cunningham also added several new and extremely difficult passages for Carolyn Brown in the second section of the dance. "I'm very happy about it," Mrs. Brown said afterward, "and I won't have it right for at least a year." In the third section, Sandra Neels' solo was developing beautifully. Her long, supple body looked strangely vulnerable during the intervals of stillness, and she was making the shape of each movement very clear. The fourth section began with the interlocking sextet of dancers, who broke apart to go flying singly and by twos and threes across the stage in waves, and then changed, at the very end, to a stealthy slow movement, with the dancers meeting and making brief contact—knee pressing into partner's hip joint—then sliding past. Cunningham said that the dance was "shaking down," but no one knew whether or not he was pleased with it. As the day of the performance approached, he became increasingly withdrawn and thoughtful.

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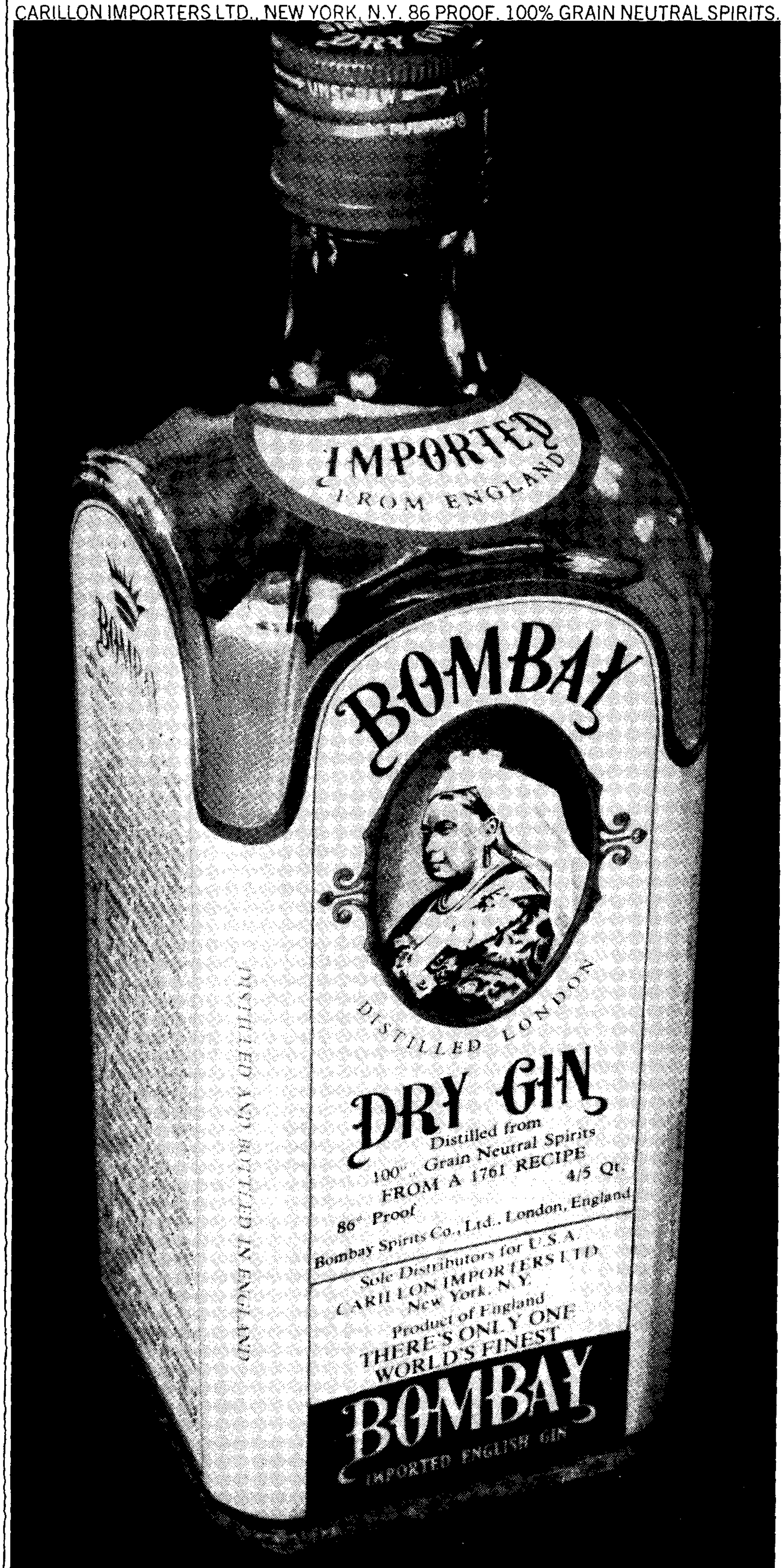
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great opera stars of the world performed there during the early years of the century, when it was primarily an operatic festival, and since 1936, when concerts began again after a four-year Depression blackout, Ravinia has been the summer home of the Chicago Symphony and has attracted prominent guest artists of all kinds. The festival is held in a pleasant, old-fashioned park twenty-five miles from Chicago. Many of its devoted patrons arrive early and picnic on the well-kept lawn under ancient leafy oaks, and if the concert is being given in the open-air pavilion they sometimes do not bother to buy tickets. The Cunningham company was to give its first performance, on July 24th, in Murray Theatre, a traditional theatre with a capacity of nine hundred and fifty; the world première of "Scramble" would take place the next night in the outdoor pavilion, which seats four thousand.

The company flew out to Chicago on July 23rd, a Sunday, arriving around noon and proceeding in rented cars to the Holiday Inn at Highland Park, about three miles from Ravinia. There were eighteen in the group—nine dancers (including Peter Saul, who would not be performing in "Scramble"), four musicians (Cage, Ichiyanagi, the pianist David Tudor, and the young composer Gordon Mumma), one child (Benjamin Lloyd), a business manager (Lewis Lloyd), an assistant business manager (Theresa Dickinson, who was soon to become the second Mrs. Lloyd), a lighting designer and stage manager (Beverly Emmons), and Gary Zeller, a young Off Broadway set builder, whom Lloyd had engaged to build Frank Stella's set. Although Zeller's firm, the New Century Studios, was charging the company less than it would have had to pay to have the set built by an uptown theatrical contractor, Lloyd said that it and the costumes were still going to cost more than three thousand dollars—enough to wipe out the remaining surplus from the Philip Johnson benefit and put the company in the hole again financially. The set would also necessitate many minor changes and readjustments in the choreography, but none of this bothered Cunningham. "If it works, it could be rather magnificent," he said. "The scale of the thing is immense, you know, and it *is* flexible—at least, I hope it's flexible. We'll know tomorrow anyway."

Later that afternoon, Cunningham, Cage, Tudor, Mumma, and several of the dancers drove over to Ravinia Park for an orchestral concert in the pa-

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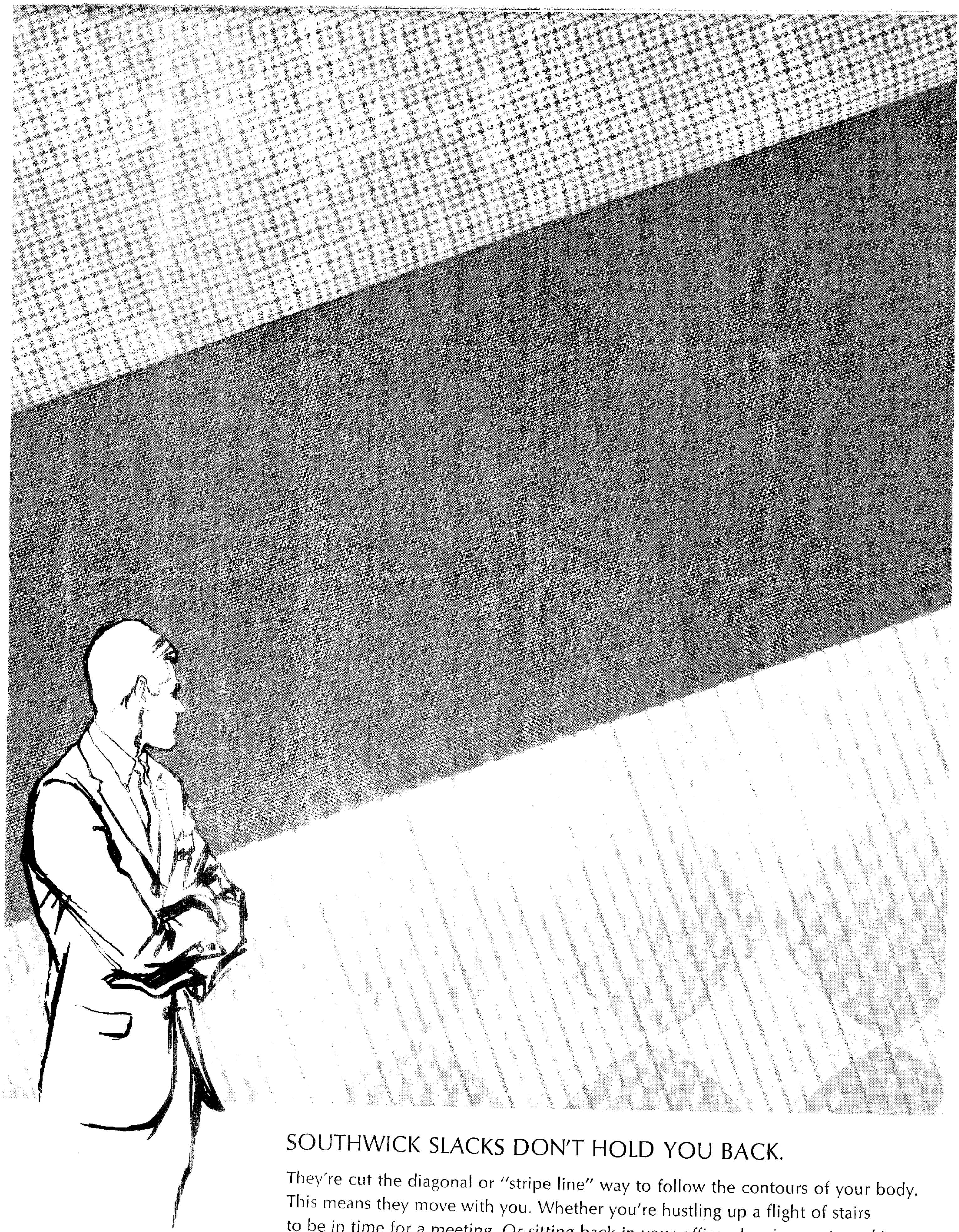

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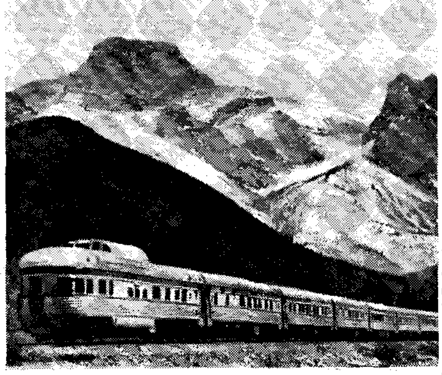

vilion. The program, an all-contemporary one, included "Available Forms I," a work by Earle Brown, Carolyn's husband. Cunningham stayed on after the concert to inspect the stage and the backstage area of the pavilion. The stage itself was large, but because it had been designed for use by a symphony orchestra and not for theatrical performances, its lighting and staging facilities were limited. Cunningham spent a long time in silent contemplation of the space, visualizing how his dancers would fill it. In a large ballet company, the corps de ballet creates guidelines for the eye and focusses attention upon the principal dancers; to fill a stage with eight or nine dancers and to sustain patterns of individual movement that do not lose themselves in isolation or conflict with others going on simultaneously requires not only a different form of choreography but a different concept of the performing space. For Cunningham, the stage is a continuum, an Einsteinian field in which the dancers relate not to fixed points (as even the Balanchine dancers do) but to one another. "Every point on the stage can be interesting, can be used," Cunningham has said. For an hour or more that afternoon, he studied the Ravinia stage, thinking how he would use it for "Scramble."

The Monday-evening performance in Murray Theatre was sold out. Cunningham started the program with "Suite for Five" (the five were Cunningham himself, Carolyn Brown, Barbara Lloyd, Sandra Neels, and Albert Reid), a dance that he once described as "very sparse, and largely about being still." The dance has an Oriental delicacy of movement, and the music (Cage's "Music for Piano 4-84") is quiet. The audience, which was predominantly middle-aged and well dressed, applauded with what seemed like a sense of relief, as though, having braced themselves for uncompromising modernism, they had received a pleasant surprise. "Place," which came next, quickly restored the mood of apprehension. A few couples left the theatre soon after it began, and a larger number covered their ears whenever Gordon Mumma's electronic score reached a certain volume. On the dark stage, the girls looked naked and defenseless in transparent-plastic costumes; the men, in dark leotards, had a furtive, menacing air. "Place" tends to engulf the spectators in a grim atmosphere of urban devastation, just as the dancers in it seem to be engulfed in the harsh roaring of sound. The ending

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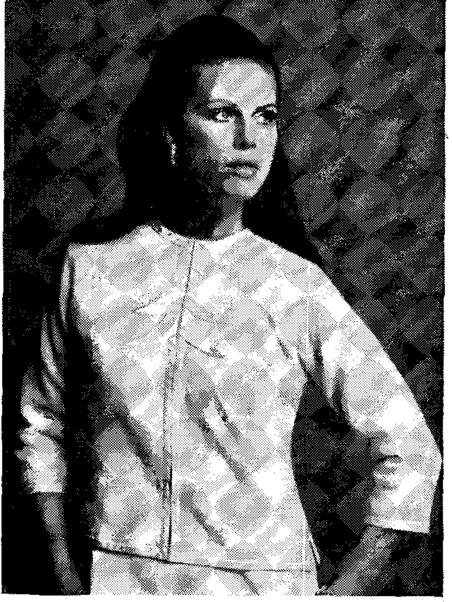

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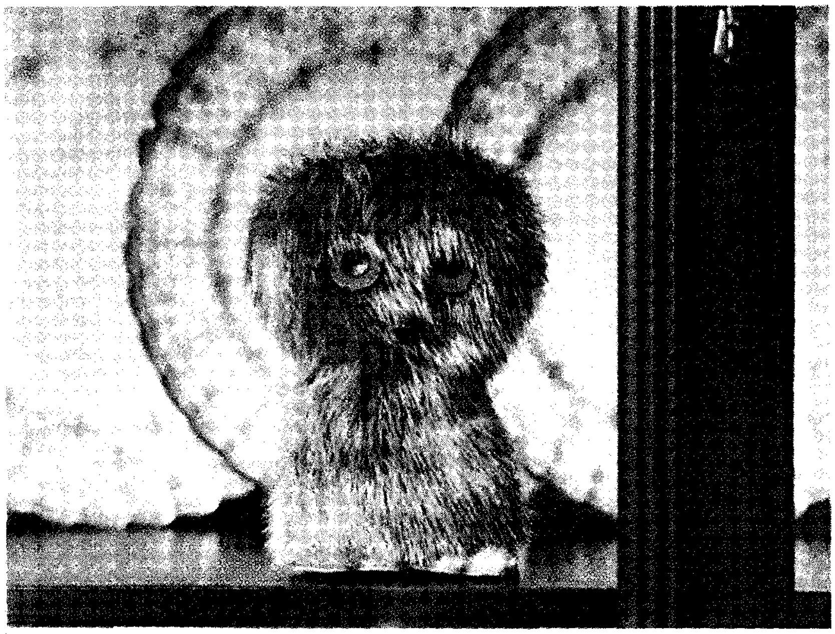

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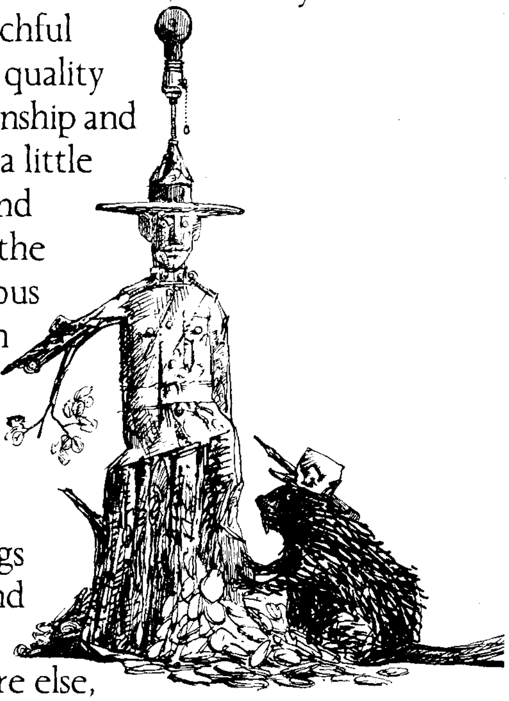

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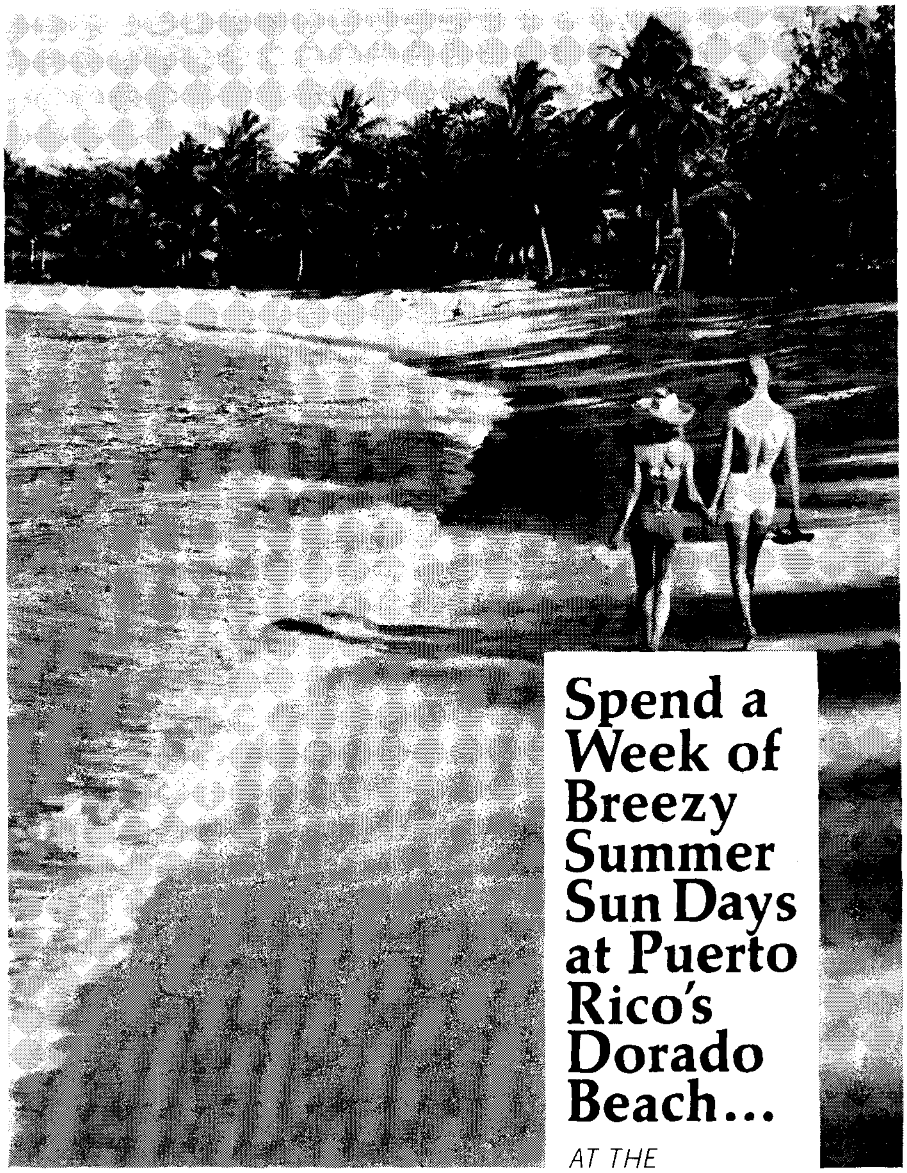
As soon as he could manage to do so politely, Cunningham excused himself from the throng of well-wishers backstage, changed into street clothes, and hurried over to the pavilion to see how Gary Zeller was getting along with the set for "Scramble." Zeller had started to assemble the various elements that afternoon, with somewhat grudging assistance from the Ravinia stagehands. The vertical support pieces were made of polished aluminum, broken down into lengths that fitted together ingeniously. (The cast-iron pipe that Stella originally wanted to use had turned out to be far too heavy.) The strips of colored canvas, eighteen inches wide, were each to be attached to two horizontal aluminum supports with Velcro tape fasteners, and the horizontal supports were then to be attached to the uprights at the desired



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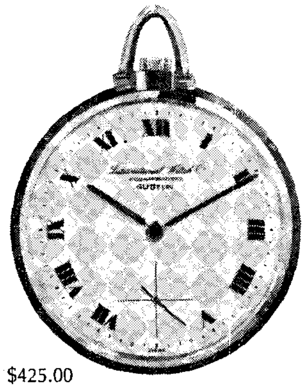
heights. Two of the six elements had been assembled so far—a four-foot red one, standing eighteen feet high, and a twenty-four-foot purple one, standing at floor level. Cunningham shoved the long purple strip around the stage with one foot, testing its maneuverability. It moved fairly easily on its casters. He stood on the stage for nearly an hour, chin in hand, eyes narrowed, and from time to time he made notes on a scrap of paper. He also conferred with Zeller and Beverly Emmons, both of whom planned to work through the night—Zeller to finish building the set and Miss Emmons to oversee the installation of a special lighting boom.

The rest of the company had gone for a late supper (the dancers do not eat before a performance) at a restaurant near their motel, and Cunningham joined them there shortly after eleven. In contrast with their high spirits—the post-performance euphoria that is one of the few visible rewards of the dancer—Cunningham seemed, if anything, more withdrawn and reserved than usual. He had wrenched a knee quite painfully during the performance of "Place," but nobody else knew this at the time. By midnight, the dancers had all gone to bed.

Most of them were in the motel dining room at nine the next morning. Over breakfast, they discussed the Detroit riots, which were front-page news in all the Chicago papers that day, and read the reviews of the previous night's performance, which were generally favorable (they had "held the audience rapt throughout some extremely bizarre happenings onstage," according to one reviewer). David Tudor and Gordon Mumma had already gone over to the pavilion to see about some rented sound equipment for that evening's performance. Beverly Emmons and Gary Zeller, who had worked until 3 A.M., hurried back to work immediately after breakfast. Cunningham remained in his room. He had awakened to find his knee swollen and painful, and he wanted to give it as much rest as possible. It was a perfect summer day, clear and warm and still, with none of the humidity that had made the rehearsals in Manhattan particularly trying.

At the pavilion, Beverly Emmons was having her problems with the stagehands. They were not accustomed to coping with theatrical demands, for the Chicago Symphony and its guest artists did not require much in the way of stagecraft. Miss Emmons, an emphatic young woman dressed that day in a very short tan miniskirt, was trying to get the orchestra's equipment



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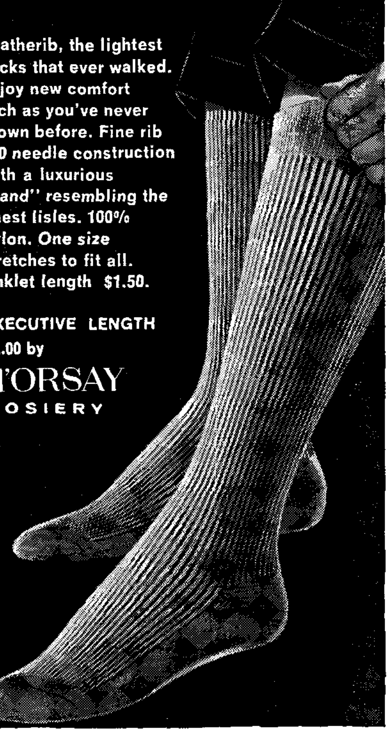

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removed from several dressing rooms, and she was also trying to get somebody to clean and, if possible, sand the stage, which was rough and splintery. She was not having much luck. Mumma and Tudor, on the other hand, were delighted with the sound equipment that the festival had provided for them. The Cunningham company owns very little sound equipment, so it usually sends a list of its electronic requirements to the management wherever it is going to perform and hopes for the best. The Ravinia festival's general manager, Marshall Turkin, had come through magnificently, with four eight-inch loudspeakers, all the amplification circuitry required, and two local sound engineers to help in assembling it. The sound men spent the morning mounting and hooking up the speakers at either side of the stage, while Mumma and Tudor built themselves electronic control nests on the stage itself, one at either edge. Most of the wiring was for Ichiyanagi's score.

The Ichiyanagi score had turned out, as Cage predicted, to be extremely difficult. The notation called at certain points for an instrument to be played by another instrument; Ichiyanagi left it up to the performer to decide just what the instruction meant and how it was to be carried out. All morning, Mumma, whenever he had a free moment, practiced his French-horn part. He is a virtuoso French-horn player, and he solved the "instrument plays other instrument" problem by using a bassoon reed and an oboe reed in place of the horn's regular brass mouthpiece. The sound he got with the bassoon reed was mournful and sonorous; with the oboe reed it was wavering and a trifle shrill.

The dancers arrived at ten-thirty and spent the next hour warming up onstage, oblivious of the stagehands and of the sound equipment, which occasionally emitted earsplitting squeals and buzzes. Each of the dancers had a different sequence of exercises for stretching and limbering the muscles. They worked in silence, totally absorbed in their individual routines. One leg and then the other would swing back and forth twenty times, lightly brushing the floor as it swept through its arc; then twenty times out to the side, then twenty times in a circle. Gus Solomons, who looked casual and relaxed even when rebounding from a great leap, took less time to warm up than Albert Reid or Peter Saul, who would appear in the two works that were to make up the evening's program along with "Scramble." Among

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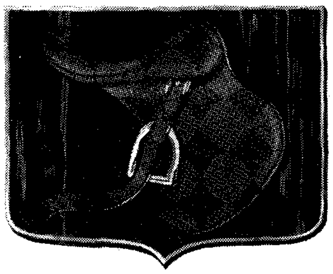

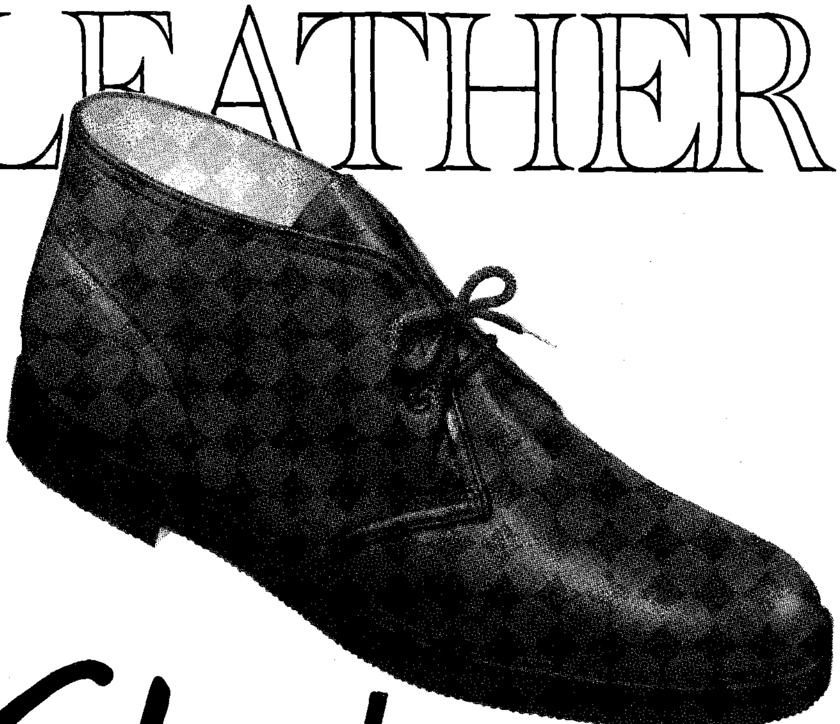

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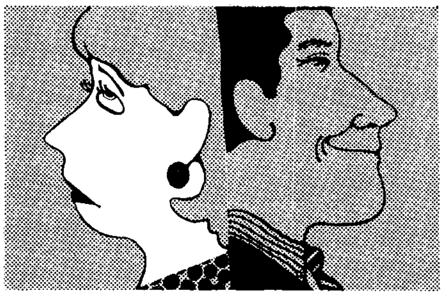
the girls, Barbara Lloyd, Valda Setterfield, and Yseult Riopelle worked for a while, rested, then started again. Carolyn Brown and Sandra Neels worked more or less steadily, scarcely pausing for breath, until Cunningham summoned them at twelve-fifteen to start rehearsing "Scramble."

Cunningham, whose warmup gave no indication that his knee bothered him, had spent a large part of the morning experimenting with the set, moving the six elements in accordance with a group of charts he had drawn up the night before in his room. The blue canvas, which was in the middle range in respect to both length and height, had developed a slight but noticeable sag. Zeller did not want to add a vertical center brace without consulting Frank Stella, but nobody seemed to know for certain whether Stella was coming out for the première.

The fresh, strong colors of the Stella set had an extraordinary effect on the movement of the dance. The set seemed to change the scale of the piece, containing and interacting with the dancers and defining the shape of their movements in unexpected ways. Cunningham wanted the positions of the various elements to be changed after each of the major sections of the dance, and the dancers had to adjust their movements and their cues accordingly. At certain points, they had to step over the bases of the aluminum supports, which were difficult to see under any circumstances and would be even more of a hazard under stage lighting. Entrances and exits had to be reworked. Instead of wings, the stage had four small doors, one at each side and two at the rear. A dancer would go out one door and run along a dark and narrow passageway backstage to get into position for the next entrance; there were moments of confusion when a dancer found the exit partly blocked by one of the vertical supports. When Carolyn Brown first rehearsed her flying leap off the stage, her head almost grazed the low lintel of the doorway. She did it four more times, practicing a lower trajectory, while the other dancers held their breath. It was nearly two o'clock before Cunningham finished with "Scramble." The dance seemed to have grown enormously in the Stella set, and it was clear that the strange centrifugal and centripetal relationships of the dancers as they came together and separated on the big stage would add up to a large-scale and infinitely complex work.

While the dancers quickly rehearsed "Winterbranch" and "How to Pass,



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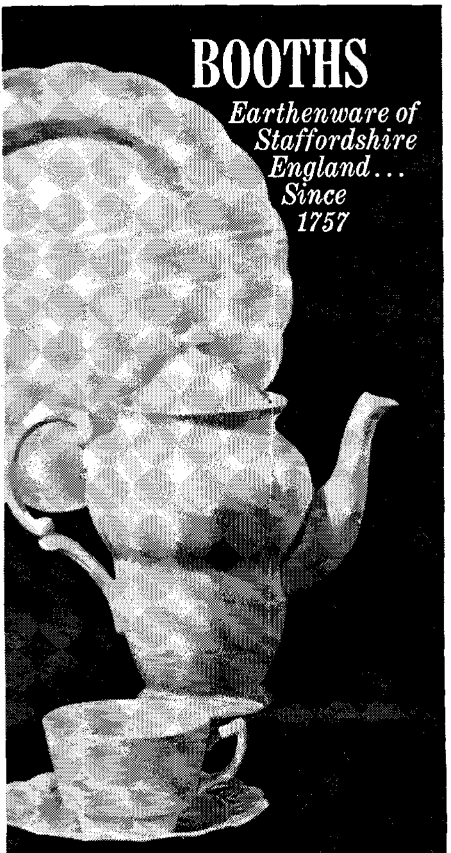

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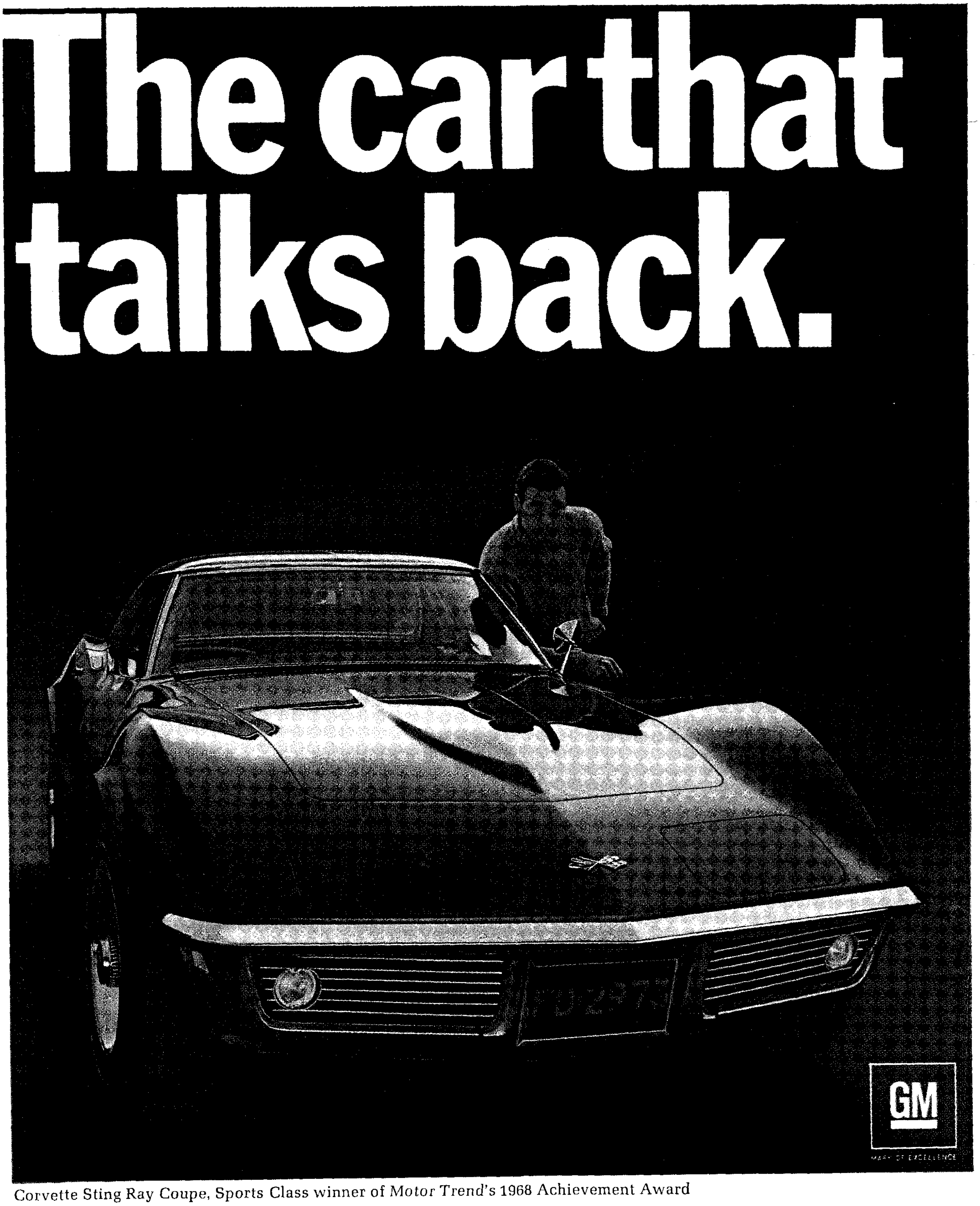

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Kick, Fall, and Run"—the two works that would be performed after "Scramble" on the evening's program—Ichiyanagi and Cage held a conference with two percussionists from the Chicago Symphony who had been added to the performing ensemble for "Scramble." The newcomers stared in some perplexity at the pages of the score, with their beautifully drawn but totally unfamiliar notation. Ichiyanagi, whose English is excellent but halting, explained, with Cage's occasional assistance, the meaning of each symbol. There was a symbol for pitched sounds, another for noises, and another for sounds electronically produced; there was a symbol specifying when an instrument was to be played by another instrument, and a symbol for when a pitched sound was to "hit" a noise, or vice versa. The degree of loudness or softness was indicated by the position of the symbol above or below a horizontal line. Almost all the sounds were to be sustained for as long as possible, and they were to be produced without emphasis or stress, so that the effect would be of sounds with no beginning or end. Each performer had a wide range of choices both in the instruments he could use and in methods of sound production, and for a while the two Chicago Symphony men could not quite grasp what was expected of them. They wondered how a pitched sound could "hit" a noise. By letting a triangle strike against the back of a chair? Ichiyanagi nodded. Gradually, with Ichiyanagi's and Cage's encouragement, the idea that these sound problems were theirs to solve began to appeal to the two men. They became visibly enthusiastic.

Cunningham finished rehearsing "Winterbranch" and "How to" at two-thirty. The dancers collapsed on the stage, exhausted and dirty after four hours' work, and watched the musicians setting up their percussion instruments in the space between the stage and the front row of seats. Mumma and Tudor were still wiring their apparatus together, and the loud crackle of electronic feedback periodically shut off conversation.

"Are we going to hear any of the music before we dance?" Carolyn Brown asked Ichiyanagi.

Ichiyanagi said he hoped there would be time for a music rehearsal that afternoon.

"Is it very loud?" Sandra Neels inquired.

Mumma said that the speakers were mounted outside the stage area, one on either side, and therefore the sound

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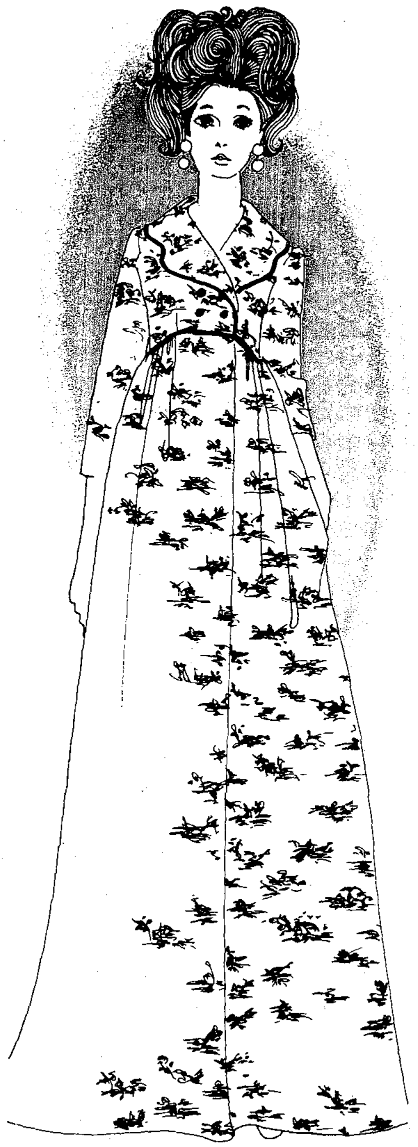

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would not be loud at all for those onstage. "It's going to be a mixture of live and electronic sound," he added.

"We know," Miss Neels murmured, a trifle glumly.

The company had a late lunch at the motel and rested for an hour or so, and then, at five-thirty, Cunningham and several of the dancers drove back to Ravinia. The others followed half an hour later. In the car going over, Cunningham seemed surprisingly relaxed and peaceful; the withdrawn, preoccupied manner of the preceding days had largely disappeared, and he chatted amiably with the dancers about inconsequential matters that had nothing to do with the new dance or the performance. The evening was clear and cool, and the setting sun, slanting through the oaks in Ravinia Park, bathed the lawn in pools of light and shade. The dancers went backstage to put on their makeup. For the next forty minutes, the only sign of activity was a teen-age boy methodically dusting every seat in the pavilion while totally absorbed in a transistor radio that was belted to his waist and plugged into his left ear.

Shortly before six-thirty, Cunningham, wearing an ancient striped dressing gown and slippers, emerged from his dressing room and began once more to shift and rearrange the elements of the set. In the fading light onstage, his theatrical makeup gave him an unearthly look: huge, shrouded eyes and livid cheeks. He consulted his charts, moved the blue canvas, studied it for a while, moved another. After a few minutes, he went back into his dressing room and closed the door. One after another, the dancers came out and began to warm up. Yseult Riopelle was first, and then came Sandra Neels (face chalk white, eyes dark), then Gus Solomons (crouching and stretching like some giant mantis). Two teen-age girls, early arrivals, came to stand by the stage and stare in wonder at Solomons, who took no notice of them. The dancers wore practice clothes; they would not put on their costumes until the last moment.

By seven-thirty, the space on the lawn outside the pavilion proper was beginning to fill up with non-paying members of the audience. Families with young children staked out choice spots, spread their picnics, and trained binoculars on the practicing dancers. A diminishing patch of sunlight fell across the middle rows of seats inside the pavilion. Backstage, it was getting dark. In the passageway, Sandra Neels stood holding on to a pipe while she

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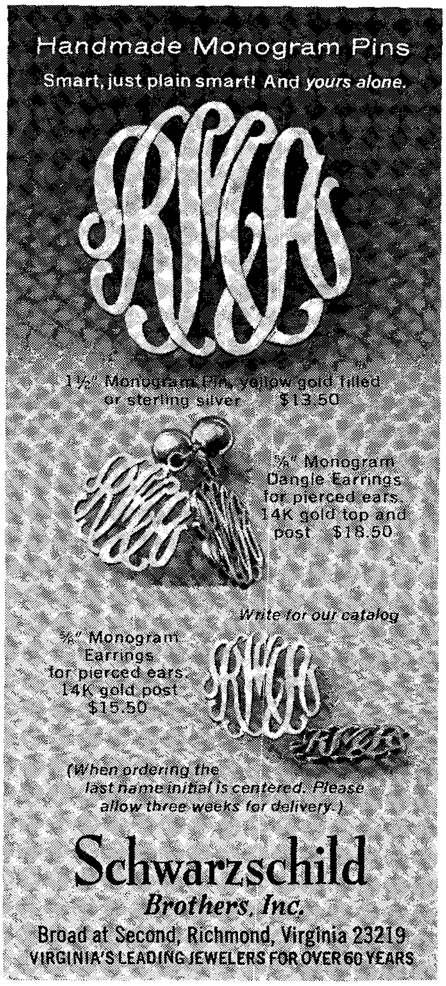

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did slow knee bends. "I always feel as though I'm about to fall apart when we're doing a piece for the first time," she confided to Barbara Lloyd. "I only wish the stage were more friendly." The floor of the stage was even worse than it looked. During rehearsal, the dancers had worn ballet slippers to guard against splinters, but during the performance itself they would be barefoot.

Just before eight o'clock, Frank Stella appeared backstage. He had on his customary undershirt and khakis and, as usual, was smoking a cigar. "I wasn't going to come," he explained, "but then I decided I'd hate myself too much if I didn't, so I just dropped what I was doing and went out to LaGuardia." He needed two dollars to pay the taxi-driver who had brought him over from O'Hare Airport. Stella and Gary Zeller went out onstage to look at the set. The artist seemed pleased. "The green one sags a little, but it's not too bad," he observed. "The little red one looks great up there." Zeller had put an aluminum strut in the blue canvas to remove most of its sag. Stella approved, but soon he and Zeller were deep in a discussion of how the set could be improved technically and made less cumbersome; Stella thought it might be possible to devise a system of overhead cables. Lewis Lloyd, who had joined them, went away shaking his head.

Cage and Ichiyanagi were checking the equipment that the men from the Chicago Symphony had procured for them. Each of the four percussion players (Cage, Ichiyanagi, and the two newcomers) had his own ensemble of instruments. The Chicago Symphony men were stationed just to the right of the stage, where they had surrounded themselves with drums, triangles, gongs, a vibraphone, marimbas, and various other conventional or improvised instruments. Ichiyanagi, in the center, would perform mainly on the piano and the celesta. Cage was off by himself at the left, with more drums, a glockenspiel, wood blocks, and a battery of electronic sound-making devices. David Tudor and Gordon Mumma were up on the stage itself—Mumma at the far left, with his French horn and his electronics, and Tudor at the far right, with an all-electronic console, which he would use to modify and mix the sounds that the others were making. Mumma was very excited about the score, which he said was by far the most difficult he had ever had to perform for a dance concert. When the Chicago Symphony

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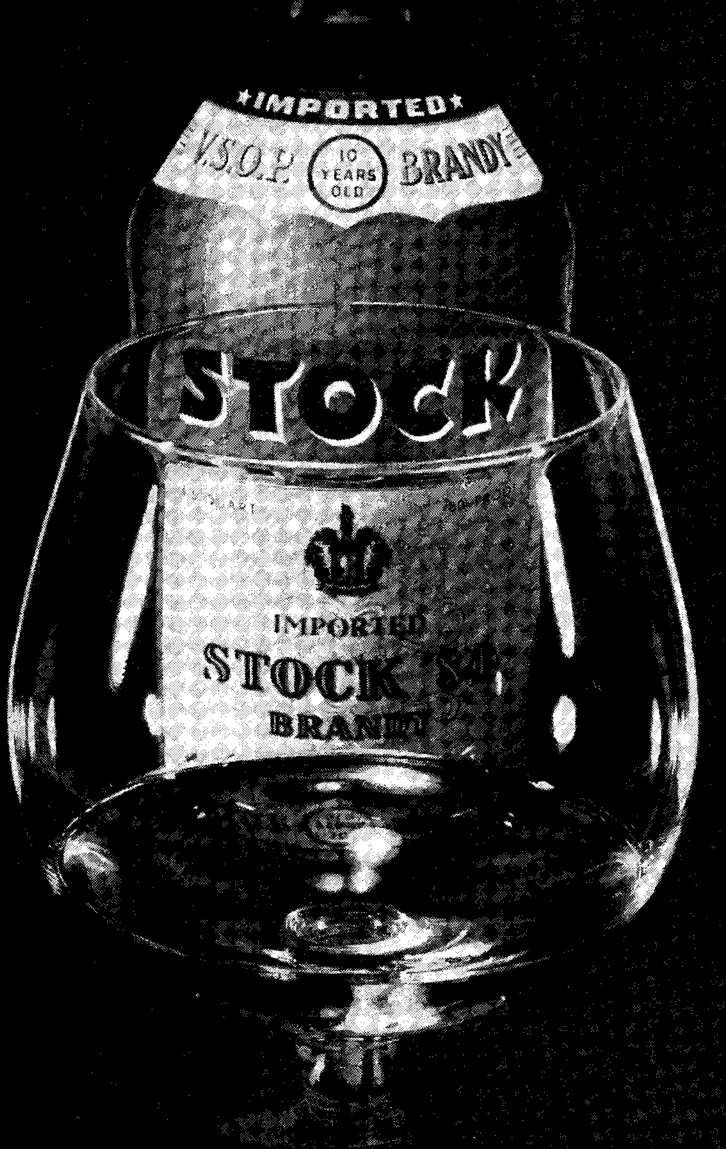

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men tried to explain their parts to three of their colleagues who had dropped by, one of the visitors remarked that Ichiyanagi's score would make the previous Sunday's avant-garde program sound like Mozart. (After the performance, many people remarked how surprisingly gentle and "musical" the score had been, and how Japanese.)

It was almost completely dark backstage now, and very quiet. The dancers were putting on their costumes. The paying audience started to file in at about eight-fifteen. It looked to be the same sort of audience as the previous night's, but considerably larger; two-thirds of the four thousand seats were occupied by eight-thirty. A bell rang backstage, and the dancers assembled quietly in the dark passageway. The five girls stood very still in their new skintight leotards (Carolyn Brown in pure white, the others in yellow, green, orange, and purple); Albert Reid and Gus Solomons (Reid in a red jump suit, Solomons in a blue one) seemed to be barely suppressing an urge to be in motion. Cunningham joined them; it was the first time anyone had seen him in nearly an hour. He wore a black jump suit. His manner was calm and gently paternal, and for the last few moments, as they whispered and joked in the dark passageway, the company seemed like an affectionate family on the eve of some pleasant celebration. Beverly Emmons came up and said that the music was going to start very soon. "They'll play for two minutes while I dim the house lights," she said. "When I put the stage lights up, you begin. O.K.?" There was a last-minute question about curtain calls—should they go offstage and then come back, or just stay onstage at the end? Cunningham said to go off and then come back. The music started quietly, with some long, isolated sounds from the celesta and the glockenspiel, and the house lights began to dim. The dancers all cupped their hands and blew kisses to one another. "Have a good time," Cunningham whispered as they scattered to their various entrance points. The stage lights came up, and the dance began. —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

> The two hitchhiked between the two campuses until General Eisenhower had David buy a car. David, who is majoring in history, may attend law school after graduation.
> the bride may prefer to have an at-home tea.
> —*Yonkers Herald Statesman.*

Women!

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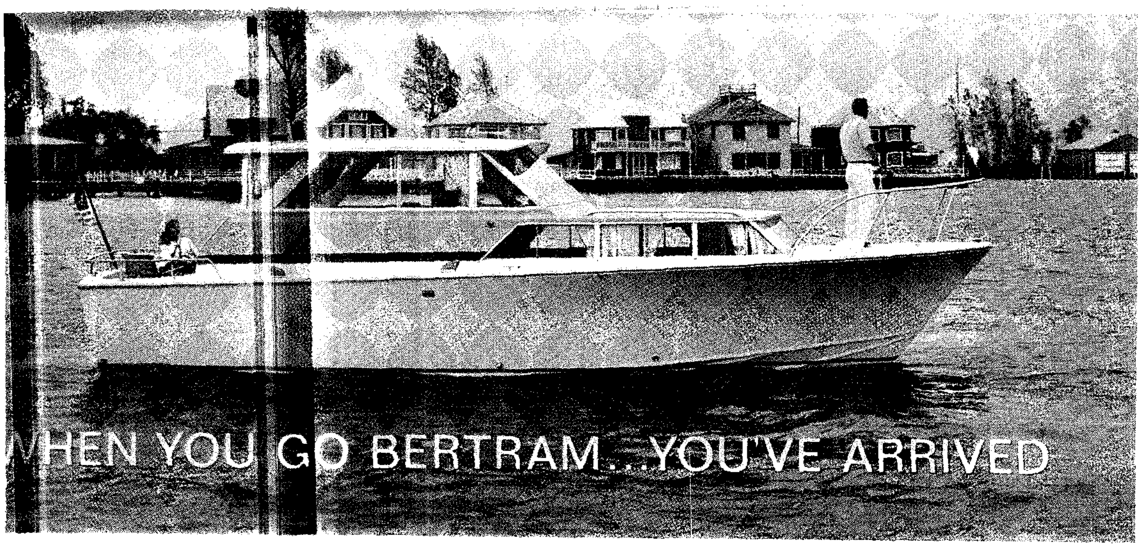

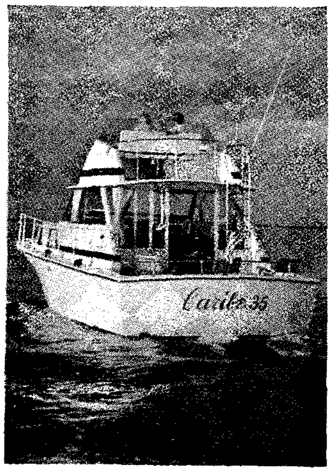

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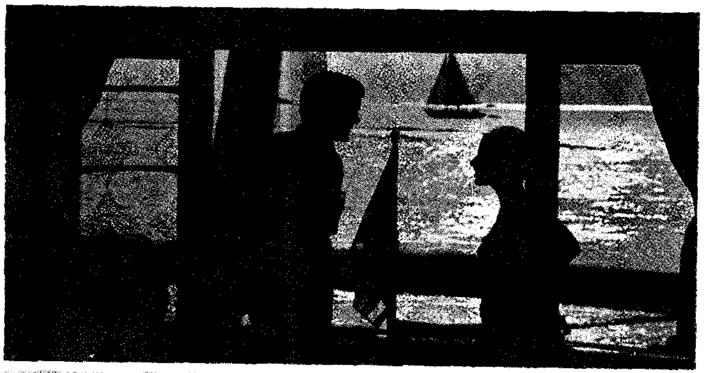

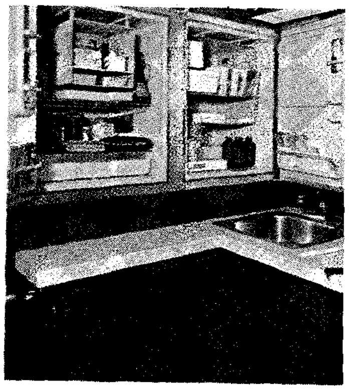

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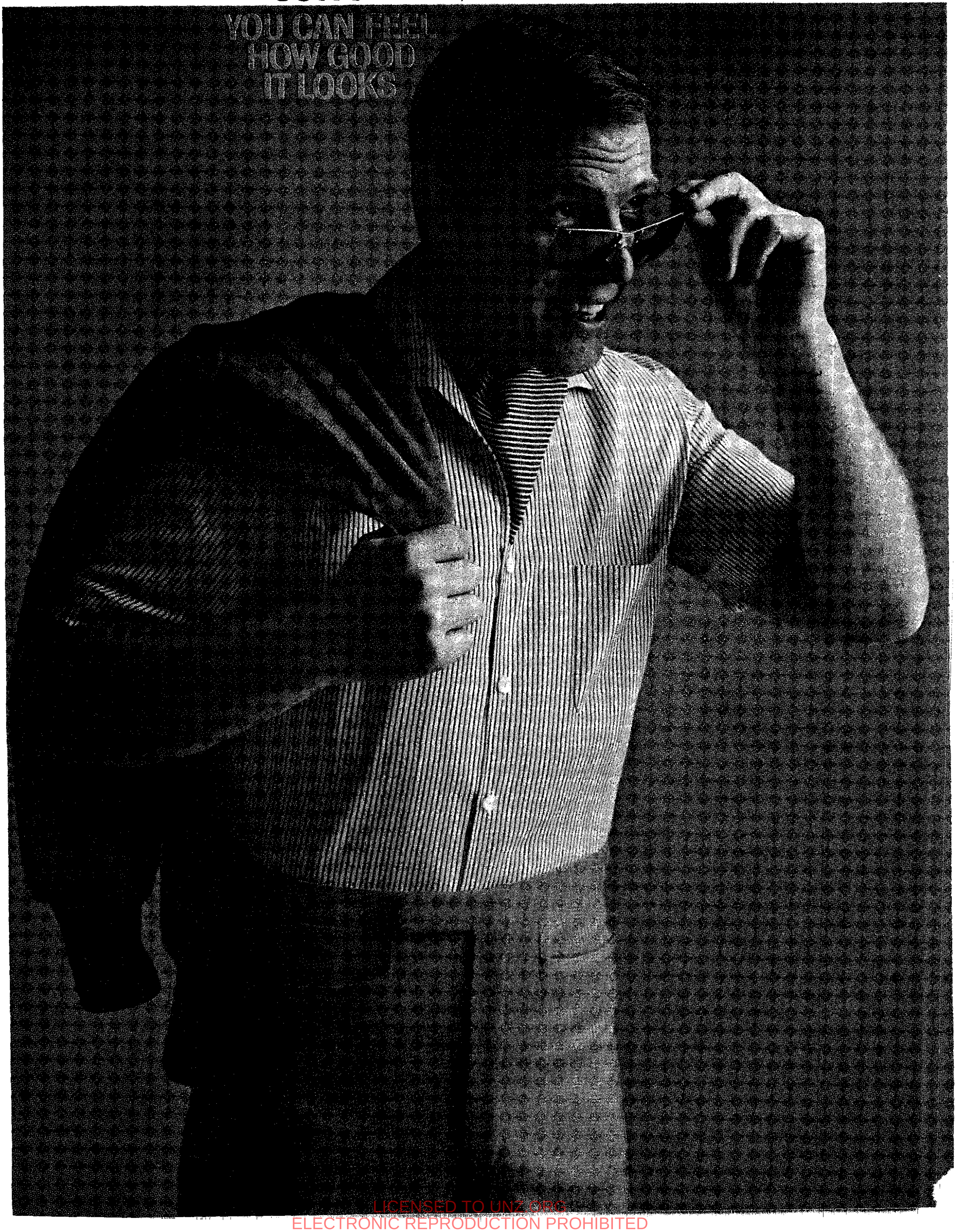


THE THEATRE

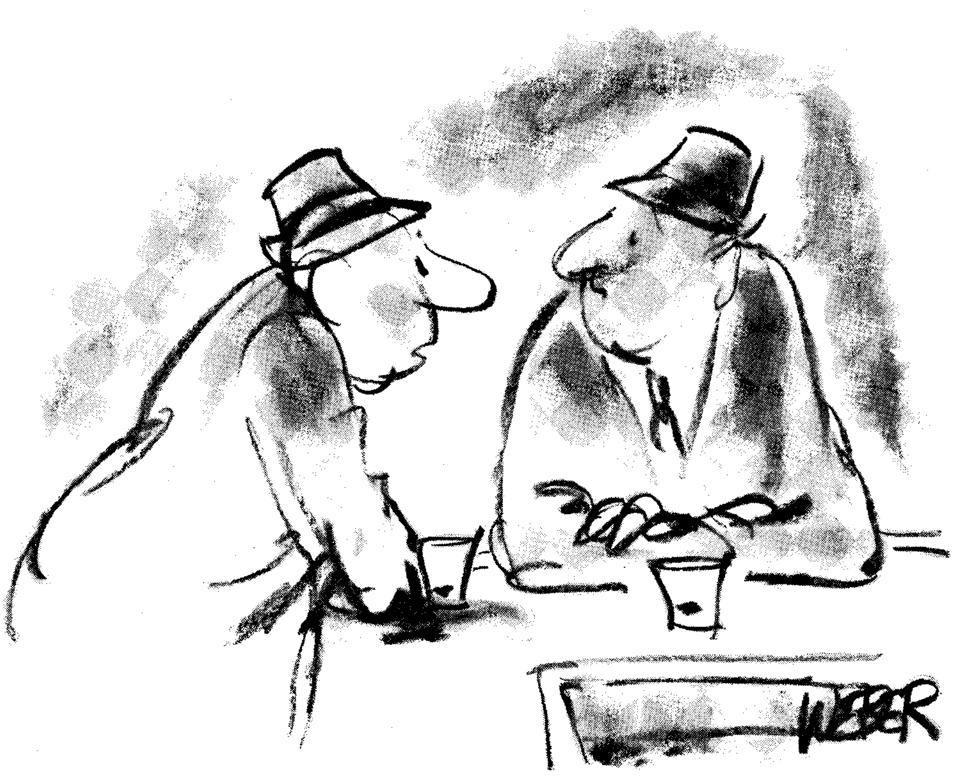
THINKING BIG, THINKING LITTLE

FOR, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and in the city of John, at the Theatre of Mark the Hellinger, a musical called "I'm Solomon" opened like a sunburst and then quickly closed, done to death by an icy blast of critical disapproval. It was a gorgeous production, and the enormous sum it must have cost was, in many respects, well spent, but the sad truth of the matter is that its crucial defect—a book of intrinsic and finally undisguisable silliness—would have sufficed to outweigh a hundred virtues. I can see why, at first glance, the life of King Solomon looked like a good subject for a musical. For one thing, Solomon was a Jew, and producers are always rummaging about for what they think of as nice, surefire Jewish musicals, in which if somebody says "matzo" (and I assure you that Solomon did) the audience is counted on to double up with laughter. It was funnier still that Solomon was a man with seven hundred wives, three hundred concubines, and a mother no better than she should have been. He was also a crackerjack businessman, dealing in gold, silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks, a genius at construction—if we can trust the Bible, his personal residence was the size of the Racquet Club—and the possessor of a knack for tossing off attractive Tin Pan Alley-like lyrics ("I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine"). Furthermore, Solomon's era, which was approximately a thousand years before Christ, lent itself to agreeable make-believe in respect to both settings and costumes.

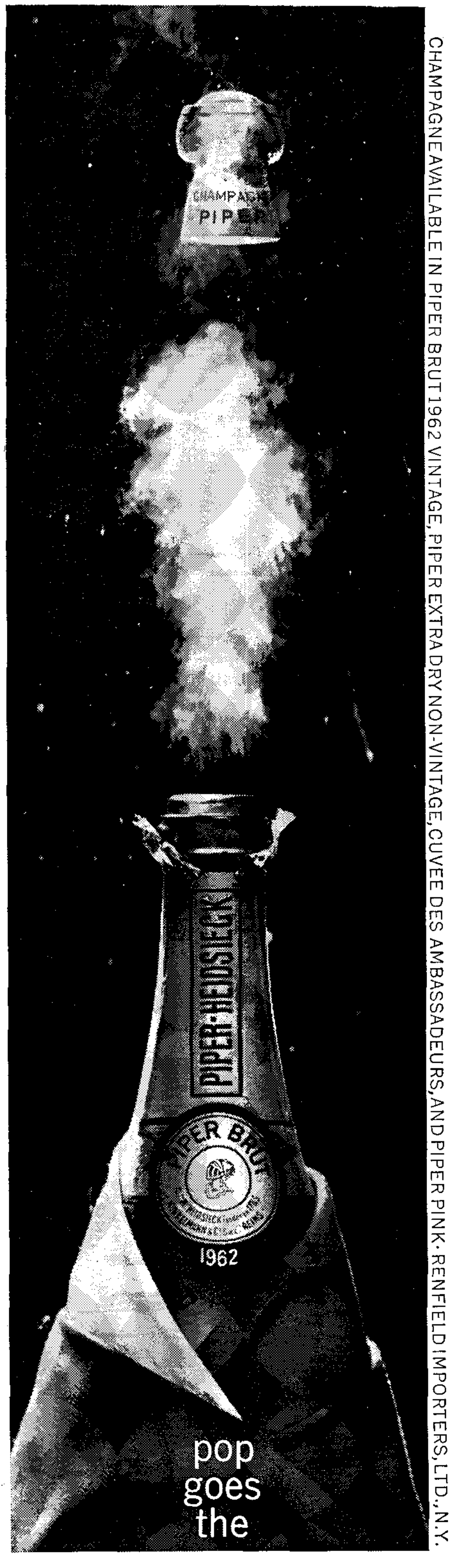
The ancient bazaars, temples, and palaces of Rouben Ter-Arutunian's imagination were certainly splendid to behold, and the costumes, by Jane Greenwood, were as beautiful as I have ever seen, ablaze with jewels and bright dyes, and, in the obligatory yearning-wives-and-concubines scene, distinguished by a seductive skimpiness. Unfortunately, most of the songs, which had lyrics by Anne Croswell and music by Ernest Gold, were well below the standard set by the scenery and costumes, to say nothing of the standard set by Solomon himself; the exceptions were a couple of cheerful numbers written for the show as "special material" by David Finkle and Bill Weeden. The book, by Mrs. Croswell and Dan Almagor, was taken from a play, "King Solomon and the Cobbler," which is roughly twenty-five years old and could just as easily be two hundred and fifty. Its title hints at the conventional kittenishness of the plot: an impoverished and often tipsy cobbler is a dead ringer for Solomon, not only in appearance but also in wisdom, and the two exchange identities for a day and a night, to the immense confusion of everyone concerned.

Dick Shawn played king and cobbler, darting on- and offstage for the necessary changes of costume at such breakneck speed that on several occasions I got the impression that I was seeing at least two of him, and possibly three. Shawn is an appealing performer and, in this case, a gallant one, because the burden of the show rested on his shoulders and grew no lighter as the evening proceeded. In the role of the cobbler's wife, Karen Morrow looked and sounded closer to living Paoli than to dead Palestine, but no matter—she is a warm, pretty creature, and she sang with spirit. Solomon's mother, Bathsheba, was played by Carmen Mathews, and his official Favorite Wife by Barbara Webb. The Queen of Sheba, who put in a surprisingly brief appearance, was played by Salome Jens, who looked lovely and had nothing whatever to do except smile and keep her shoulders back. There were well over fifty other members of the cast; along with their director, Michael Benthall, they must have wondered if the Old Testament was really the answer to the question: Whither Broadway?

ROSTAND'S "Cyrano de Bergerac" is all golden fustian and swaggering swordplay, punctually interrupted by deeds of wanton unselfishness on the part of its macroproboscidiferous hero. It is a charming toy of a play and also, I would have thought, an irresistible one, but the Lincoln Center Repertory Company has proved me wrong—the production currently on view at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre is very easy indeed to resist. My disappointment may have been exaggerated by the fact that I grew up on the play, in the days when Walter Hampden, with his splendid carriage and sonorous baritone, was tirelessly embodying Cyrano on the road. In my extreme youth, I never failed to weep at that last scene in the convent garden, under the great



"I know less now than I did thirty years ago. I suppose that's maturity."



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tree from which, as the mortally wounded hero feinted with death and Roxane discovered too late the secret of his love, hundreds of many-colored paper leaves (looking every year a little dustier than the year before) drifted down over the dusky stage. I went to the opening at the Beaumont hoping to squeeze out a sentimental tear or two, if not for Cyrano then for dead Hampden and my lost childhood; alas, I felt nothing but irritation.

To begin with, the company is using a new, clumsy, and inaccurate translation of the play, by James Forsyth, instead of the old, beautiful, and accurate one by Brian Hooker. Unlike Hooker, Mr. Forsyth does not trust Rostand to make his points sufficiently clear in a few words; he must hammer them home with crude additions. Where the author has Roxane asking "*J'étais jolie, alors?*" and Cyrano answering "*Vous n'étiez pas vilaine*," which Hooker translates as "Was I pretty?" and "Oh—not too plain!," Forsyth typically shoulders his gross way into the text by making Cyrano reply, "Well . . . not ugly. Oh, Madeleine, she knew she was lovelier than any flower that grew in all Bergerac's woodlands. And loveliest to me—who all the long year—except for you—would be avoided by all female company." In these almost illiterate circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that the present Cyrano, Robert Symonds (who took over the role when the intended star, Richard Basehart, fell ill), has not dared to speak his lines with the necessary reckless Gascon unconcern. Unlikely as it may sound, his Cyrano has something of the air of a Yankee cracker-barrel philosopher, and more than once I seemed to detect the intonations of Hal Holbrook in his celebrated impersonation of Mark Twain. The rest of the cast, directed by Carl Weber, runs the usual repertory gamut from good to bad. Dennis Cooney makes a handsome and touching Christian, but Suzanne Grossmann struck me as a too aggressive Roxane, and Philip Bosco—surely the natural Cyrano of the company—is too unaggressive as de Guiche. Ray Fry scandalously overplayed, for laughs, his tiny role as a priestly go-between. The meagre set, serving with few alterations as a Paris mansion, a pastry shop, a fortress, and a convent, was designed by David Hays, and the authentic-looking costumes are by James Hart Stearns.

A PLAY by Lewis John Carlino called "The Exercise" came and went last week, and the merciful

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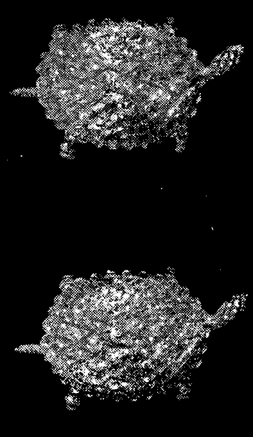
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C'EST LES BERNARD

brevity of its stay is the only thing its producers deserve credit for. Mr. Carlino hit upon a Pirandello-like conceit, but, lacking the high Pirandello intelligence and dramatic skill, was unable to bring the conceit to life. Dead, it was but pretentious guff. The play calls for the curtain to rise on a bare stage, lit by a single electric light. (The rear wall of the stage was the actual rear wall of the John Golden Theatre.) An actor and an actress come on, playing an actor and an actress. They have arranged to meet before a rehearsal of a play, in order for the actor to give the actress some help with her role. Two years earlier, they had an affair, which ended unhappily. To relieve their tension, they begin to improvise, each challenging the other to say whether the improvisations, apparently drawn from the past, are true or false. Little by little, the improvisations lead them away from their assigned roles and into the dark country of their individual misery. They harangue and lacerate each other for two acts, and the curtain comes down. By pity and terror— But, no, the words are out of place; Aristotle is as far removed from "The Exercise" as Pirandello is, however much Mr. Carlino may hope that they are both nodding with approbation from the flies of Heaven. A couple of morals can be drawn from this unlucky experiment. One is that a bare stage is very tiresome to spend an evening staring at, especially when it is peopled by only two actors. Another is that it is very tiresome to watch actors playing actors. Anne Jackson and Stephen Joyce worked hard and attractively at their hopeless task, under the taut direction of Alfred Ryder. The program attributed the setting to Oliver Smith. It *was* an ingratiating light bulb, as light bulbs go. —BRENDAN GILL

◆

SAIGON—France's approach to the Indochina war and the current American effort in Vietnam are parallels that may not quite meet, yet they share a striking similarity.—*Stanley Karnow in the Washington Post.*

And they run off your back like a duck, as Sam Goldwyn once said.

◆

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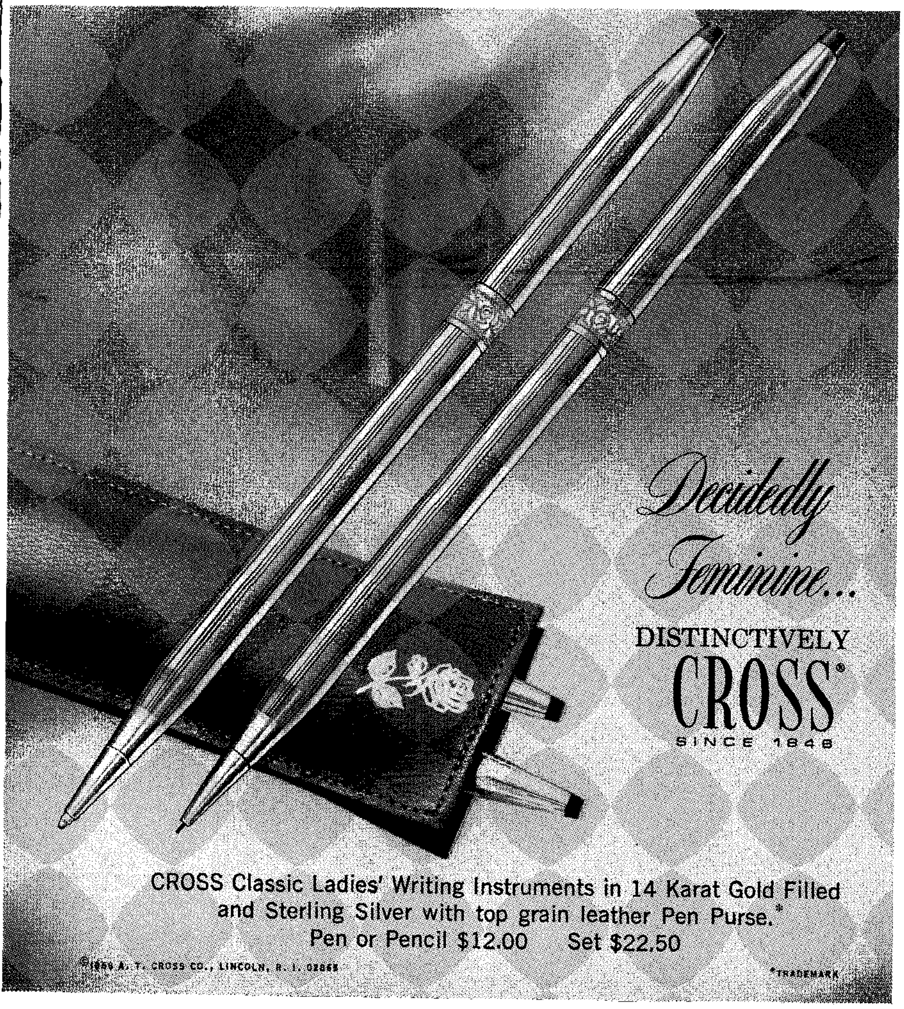

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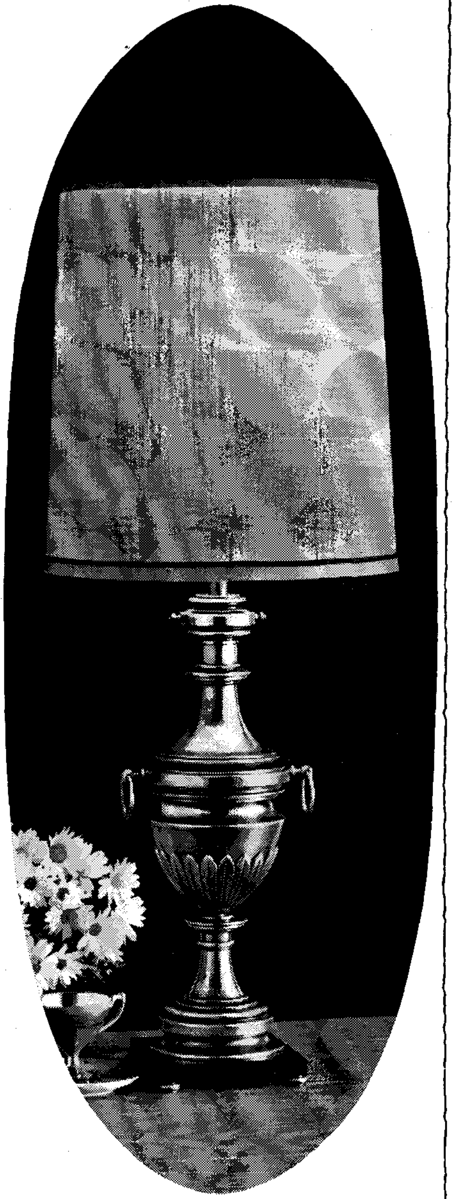

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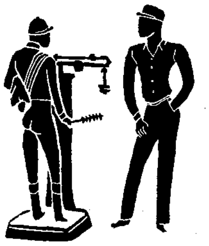

THE decks are cleared, as much as they ever will be, for the Kentucky Derby this weekend. Now, I suppose, you want the winner. Well, if you stand on the corner of Walnut and Fourth Streets in Louisville the night before the race, I'll guarantee that you will get at least one tip on every starter. This may be a bit bemusing, but the fact is that the three-year-olds who are running for it are so evenly matched that almost anything might win. However, no one who watches horses should hide his opinion behind generalities, so, for what they are worth, I submit a few haphazard comments. First impressions are often best, and, watching Dancer's Image win the Wood Memorial, I was reminded so much of his daddy, my old pet Native Dancer, winning the same race fifteen years before that I decided then and there that he was my Derby horse. There remains the question whether he'll like the distance—a mile and a quarter. He has never gone that far, but then neither have any of the other runners. He begins slowly, but he can accelerate in the stretch the way a sports car does when you kick in the supercharger. One thing more: I hope he has better racing luck in the Derby than Native Dancer had. As you may remember, his was a rough trip, and at the end he was beaten a short head by Dark Star. Curiously, Dancer's Image faces a real runner in Captain's Gig, who is from the same stable Dark Star was—the Cain Hoy. That little fellow scooted seven furlongs in 0:22, 0:45, 1:10, 1:22⅗ to win the Stepping Stone Purse by eight lengths at Churchill Downs last Saturday. He'll have a following, for speed is important in the merry scramble to the first turn.

Calumet Farm's Forward Pass is the favorite for the big doings, by reason of his five-length victory in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week. (If you care, forty-one of ninety-three Derby favorites have won it, and three recent Blue Grass winners have gone on to win the Derby—Chateaugay, Northern Dancer, and Lucky Debonair. Moreover, Forward Pass is the first starter Calumet Farm will have had in the race since Tim Tam won it a decade ago.) Though Forward Pass led all the way in the Blue Grass—in fast time, too—he bore out in the stretch, and Valenzuela, taking no chances, rode him out sharply. It wasn't the first time the colt had failed to keep a straight course, and it is no stable secret that sometimes he sulks, but when he's in the mood he can run with any man's horse. T.V. Commercial, who chased him vainly in the Blue Grass, almost lost second money to Francie's Hat, who came through with a spectacular burst of speed in the last quarter. (Francie's Hat might be in the first three in the Derby.) Behind them were Alley Fighter, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, and Gleaming Sword, of whom Californians predicted great things. The latter will wear blinkers next time out.

The nicest thing about the Kentucky Derby is that you can spend a few days in Lexington with racing folk, who are the kindliest in the world, and a good deal of time just leaning over a paddock fence admiring the antics of leggy foals you may be betting on year after next.

THERE was much hoopla in the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. Bold Hour, who was a disappointment last season but seems to have turned the corner, won the race even though he was carried wide on the turn into the stretch and his rider, Rotz, lost a stirrup iron at the same time. Diplomat Way, whom the stewards later disqualified, was the culprit, and Fort Marcy and Peter Piper also suffered from his attentions. For stay-at-homes, the Big A will offer the Roseben Handicap this weekend. Dr. Fager had a dazzling workout for it the day before the Grey Lag; he did five furlongs in 0:56⅘, the first quarter in 0:22, and the half mile in 0:44⅘. . . . Later that afternoon, the Wheatley Stable's Favori, another of those two-year-olds that Ed Neloy is training for the establishment, won impressively at the first asking. . . . As everyone who bets on jockeys knows, Cordero is the leading rider at the current Aqueduct meeting. Well, the afternoon last week he had four winners he was told that he wouldn't have the mount on Iron Ruler in the Kentucky Derby, though he has been the colt's regular rider. I'll be interested to see how much Baeza, who got the assignment, moves Iron Ruler up.

—AUDAX MINOR

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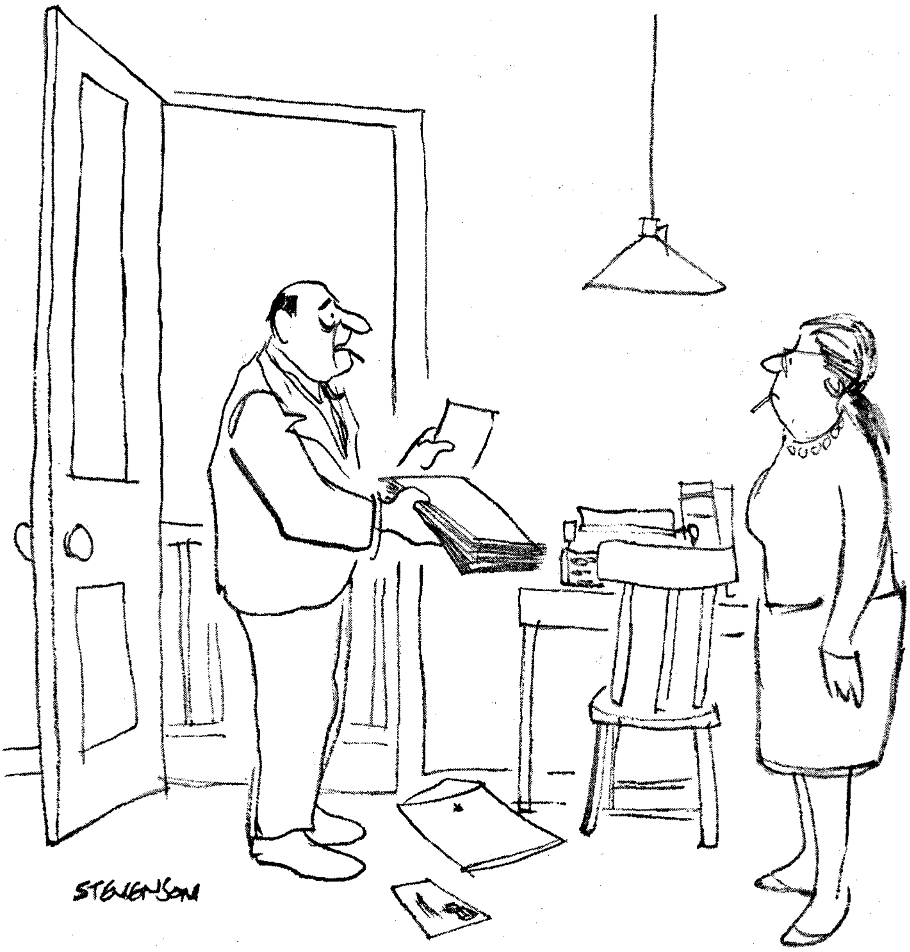
LETTER FROM LAOS

VIENTIANE, APRIL 22

LAOS is still a lotus land—and one in which, lately, Western hippies have discovered that they can live cheaply on noodle soup and marijuana in a carefree, permissive atmosphere that includes easy access to girls and gurus. Yet Laos, although officially neutral, is inextricably linked with the war in Vietnam, and this year it has experienced its most trying moments since that war began. The North Vietnamese, who have in the past largely confined their military efforts here to aiding the local Communist Pathet Lao troops and to defending their Ho Chi Minh Trail supply line through this country, have mounted two major offensives since the year began, in the north and in the south. These are believed to have been coördinated with the Tet offensive in South Vietnam and to have been part of Hanoi's strategy of preparing to achieve as strong a military position as possible before any negotiations. Just as the Communists have indicated their intention of talking and fighting at the same time in Vietnam, it is felt that they are likely to follow the same pattern in regard to Laos, inasmuch as the hostilities here will also presumably be on the agenda of any full-scale negotiations. The fear in this capital is that the Communists will do a lot more fighting than talking, and consequently the immediate reaction to President Johnson's speech announcing a partial halt in the bombing of North Vietnam and to Hanoi's reply expressing willingness to hold discussions was one of gloom. This response, which is not unlike that of other nations in Southeast Asia, is based on the feeling that the United States is preparing to pull up stakes, despite President Johnson's assurances that we would stick to our programs of support and development. The Lao are afraid that the North Vietnamese will now feel that they have a free hand here, and that at the same time the United States, which has carefully been giving supposedly covert military assistance to Laos, will reduce its aid in the interests of the larger goal of achieving peace. At a party given by the Polish representatives a few days after the President's announcement, the North Vietnamese representatives entered the room with their hands aloft and all smiles, like triumphant boxers, and then took the Russian ambassador in tow and moved among the guests. Their satisfaction apparently reflected a conviction that the United States had finally shown signs of backing down under the pressure of popular opposition to the war, as Hanoi had been predicting all along. This did not quite jibe with reports reaching Vientiane from Hanoi that North Vietnam's Premier Pham Van Dong and other high North Vietnamese officials had strong reservations about the sincerity of President Johnson's peace move, particularly since the area between the Seventeenth and the Twentieth Parallels—in which bombing continued for a week after Johnson's speech, until Washington moved the bombing line south to the Nineteenth Parallel—contains four and a half million people, or about twenty-seven per cent of the North Vietnamese population, and not ten per cent, as the President had indicated.

Whatever form future negotiations take, the final settlement of the long conflict in Vietnam will in all likelihood determine the future of this country, too. Though the Lao's suspicions about North Vietnam's intentions may be justified, there is a rosier way—which has now become the American way—of viewing the prospects for peace. Ironically, Laos, which was artificially carved out of the French Indo-Chinese empire nineteen years ago and has since been shakily sustained through a series of international treaties that have been consistently flouted or ignored, may yet emerge as a more vigorous national entity than either North or South Vietnam. For one thing, its population is small enough—there are fewer than three million people in Laos, compared to nineteen million in North Vietnam and seventeen million in South Vietnam—so that it is no threat to any of its neighbors. For another, it has been a pawn of the major powers for so long that by now it has become a sort of international responsibility; in fact, it may end up as a combination ward and buffer state under the joint sponsorship of the United States and the Soviet Union, both of which are eager to contain the expansionist aims of China and of North Vietnam. And, finally, because the Lao are pliable and generally willing to compromise, and because they manifest only a relatively languid variety of nationalism, they may eventually be able to evolve a



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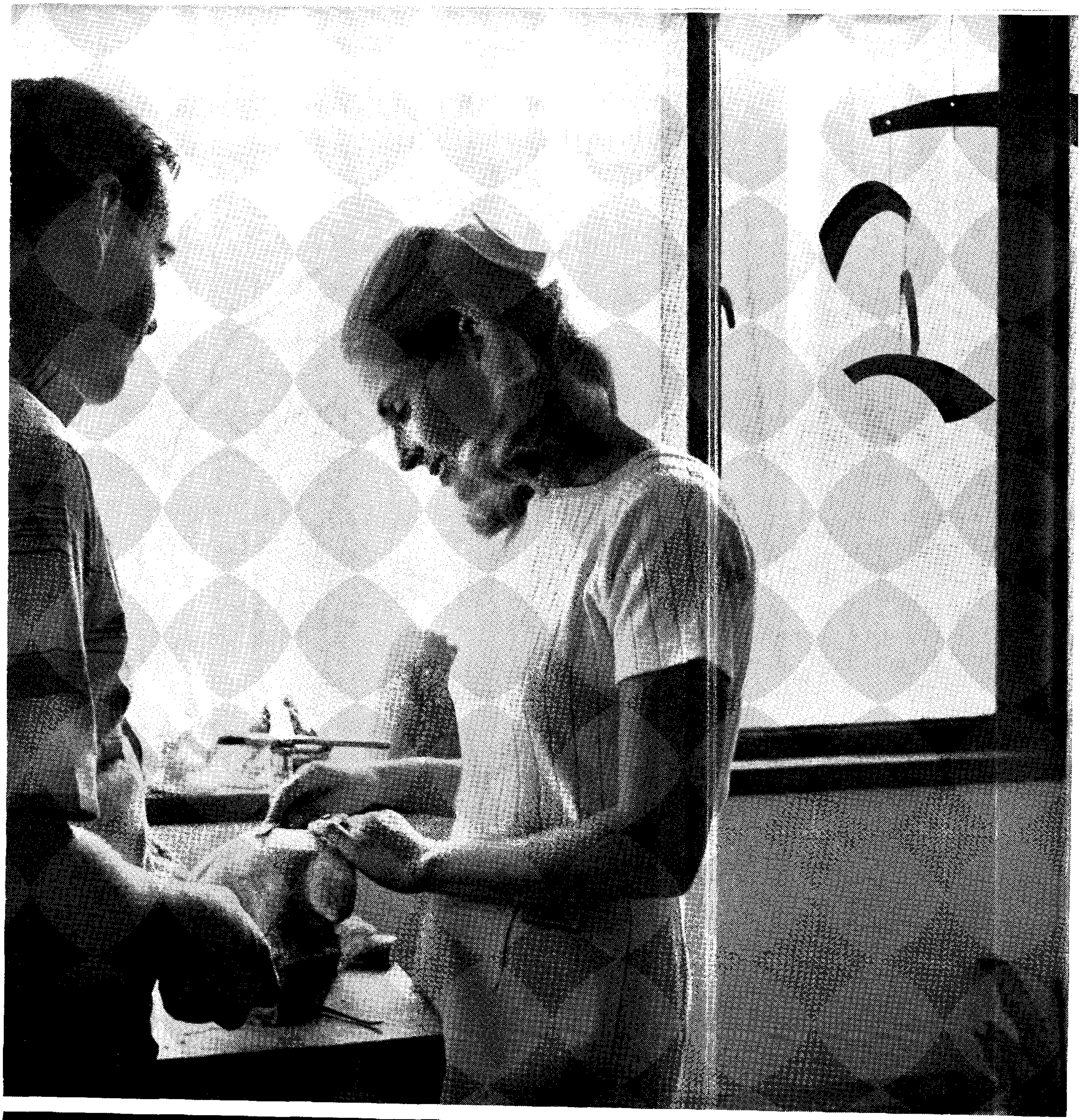

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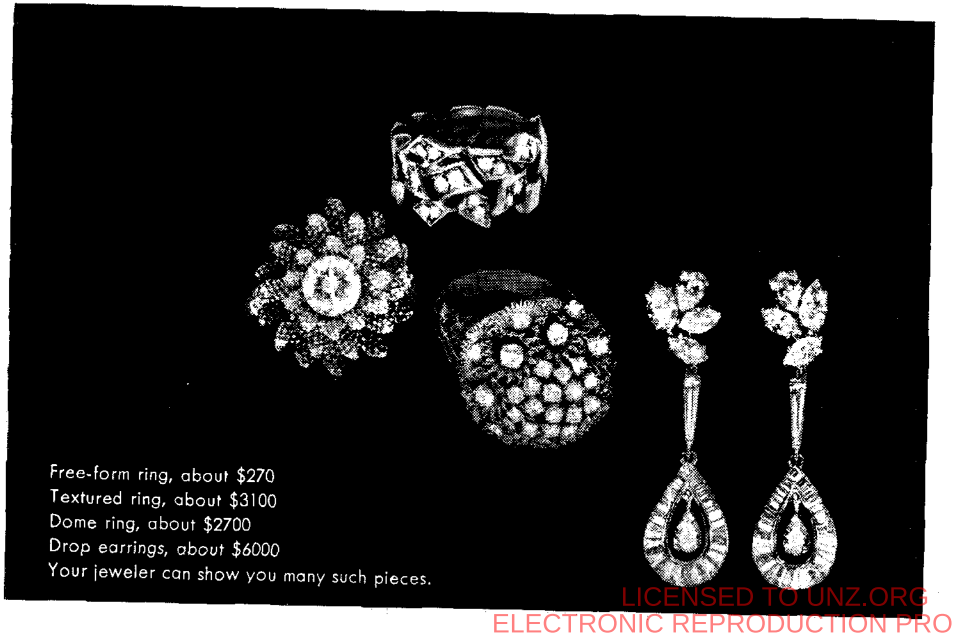

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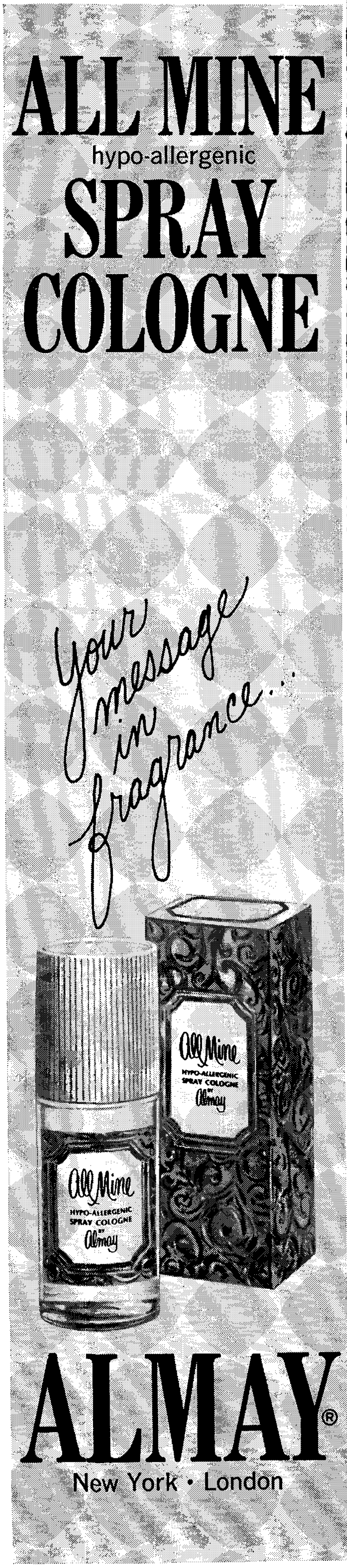
If this should happen, the Lao will undoubtedly ascribe their good fortune to the *phi*—ubiquitous animistic spirits that are as much a part of the national religion as Buddhism, into which they have been assimilated. The *phi* exist everywhere—in the earth, in the heavens, in water, in fire, in the organs of man, in the household, and in the forests. The *phi* can be influences for evil as well as for good, and they are constantly being either propitiated or exorcised. Just about everything that happens in Laos, or to a Lao, is ascribed to these unpredictable sprites. The result is a pervasive sense of fatalism, which is sometimes mistaken for laziness. (To be sure, there are times when the first almost certainly engenders the second.) It is no wonder that the hippies have been attracted to Laotian lore, and have taken to the *phi* as enthusiastically as to pot. There are a hundred hippies here now, it is said, and they forgather nightly in spots called Psychedelic House and The Third Eye to smoke marijuana and drink beer and shriek songs that must send shivers up the spines of even the most sympathetic *phi*. A part owner of The Third Eye is a former Manhattan psychiatrist named Sheldon Cholst, who quit his practice six years ago because he was bored and had a peptic ulcer. After curing his ulcer, he spent several years wandering around Europe and then came to the Far East, where he found his nirvana in Vientiane. Not long ago, maintaining that he was being persecuted by Laotian and American officials, he established "The Free Government of the United States in Exile," which was identified as such by a sign in front of his house, about thirty yards from the American Embassy. The Free Government, whose chief policies were defined as an end to the Vietnam war and "freedom for hippies," has now been dissolved, but The Third Eye is still thriving, and Dr. Cholst plans to stay on in Laos indefinitely.

THE atmosphere of license and gaiety in Vientiane, reflected in the ebullient free exchanges of opinion at diplomatic gatherings as well as in the night clubs and private salons, is hard to find elsewhere in Laos. Things are particularly gloomy in the north, where the Communists have made their strongest assaults against government forces during the current dry season in an apparent effort to grab as much territory as they can before negotiations. In recent years, when the dry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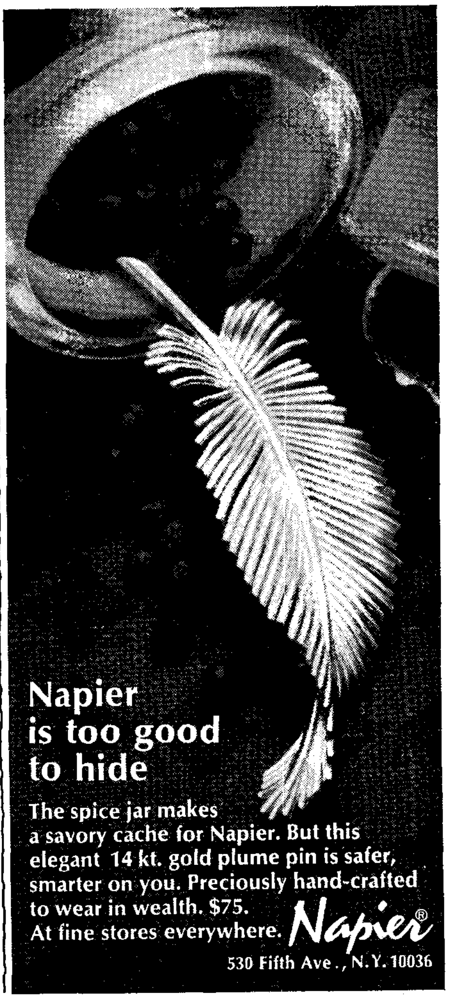
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season has ended in June, such offensives, which have been spearheaded by the North Vietnamese Army on behalf of the less efficient native Pathet Lao, have ended, too, with the N.V.A. troops withdrawing and the Laotian government forces striking back during the wet season. This year, however, the North Vietnamese have given strong signs that they intend to remain and consolidate their positions. The current offensive began early in January, when the N.V.A. reacted strongly and swiftly to a government attempt to strengthen its hold on the Nam Bac Valley, sixty miles north of Luang Prabang—the ancient Laotian capital and the seat of the figurehead monarch, King Savang Vatthana—and a hundred and forty miles north of Vientiane. Initially, the government had twelve battalions (about five or six thousand men) in the vicinity of Nam Bac, and the North Vietnamese had most of one division, the 317th—the unit whose troops were the victors at Dien Bien Phu fourteen years ago—plus some other elements. The government troops lacked cohesion and aggressiveness, and after two weeks, finding themselves caught in the valley with North Vietnamese artillery above them on the heights—a situation reminiscent of Dien Bien Phu—they withdrew. Under heavy pressure, though, they lost a lot of men and equipment and disintegrated; fifteen hundred men are still unaccounted for, although the majority have probably just gone off to their homes and will return to their units eventually. The North Vietnamese capture of Nam Bac was only a beginning. Since then, the Communists have pushed down through Houa Phan Province, which borders on North Vietnam, and into Xieng Khouang, the next province to the south, and have captured a score or more of airstrips that the government had been using primarily to supply the tribal peoples in the northeast—particularly the Meo, who have served well in the government forces. The government had had only a tenuous hold on parts of this area, and this has now been lost. As a result, nearly ten thousand refugees have fled south, and twenty-five thousand tribesmen have come under Communist control. During their drive to the south, the North Vietnamese troops also captured an important secret communications installation at Pha Thi, near the North Vietnamese border, which had been used to assist United States bombing attacks on North Vietnam.

In a recent visit to the region, I flew

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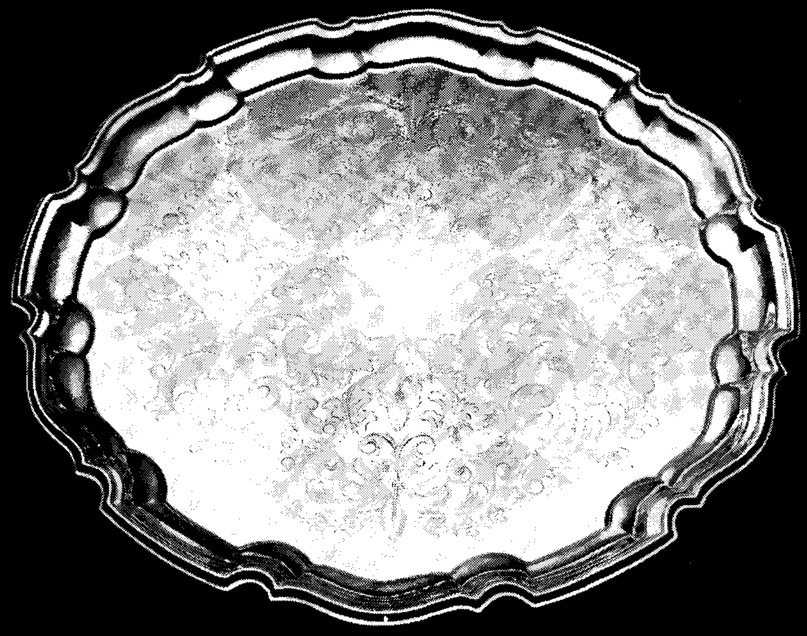

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in a small single-engine plane called a Helio to Sam Thong, in Xieng Khouang Province, where Americans run the area's main refugee center. The Communists have been taking potshots at small aircraft lately, bringing down a number of helicopters and shooting holes in some Helios, and as we flew between the mountain peaks of this rugged country my pilot, an American civilian, commented, "I can use up a whole year's supply of adrenalin out here in half a day." The atmosphere at Sam Thong was tense, for North Vietnamese forces were only a day's march away. Big Caribou transport planes were bringing in refugees from the north. These people—mostly Meo, but including some Lao and some other tribesmen called Thai Dam, or Black Thais—were clustered alongside the runway, and among the several varieties of native dress I noticed the saffron robes of a dozen Buddhist monks. I was shown through the Sam Thong hospital by Dr. Charles Weldon, a United States Public Health Service doctor employed by the Agency for International Development. Weldon, formerly a private practitioner in a Louisiana farm community, came out to Laos five years ago with his wife, who is also working for AID. The Sam Thong hospital, which last year handled twelve thousand four hundred Laotian casualties, was now packed with victims of the current offensive—mostly young men with bullet wounds in their faces or chests, or with shattered limbs. "We picked them up wherever we could and carried them to the nearest secure area, and then flew them down here," Dr. Weldon said. "The whole northern region is falling to the Communists. They're fighting harder this year than they've ever fought before, and they're using their first team. The situation is hopelessly mixed up with the Vietnam war, and these poor people are taking a beating. Once we Americans had assumed an obligation to help them, we shouldn't have allowed them to suffer because of the situation in Vietnam. We should have defended them and helped them for their own sake."

Dr. Weldon, a gentle and soft-spoken man, was less severe in his criticism of his fellow-countrymen than his boss at Sam Thong, Edgar (Pop) Buell, a fifty-five-year-old Indiana farmer who has been in Laos with AID for eight years, working mostly among the Meo. I first met Buell in 1963, and then he was already becoming a legend for his impassioned dedication to the Meo cause. If anything, he has become more impassioned since. There

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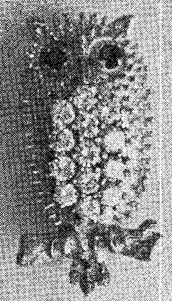

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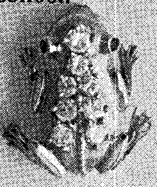

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are about two hundred and fifty thousand Meo in the country. A ruddy-complexioned Tibetan-Burmese people who migrated south from China originally, and who hate and fear the Chinese, they are among the best fighters in Southeast Asia. They have been organized into Laotian Army units under the command of one of their own leaders, Major General Vang Pao, who is regarded by the Americans, among others, as one of the two best commanders in Laos. The Meo, who grow rice on the mountain slopes and who prefer to live at altitudes above thirty-five hundred feet, practice a slash-and-burn system of cultivation, remaining in one hilly spot five or six years and then moving to another after burning off their first holding so that trees will grow back normally in about twelve years. They also grow opium, which they sell in the cities, and their fervent devotion to their land is partly attributable to their determination not to lose the income from this profitable crop.

Buell had hardly slept for days because of the refugee crisis and he was in a highly emotional state. "People in Washington may call what's going on here in Laos 'the forgotten war,' but some of us will never forget it," he said. "General Vang Pao told me six years ago, 'O.K., we're willing to do our part, because we feel it's for the free world and it's our duty, and all we ask of you is that you support us.' But that's the last damn thing we've done! The only real weapons the troops have are what they've captured from the enemy. Otherwise, they've just got old Second World War stuff—carbines and some mortars—which may have been all right four years ago but can't do anything against the new AK-47 automatic rifles the North Vietnamese have now. V.P. [as Buell usually called General Vang Pao] has lost at least a thousand men since January 1st—a thousand killed, that is. I don't know how many more wounded. Was it their war at Pha Thi? We asked them to go in and defend our lousy communications installation because of the Vietnam war. Why didn't *we* defend it? We destroyed part of their homeland in order to keep that installation secure, and now it's lost anyway. What's more important, I've just lost twenty-five thousand people to the Communists, and they were all my friends. A few days ago, I was with V.P.'s officers when they rounded up three hundred fresh Meo recruits. Thirty per cent of the kids were fourteen years old or less, and about a dozen were only ten years old. Another

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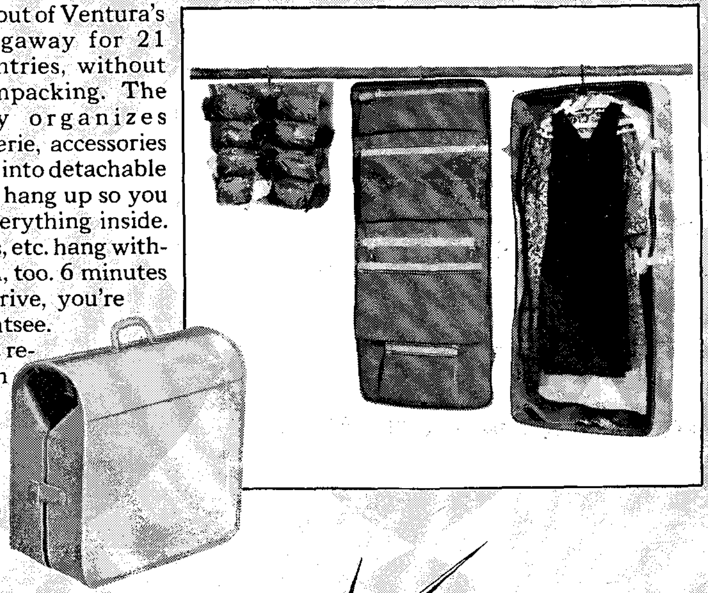

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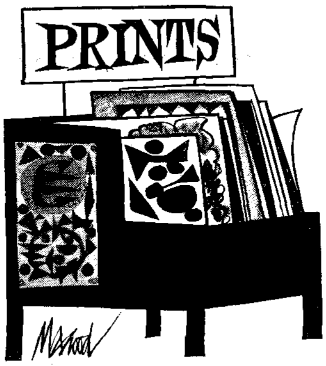
thirty per cent were fifteen or sixteen. The rest were thirty-five or over. Where were the ones in between? I'll tell you—they're all dead. Here were these little kids, in their camouflage uniforms that were much too big for them. But they looked real neat, and when the King of Laos talked to them they were proud and cocky as could be. They're eager. Their fathers and brothers played Indian before them, and now they want to play Indian, too. But V.P. and I know better. They're too young and they aren't trained, and in a few weeks ninety per cent of them will be killed. For what?"

It was easy to sympathize with Buell and Weldon. Here were two middle-aged men who were spending the last years of their professional lives working themselves almost to death (Buell, who is due to retire soon, has already had one heart attack) for something they deeply believed in, for a people they genuinely loved and admired—people with a capacity for learning, not simply accepting assistance, and with a staunch belief in their own national identity and destiny. Both men told me stories of Meo heroism and martyrdom in the face of Communist aggression in northern Laos. In 1965, for example, when the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao moved to consolidate their conquests in the area east of the Plaine des Jarres, in the north-central part of the country, some nine thousand Meo tribesmen were forced to flee from their homes, much as they are doing now. After several days, they stopped in a bowl-like valley. Pursuing North Vietnamese attacked them, first with mortars and machine guns and then hand to hand, and killed a total of twelve hundred Meo, including women and children, many of whom were literally battered to death with clubs or the butts of guns. As Weldon told the story, "At the last moment, facing capture by the North Vietnamese, the Meo killed scores of their own children and old people so that they would not have to suffer capture by the Communists." Buell told me of another episode. Some North Vietnamese troops came into a village where there remained only seven old men and a number of women, because the young men were all off fighting; the troops grabbed all the rice they could get, and the following morning, before they left, they collected the seven old men and shot all of them through the legs. Buell said, "It was a very simple lesson the Communists were giving them: 'Stick with us or you die.' It's not like Vietnam here. There are no Communist shadow governments. Oh, sure, in some villages they put in a Party man or two to stay awhile and organize things, but there is nothing like the fancy infrastructure they've built up in South Vietnam. Here it's one side or the other. This is a war of invasion and extermination."

General Vang Pao, who had been busy fighting a North Vietnamese battalion about nine miles away, later drove in his jeep over to Sam Thong, where he particularly wanted to visit with some of the newly arrived Meo refugees from the north. A handsome man in his late thirties, who has five wives and twenty children, Vang Pao is the commander of Region II, one of five military areas in Laos. He was trained by the French in Hanoi, and he speaks both French and English in addition to Lao and a variety of Meo dialects. He told Buell and me that the situation was more serious than ever before. "We're losing ten or twenty men a day," he said. "The North Vietnamese have us outgunned, with heavy mortars and artillery as well as AK-47s. We have respected the Geneva accords on armaments, but they have not, and we did not expect a conventional offensive of this kind. We need modern weapons and more than the few T-28 bombers we have. We must mobilize all the hillmen in this part of the country. The Communists are mounting a political as well as a military offensive. They are determined to throw us out of Sam Neua and the other northern provinces. After that, the cities, including Luang Prabang and Vientiane, will no longer be safe. We will be done for up here unless we can get help within a month. You Americans had better hurry up, because we are nearly all dead." Vang Pao said all this passionately yet with full control of himself, which made it the more impressive. He added that there were forty-six thousand North Vietnamese troops in northern Laos, and that, furthermore, there were four Chinese Communist battalions fighting alongside them. The Chinese, he maintained, had been identified by documents and insignia, and his men had come across the bodies of



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five Chinese soldiers only twenty kilometres from Sam Thong.

The presence of Chinese fighting elements in Laos has been often rumored but never proved, and both American and Laotian officials in Vientiane whom I spoke with after my visit to Sam Thong tended to doubt Vang Pao's intelligence sources, though they conceded that the reports could be right. "We've simply *never* seen *any* documentary evidence," one American Embassy man said. He added that some Chinese troops are known to be in the country but that there is no proof that they have been engaged in combat. Between two and three hundred are in the area held by the Pathet Lao in the Plaine des Jarres, a hundred or so miles north of Vientiane, where they are serving as a sort of military advisory group to the local Communists and as a security force. The Chinese also maintain a cultural and economic mission there. Some three hundred more are in Phong Saly Province, in the northernmost part of the country, just below the Chinese border. This detachment brings in supplies from China and helps train pro-Communist neutralist forces led by a Colonel Deuane Sounarath, which total about two thousand and which also operate mostly in and around the Plaine des Jarres. Additional Chinese troops move in and out of Laos farther west, to guard a supply route from Yunnan. Phong Saly is the domain of Khammouan Boupha, a local warlord who depends on the Chinese Communists for supplies. He has fifteen hundred men, some of them Chinese-speaking members of the Ho tribe, and these, too, move back and forth between China and Laos. There are three known roads in the north and northwest leading into China, and there is no denying that the Chinese could readily move combat forces into Laos if they chose, but so far they seem to have confined themselves to providing logistical support for the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao. "We would like to be able to prove that the Chinese are fighting here," another Embassy man said. "Vang Pao may be personally convinced that they are, but he's an emotional guy, and he's in a real bind right now. Our guess is that the Chinese, who have problems of their own, want to be very careful here because of the Russians—to say nothing of the Americans. You've got to remember that when the Chinese attacked India, the Russians moved in MIG aircraft to help protect the Indian forces. In Laos, the Russians want to keep the present fragile structure es-

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sentially intact, and they have all along tried to prevent expansion of the Vietnam war, because expansion would simply mean an added drain on them, militarily and economically."

SINCE the nineteen-fifties, Laos has been one of the best listening posts in Southeast Asia, and a number of diplomats here have suggested to me that the Russians have very likely been influencing Hanoi to begin negotiations. That Moscow desires peace is generally accepted here, for an end to the war would both encourage better relations with the United States and enable the Russians to reinforce their position vis-à-vis China in Southeast Asia. If the Chinese, out of disapproval of the pending negotiations—and Peking has already expressed such disapproval—stopped aiding the Vietnamese, the Russians would undoubtedly be called upon by Hanoi to help rebuild and develop North Vietnam, and would probably have to keep the Hanoi government suitably armed as well. And the same would hold true, to a lesser extent, for Laos. "Peace might turn out to be even more expensive for the Russians than war, but there seems little doubt that they are eager to see it come about," one Western diplomat remarked. "Here in Laos, they are treading softly and being very polite for the moment while they monitor what the Americans are doing. What is interesting is that here, as elsewhere in Southeast Asia, they're sending topflight people out to represent them. They show every indication of wanting to stay in the area."

The difficult prospects for negotiating peace and then maintaining it in both Vietnam and Laos were made apparent to me during a trip I took to southern Laos. Here, Military Region IV contains the southern portion of the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex, where, after twisting down from North Vietnam, it passes through Laos on its way to South Vietnam. From Tchepone, near the North Vietnamese border just below the Seventeenth Parallel, the trail widens from a succession of jungle routes into a new road, which leads southeastward toward the important provincial capitals of Saravane and Attopeu, in Laos, and then it narrows again, first into small dirt roads and later into trails. South of Attopeu, it more or less joins the so-called Sihanouk Trail, which here consists of the Se Kong—a tributary of the Mekong River—as it runs from Laos into Cambodia. On this stretch of the river, barges and sampans carry mostly rice and medical supplies from Cambodia,

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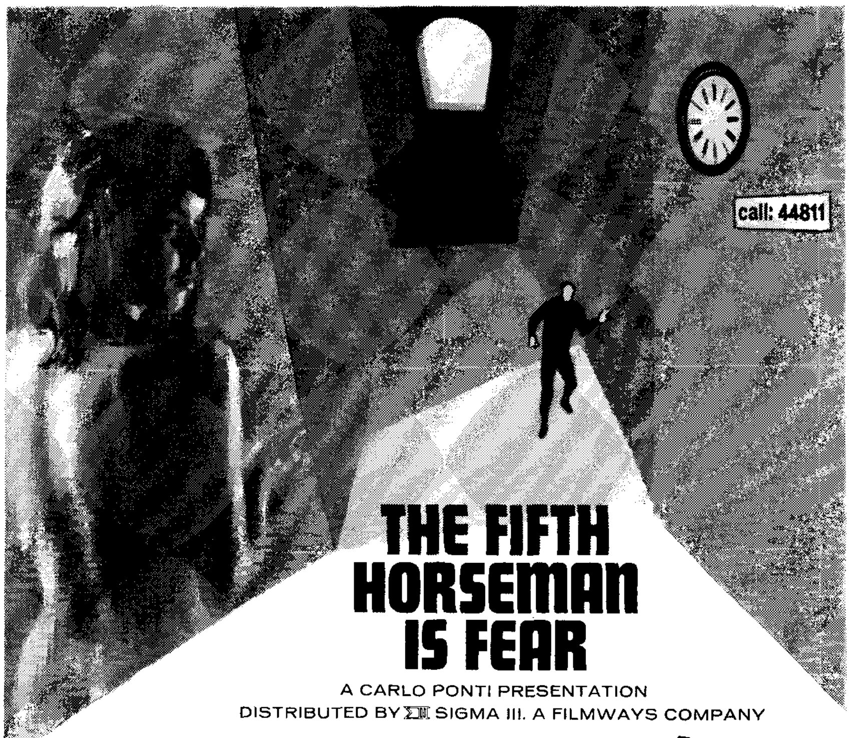
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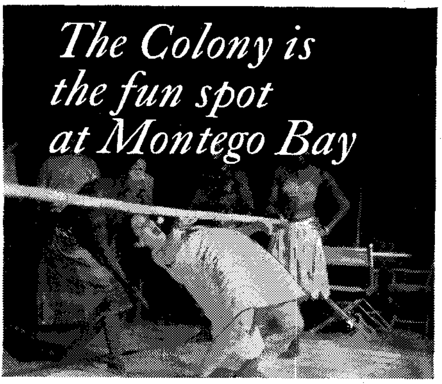
and where the river ceases to be navigable the cargoes are hauled eastward into South Vietnam, first by truck and then on foot by North Vietnamese transportation-corps workers, to merge with the flow of matériel and men on the way down by land from North Vietnam. During the current fighting, the North Vietnamese in southern Laos—there are about ten thousand of them—have sought, with some success, to widen the secured area flanking the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the area between Saravane and Attopeu and around the Bolovens Plateau, in the middle of the region. By threatening these two cities—and also the town of Lao Ngam, on the western side of the plateau—they have revealed their intention of permanently spreading their control, in the name of the Pathet Lao, over territory in the south, and they will presumably claim this newly won ground when negotiations between the United States and North Vietnam get under way, just as they intend to claim the territory they have won in the north. It can hardly be expected that the Communists will altogether stop their buildup and resupply, or their political activities, when the peace talks begin, even if the fighting itself should stop altogether. The tasks of ultimately determining who controls what area of Laos, of trying to halt the arms and supply traffic here, and of policing this whole region and adjacent portions of South Vietnam are bound to occupy the attention of the negotiators for months, if not years.

Traffic on the Ho Trail, according to what I have been told in Laos, is forty per cent heavier this year than it was in the comparable period of 1967, and American air attacks on the Trail, mounted from Thai airbases, have consequently been more intense. As many as six hundred trucks a month have been destroyed, the bulk of them north of Tchepone and just below the Mu Gia Pass. The vehicles move south through this pass, and then some of them turn off to the east through the A Shau Valley and the rest move farther south, toward Attopeu, and then eastward into the South Vietnamese Central Highlands. The air attacks, of course, are still not admitted to be taking place, inasmuch as the Laotian Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, is formally dedicated to a policy of neutrality—although he condones a return of fire by "reconnaissance" planes. Even less often mentioned than the air attacks are trail-watching activities carried out by the Americans, the South Vietnamese, and the Lao, on both sides



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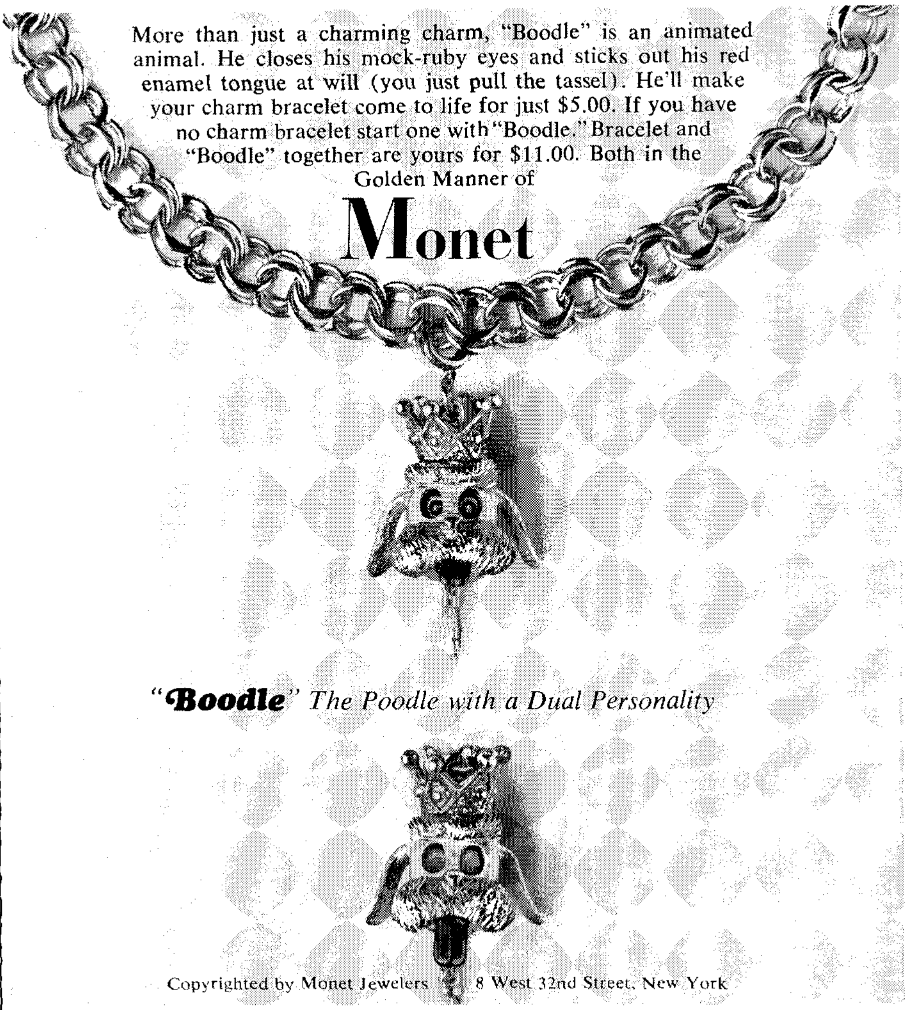
of the Laos-South Vietnam border. Since the United States has promised to live up to the spirit of the Geneva accords of 1954 and 1962 guaranteeing the neutrality of Laos, it officially maintains only a large staff of military attachés and clerical assistants here—no acknowledged "military advisers" or other American troops. It has ceased to be much of a secret, however, that the trail-watching is a vital undercover operation, requiring considerable military and civilian coöperation and logistical support, or, for that matter, that it has been one of the most successful joint intelligence efforts of the war.

In Paksé, a town of some thirty-two thousand on the banks of the Mekong River, which is not far from either Thailand or Cambodia, I spoke with Americans and Lao at the Region IV headquarters of Major General Phasouk Somly, who is ranked with General Vang Pao as one of the two most highly regarded commanders in the country. The officers at Paksé all agreed that the North Vietnamese, being far better armed than the Laotian Army (they have 140-mm. rockets, heavy mortars, and AK-47 automatic rifles), could take Saravane, Attopeu, and Lao Ngam if they wanted to attack them in regimental strength, but everybody also agreed that they probably would not go that far, even though they have been laying siege for three months not only to these towns but to others in Region IV and some in Region III, to the north. The North Vietnamese seizure of a provincial capital would be a flagrant violation of the Geneva accords, and the North Vietnamese are thought to be trying to avoid such a thing right now. The Communists may have hoped that by subjecting the Laotian troops in the towns to strong harassment, including two big mortar and rocket barrages at Attopeu over the last several weeks, they could induce the government to evacuate one or more provincial capitals on its own initiative, and thus give them an excuse for claiming that the towns were not actually "captured." General Phasouk's forces have defended them well, however, doing some of the best Laotian fighting since the war began. Late in February, the outer defenses of Saravane, Attopeu, and Lao Ngam were all surrounded and attacked at once, and some North Vietnamese elements briefly entered Lao Ngam. Nevertheless, all three places ultimately held, and the Communists lost about five hundred men. All in all, the North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao have lost between a thousand and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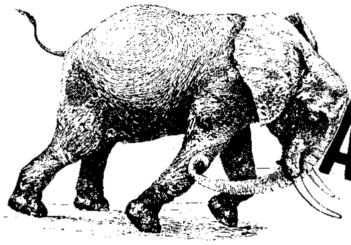
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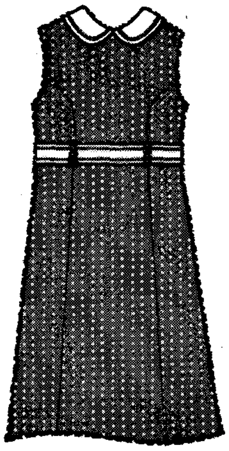

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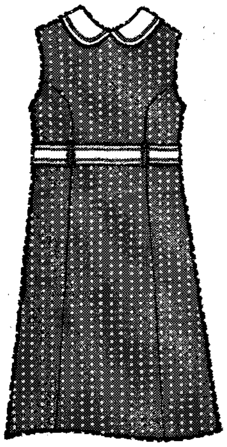

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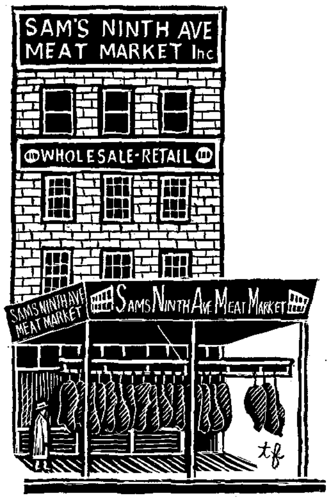
fifteen hundred troops over the past few months, many of them killed by T-28 bombing strikes, which are the most effective means the Lao have of making up for their inferiority in ground weapons. In the government forces, during the same period, five hundred men have been killed in action. Since early March, there have been skirmishes and continued shellings by the Communists, and along roads in Region IV there have been ambushes that have slowed down communications. However, all-out attacks have stopped, at least for the moment, and it begins to look as if the Communists might settle down in their present positions.

ONE effect of the recent attacks was to bestir the Laotian section of the International Control Commission, which was originally set up under the 1954 Geneva agreement and is manned by representatives of India, Canada, and Poland, with the nominal function of policing the supposed truce in the entire Indo-China area. After the February offensive in the south, Commission members conducted their first investigation of any kind in about two years in Laos when the Indian and Canadian delegates visited Saravane for several hours at Premier Souvanna Phouma's request. The third local member of the Commission, the Pole, refused to go along. The two who did go found the city two-thirds deserted but the government garrisons well dug in. Because the Indian was reluctant to take part in a thorough investigation—he has only recently arrived in Laos, and though he is far more willing to support an active Commission role than his predecessor was, he still wants to move slowly—the report of the two Commissioners was based on fragmentary information. Even so, the Canadian said that there was ample evidence that Saravane was under siege. It is hoped that the trip may portend a more useful role for the Commission, but, by the same token, it is feared that in focussing attention on the divisions within the Commission the trip could lead to its collapse. In any event, the role of the International Control Commission—which theoretically includes the inspection of places under attack and of the whole Trail complex in the border area—will be a vital subject in any negotiations that take place. Obviously, some way of policing and supervising any ultimate peace agreement must be found. It is too soon to predict whether the Commission can be reëndorsed by all the parties concerned and given sufficient powers, equipment, and men to do the job, or whether some other agency, such as a United Nations police force, will have to be substituted. Differences over interpretation of the Commission's obligations and functions have rendered the Commission virtually helpless all along, in Vietnam and Cambodia as well as in Laos—a fact that serves to emphasize the terrible problems involved in making and keeping any sort of peace in Southeast Asia.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In Laos, where the Commission has had slightly more leeway than it has had in Vietnam and Cambodia, it has been stymied in various ways. The Neo Lao Hak Sat, the Communist-dominated political front that is the counterpart of the Pathet Lao, claims that the Commission has no legal right to operate, under international agreements made in 1961 and 1962 at Zurich and Geneva, which stipulated that Laos would be run by a tripartite government composed of Communists, neutralists (led by Souvanna Phouma), and representatives of pro-Western groups. The Communists now say that after their men withdrew from the government in 1963 all bets were off. There is a fundamental discrepancy involved here, for while one of the agreements stipulated that *governmental* decisions must be made unanimously by the three parties, the terms for the operation of the Commission permitted it to conduct investigations on the basis of a simple majority vote among the three members. The Communists argue that this investigatory function cannot be carried out because the present Souvanna Phouma government, without the Communists, is unable to *ask for* any kind of investigation "unanimously." Principally for this reason, the Polish member of the Commission has refused to take part in any of the very few investigations that have been conducted. The Poles claim, furthermore, that the Commission doesn't really exist at present because it was supposed to be formally continued by a unanimous vote of the Geneva participants every three years. This was done once, in 1965, but thereafter two of the signatories of the disputed agreements, Communist China and North Vietnam, voted against its continuance. The Poles, and also the Russians—who, with the British, were co-chairmen of the Geneva conferences—are said to want to keep the Commission alive in principle but under wraps, arguing that its role should only be one of offering "good offices." The Canadians, with the support of the United States, say that even such a function implies the right, if not the duty, to investigate breaches of the peace.

All this confusion about the Commission's function and purpose underlines a pervasive doubt that it can operate successfully anywhere in the former Indo-China area unless the procedures governing it are completely reëvaluated and new rules are set up for its performance. Under current circumstances, a reëvaluation may be impossible. There are those, including the Canadians, who believe that the Commission can and should be continued, in view of the experience it has gained and the potentially useful framework it has built. If some sort of coalition government can be reëstablished in Vientiane, they say, Commission teams could be placed in the field to police a cease-fire and oversee the various disparate military units in the field, each of which would be allowed to move only at the discretion of the Vientiane government. Next, about fifty fixed and mobile teams would be needed to supervise activity on all roads, passes, and trails, and these teams would have to be accorded complete freedom of movement. After these two kinds of teams were functioning, say the Canadians, a new national gendarmerie, including some special border police, could replace the Army in the countryside as a peace-keeping instrument, to deal with banditry, insurrection, and other disturbances. All this may sound utopian, but unless some such machinery is created—in Vietnam as well as in Laos—the chances of maintaining peace seem slim.

No amount of policing, however efficient, will be able to insure a satisfactory peace and pave the way for social and economic progress unless workable political formulas can be found, and, once found, put into effect. The Laotian government has shown far more willingness to accept and re-implement a coalition solution than has the government of South Vietnam, where President Nguyen Van Thieu and the National Assembly have both taken a

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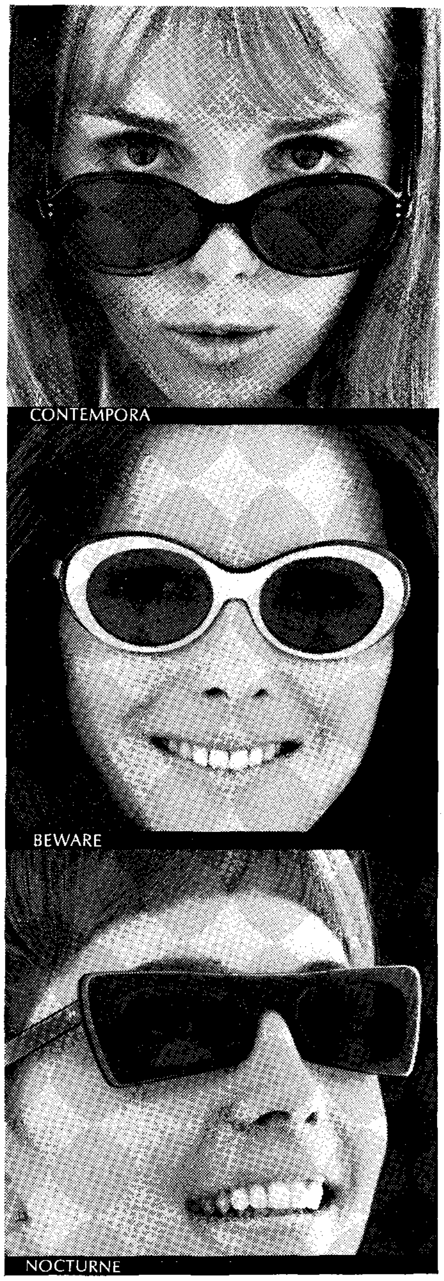
strong stand against any kind of coalition with the Communists. Other South Vietnamese believe just as firmly that some sort of process of accommodation is inevitable and that the sooner it is attempted the better off everyone will be. Here in Vientiane, Souvanna Phouma keeps the door open for the Communists to reënter the government, but they are not likely to do so unless they get some of the things they want, and those include an arrangement whereby they can keep control of the territory they now hold, which is only very slightly larger than the territory they held in 1962. Control and influence are two different things, however, and whether they can be rationally apportioned in the context of a new national-unity government based on a sharing of ministerial posts and on popular elections, as before, remains to be seen.

Prince Boun Oum, for example, a colorful patriarch and dominant figure in the south, who helped negotiate the Geneva agreements, though he never expected them to work, and who subsequently withdrew from the tripartite government they created, told me bluntly, "I don't believe in Laotian neutrality. Geneva was all done for geopolitical reasons. It had no sense of reality. It was an artificial myth created by the big powers. I told Harriman [Averell Harriman, a principal negotiator then and now President Johnson's chief negotiator for Vietnam] that I saw no point in sitting down and talking to Prince Souphanouvong [the Communist representative in the Laotian coalition]. Why make us sit down with a bunch of pirates? Harriman was locked in his own contradictions, as you Americans always are. Why try to force us into fictitious neutrality deals? We've been neutral from time immemorial, actually, in that we don't want to pick a quarrel with anyone." Boun Oum's views represent an understandable disillusion with earlier theories and concepts about the Indo-China area. Certainly these ideas were not fully or carefully formulated at the time of the original Geneva conference, in 1954, or in 1962; as a consequence, the Geneva agreements have proved unworkable. In the case of the 1954 accord, this was undoubtedly the result of the overhasty French withdrawal and the equally hasty and perhaps ill-conceived substitution of an American presence in South Vietnam. A more carefully calculated American commitment, followed by a continuous and not sporadic and crisis-oriented use of leverage, is, in a sense, what the Americans



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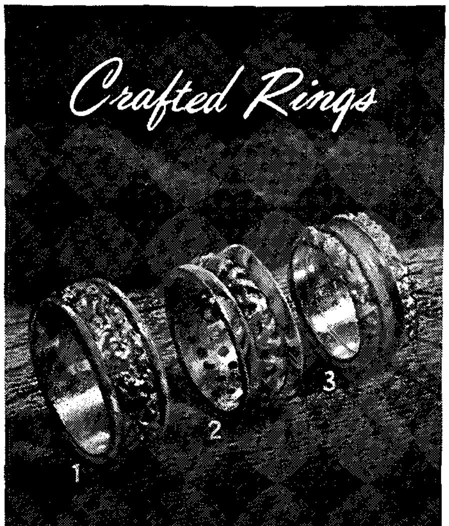

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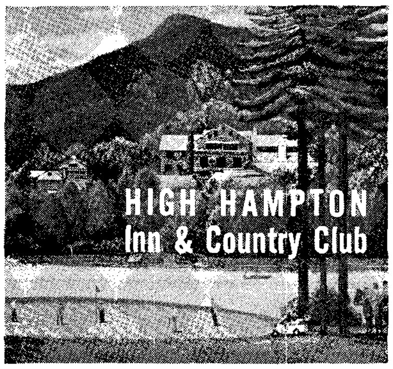

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are now belatedly trying to achieve in Laos, which is one of the reasons for having some hope for the country's future.

This restrained American approach, if not in tune with that of Boun Oum or some of the Laotian generals, who want more and better guns and planes with which to fight or hold off the North Vietnamese, is very much in tune with the policy of Souvanna Phouma, and it is Souvanna who, almost single-handed, guides Laotian policy. I spoke with the Premier during my present visit, and found him to be as firm as he was when I last saw him, some three years ago, about maintaining his position of neutrality and operating within the lines of the 1962 agreement—if only the Communists would come home to the family in Vientiane. He admitted that the military situation was more serious now than ever before, and that what he called "the lack of tranquillity" resulted from "the violations by the North Vietnamese of our territory, and the ideological war of subversion that emanates from North Vietnam." A political solution in Vietnam was inevitable, he said, and peace there would bring peace in Laos. Once the "foreign troops" of Hanoi left Laos, there would be no reason, he said, that the Pathet Lao and the Neo Lao Hak Sat should not be represented in the Army and in the Vientiane government respectively, and he was keeping reserved for the Communists the four ministerial seats they had once held. He foresaw a neutral bloc of Buddhist nations, consisting of both Vietnams, Laos, Cambodia, and Burma, but excluding Thailand, because of that country's association with the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. He did not seem especially worried about the possibility of Chinese intervention in the present fighting, and he echoed what the Americans at our Embassy had told me about the absence of proof that any Chinese were fighting on Laotian soil. "Don't stir the anthill," he cautioned. As for more American military aid, he went on, it was not needed. "If we want more, we'll ask," he said. "But the help we have now is enough." A few days later, however, when I saw him after the news of President Johnson's speech and of Hanoi's response, he sought assurances that the American help he was now getting would at least be continued.

Certainly there is more likelihood of a cutback in our unpublicized military and semi-military assistance, much of which stems from the Central Intelligence Agency, than there is of a cutback

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in the American economic-aid program for Laos, which amounted to $57,600,000 for fiscal 1967 and will run about the same for fiscal 1968. In this respect, Souvanna Phouma's new fears may prove well founded. In its eagerness to prove its good intentions to Hanoi, the United States may already have cut down on some of the air support it has been rendering to General Vang Pao in the north. Other forms of aid to him have recently been increased, however, and as yet there is no indication that the daily average of two hundred and fifty bombing attacks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail has been reduced since President Johnson's speech, or that they will be unless Hanoi provides some assurance that the rate of infiltration will be cut. As far as the Lao are concerned, support within their country is more important than interdiction of traffic on the Trail—which mostly, though not entirely, affects Vietnam—but it is not likely that Washington will send Laos more T-28 propeller-driven bombers to add to the forty now there. Actually, not more than thirty trained Laotian pilots are available on any single day, and only about the same number of planes are operational. The Laotian officers keep saying that they would like to see their whole Army, of some fifty-five thousand men, supplied with M-16 rifles, in place of the older M-1s and M-2s they now mostly have, but the Americans feel that the M-16 may be too complex a weapon for the average Laotian soldier to handle, and that although the older weapons are not the equal in firepower of the Communists' AK-47s they have so far proved suitable for defensive action, particularly when the action is aided by air support. The morale and the fighting ability of the Laotian Army have both improved in recent years, and the consensus among the American military observers here is that the government troops at present have all the basic technical training they need, although they still need a lot more work on such things as fire planning, coördination with artillery, communications, and intelligence. Giving them too many advanced weapons at this point would be futile, these experts say.

As for our economic assistance to Laos, about two-thirds of it now comes under the heading of aid for specific projects. Particular stress is being placed on agricultural improvements, including irrigation schemes, which range from the building of large and small dams to the installation of pumps; the distribution of modern fertilizers; the

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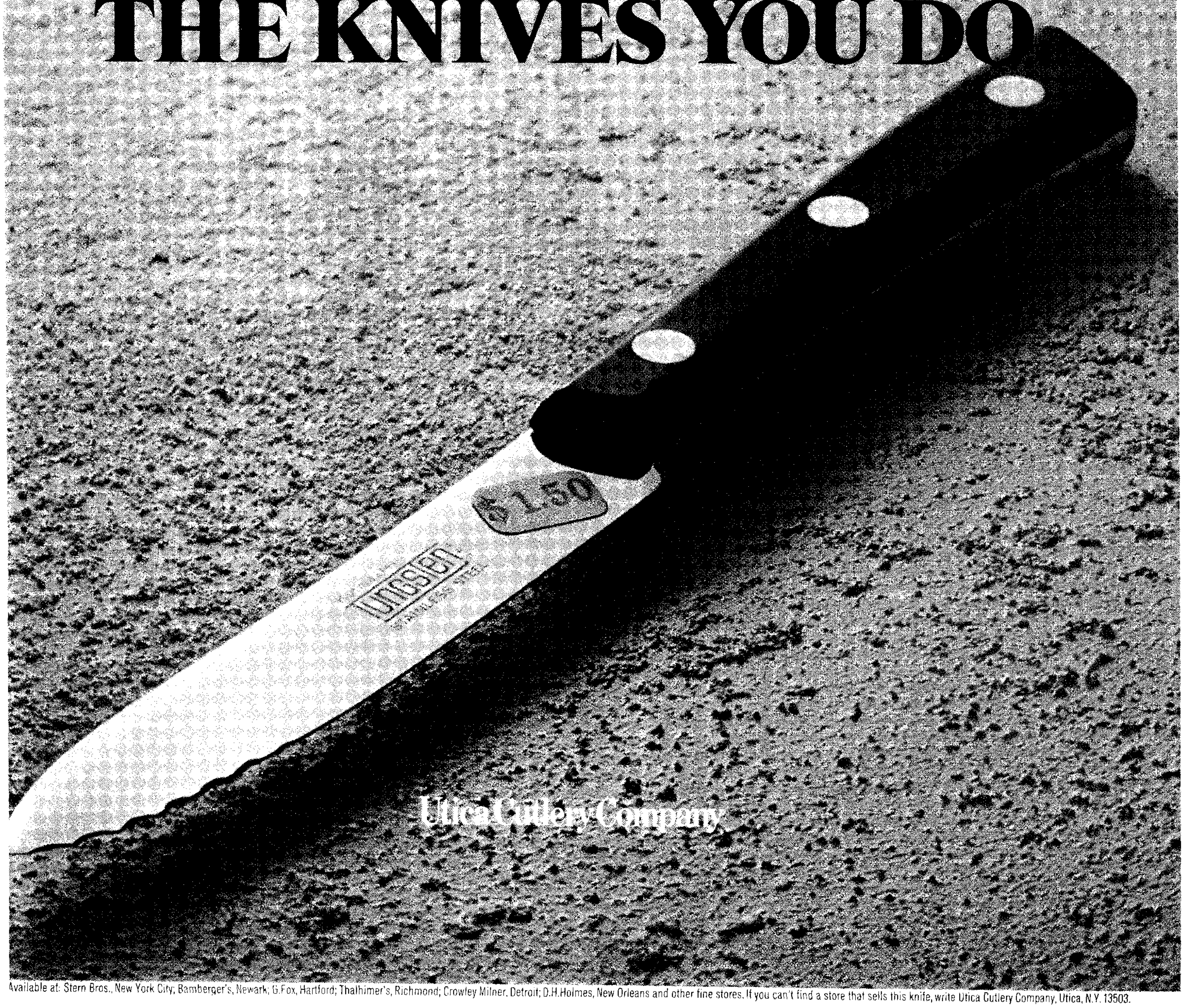

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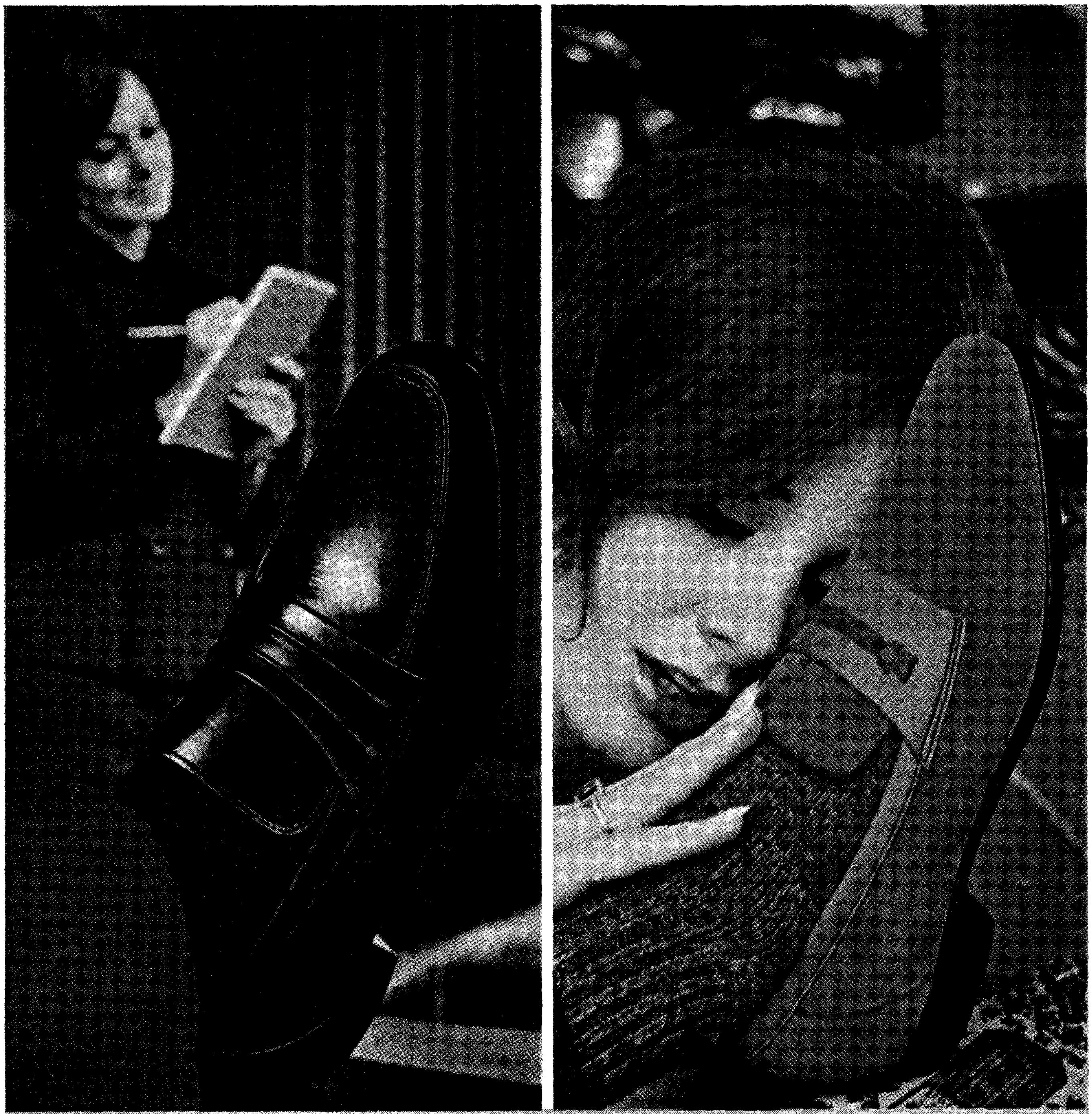

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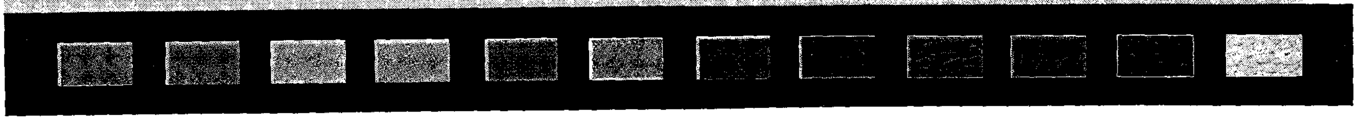
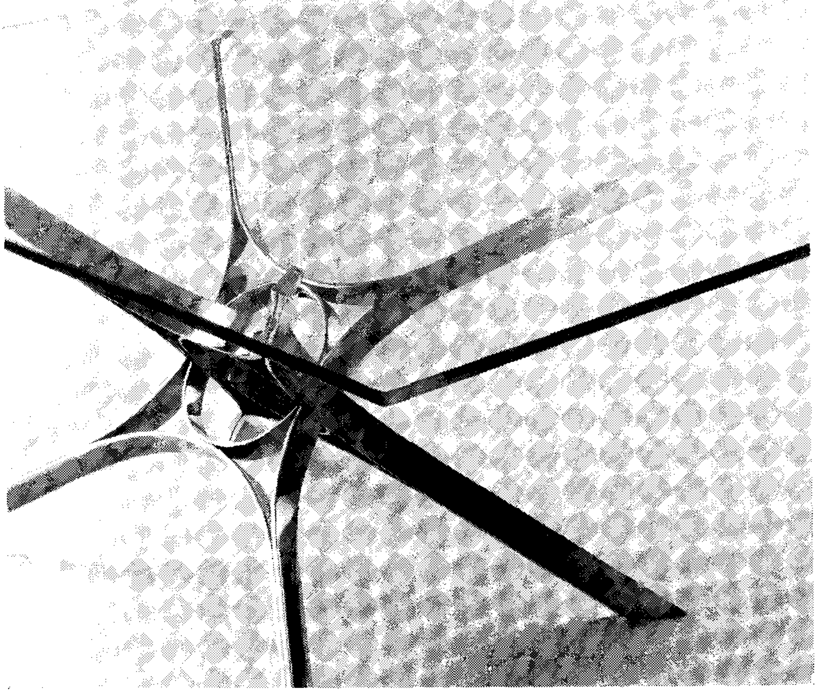


facilitation of credit; and experiments with new, high-yield rice developed at the American-backed International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines. This rice, which can increase a farmer's total annual output tenfold, promises to revolutionize the nation's economy. Laos has in the past produced about half a million tons of rice annually and has had to import between fifty and seventy thousand additional tons. It has been hoped by our experts that the planting of the new rice would create an exportable surplus of fifty thousand tons within the next several years, and that this figure could jump to two hundred thousand tons within a few more years. However, the increased military activity and the North Vietnamese Army's seizure of territory may hold this program back. There has been a large rise in vegetable production here over the last few years, and Laos now sends vegetables to Thailand instead of buying them there, as it has traditionally done. The cultivation of forest lands and the production of lumber are also increasing. The construction and improvement of roads, both main highways and feeder roads for bringing crops in from outlying areas, is rapidly progressing. The other areas in which American aid has been important are education and health. In the first, hundreds of elementary and secondary schools have been built all over the country, and new teacher-training programs have been started. In the second, some two hundred and fifty rural dispensaries have been built and staffed. In addition to all this, our development-aid program and our commodity-import program—which involves bringing in petroleum products, vehicles, and other equipment—are designed to shift Laos from a subsistence economy to a market economy as soon as possible, which means as soon as its people are able to learn new methods and techniques. As both Ambassador William Sullivan, who is one of the ablest American diplomats in this part of the world, and Joseph Mendenhall, the chief of the American aid program here, have pointed out, the Lao, like any other people, want to be able to buy such things as motor scooters and transistor radios with their increased profits, but if they are to avoid falling back into patterns of corruption imposed for years by moneylenders and grasping landlords, they must first be made fully aware of their responsibilities in such matters as the repayment of loans and understand the workings of credit relationships set up with the government. "We can be catalysts,"



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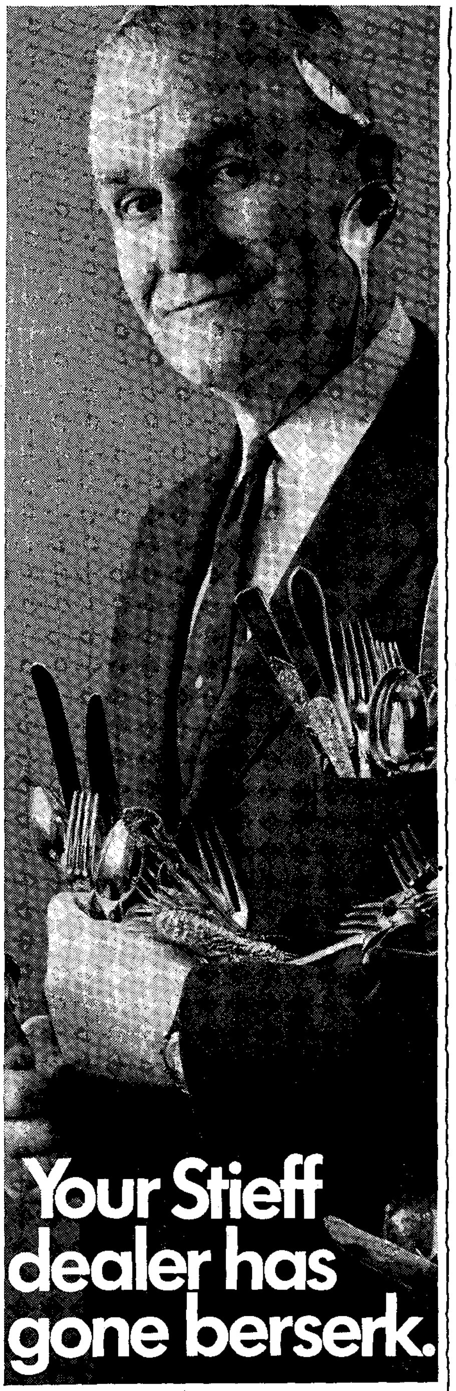
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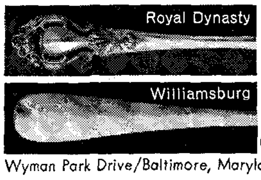

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Sullivan says, "but we have to make sure the Lao understand what's taking place, and we have to find a system under which they can carry the ball themselves."

Financially, Laos is in considerably better shape than most of the other Southeast Asian nations. In fact, it has one of the soundest national currencies in the world, thanks to the Foreign Exchange Operations Fund that supports it. This is a five-nation stabilization mechanism backed by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Australia, which was created on the recommendation of the International Monetary Fund late in 1963. It operates by selling foreign exchange through banks at the now stable rate of five hundred kip to the dollar to anyone desiring it for any purpose, and this gives Laos a foreign-exchange market without any restrictions whatsoever. The United States in this fiscal year contributed $13.8 million to the fund—about seventy per cent of the total. Economic stability is also promoted by the commodity-import program, which makes dollars available at the rate of two hundred and forty kip to the dollar for the purchase of certain authorized commodities, the list of which has been restricted in the last two years because too many Laotian businessmen were making big profits by falsifying invoices, pricing goods at the five-hundred-to-one rate, and reëxporting them to Thailand. Laos, like many underdeveloped countries, is also the beneficiary of a counterpart fund set up by the United States, the proceeds of which are used for humanitarian projects, including supplemental support for some two hundred and fifty thousand refugees.

The Western-trained Minister of Finance, Sisouk na Champassak, has gradually brought the government deficit down in recent years, and he has been slowly increasing revenues from customs payments and a variety of special taxes. The national budget amounts to thirty-two million dollars, of which the Lao have to raise fifteen million dollars themselves. Almost half of this comes from an eight-and-a-half-per-cent tax imposed on the transit of gold, which may be legally traded in Laos, and which flows through the country, primarily from Europe, at the rate of five or six tons a month, mostly to South Vietnam. Sisouk is Souvanna Phouma's protégé and his heir apparent as Premier, and the mere fact that Sisouk's chances are considered good indicates that, after years of political uncertainty, accompanied by a variety of

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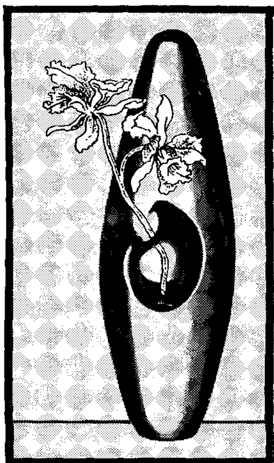

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coups and countercoups, Laotian politics may be starting to settle down—although, as one American observer recently remarked, "projecting the future political pattern here is a little like trying to package fog." In any event, there has been no major turbulence since early in 1965, when General Phoumi Nosavan, the right-wing leader who was once the favorite of the C.I.A., made a final abortive attempt to grab power and then left the country for what appears to be permanent exile in Thailand. In October, 1966, there was a lesser coup attempt by an Air Force leader, Brigadier General Thao Ma, but he, too, fled the country and is also living in Thailand, where he occasionally compares notes with General Phoumi.

The political power structure in Laos is based now, as it always has been, on family loyalties and regional alliances, which at the moment, fortunately, seem to balance each other in such a way as to preclude any rash action. Furthermore, Souvanna Phouma, who is now sixty-six, has strengthened his hold on the Premiership as the years have passed, and has managed to benefit from the rivalries that still exist among the generals and among family groups by playing them off against each other. (The only man who could cause trouble at present, it is generally agreed, is Major General Kouprasith Abhay, one of the Army's two deputy chiefs of staff and the commander of the Vientiane military region, whose private and profitable power base reaches into the civilian branches of the government, but the other general officers—most notably Vang Pao and Phasouk—would move against him if he tried to seize control.) Souvanna has also managed to diminish the power of some of the old-guard political and military elements by gradually bringing younger men into prominent government posts, and this move has increased the chances for a peaceful and orderly turnover to Sisouk when the time comes. Though Sisouk is a southerner himself (he comes from Champassak Province, which is Boun Oum's domain), he is not unanimously admired by the right-wing southern leaders, or by the generals, some of whom look down on him as something of an outsider and are either skeptical or contemptuous of his chief's continuing belief in Laotian neutrality. They seem to realize, however, that Sisouk has a good reputation abroad and is probably the man most capable of running the country. In the central part of Laos, which includes Vientiane Province, po-

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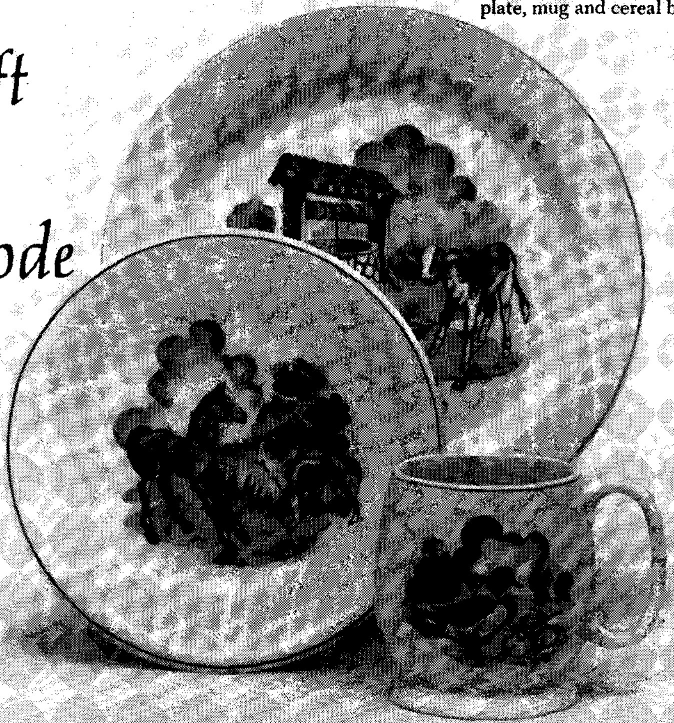

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litical power still rests quite solidly in the hands of the large and wealthy Sananikone family, with which General Kouprasith is aligned. In the north, aside from Vang Pao, who does not seem to have any political ambitions beyond the protection of the Meo, the only important political figure is the King, Savang Vatthana. He is a strong force for unity, particularly since he has lately been travelling around the country more. Both his name and his face are just coming to be known to many back-country peasants and tribesmen. All in all, as long as the Army doesn't flex its political muscles, the regional-and-family balance of power, under Souvanna's firm hand and the benevolent gaze of the King, is likely to be maintained.

What is still lacking is any political-party development, either at the center of government or in the countryside, where the competition from the Communists is keenest. The National Assembly members—there are fifty-nine of them, nine of whom hold ministerial jobs but don't vote, though they retain their seats—are mostly aligned with various regional and family groups. The Assembly operates largely through a standing committee that meets regularly in Vientiane in order to pass decrees proposed by Souvanna and the Cabinet, and the body as a whole plays little more than a ceremonial role. One of its northern members, named Chao Sopsaisana, has recently tried to initiate some sort of political action by getting thirty-eight of his fellow-assemblymen to join what he calls the Parliamentary Group for the Implementation of the Geneva Accords, which he hopes might lead to a new "national movement" that in time could become a party, but so far the organization has done nothing but issue some manifestos. A number of veteran observers of the scene here feel that the best hope for the future lies in the villages, among the local headmen, who are slowly becoming aware of the possibilities for progress. "You don't need a social-revolutionary figure here," one of these observers says. "You need political leadership that knows how to come to grips with the realities of daily life—men who can explain to the people why it's important to pump water up from the rivers for irrigation instead of depending on the seasonal rains. It will be some grubby little guy from one of the villages who will move the country from the seventeenth century into the twentieth."

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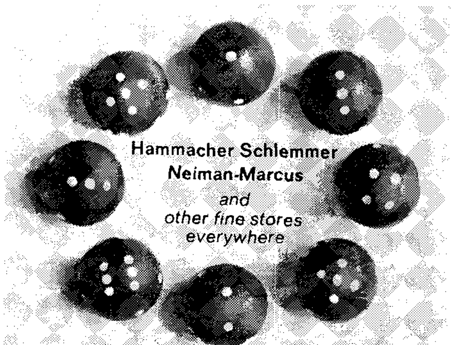

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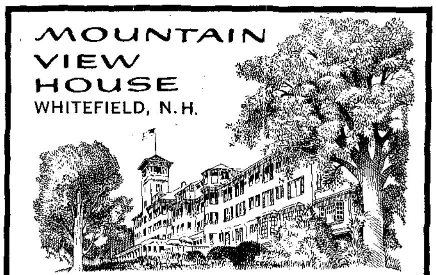

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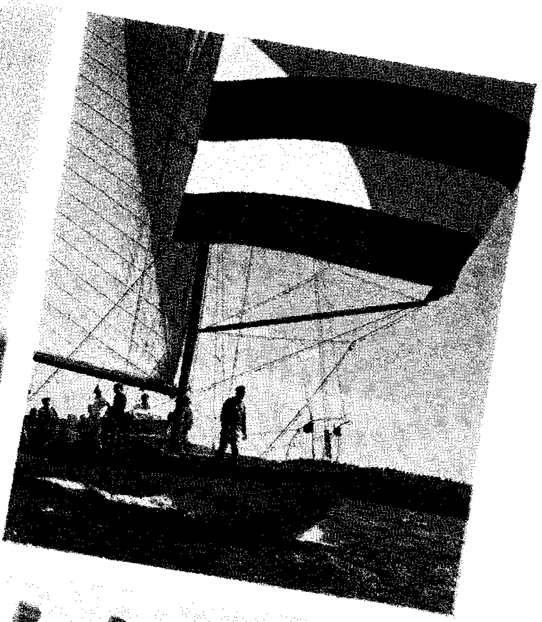

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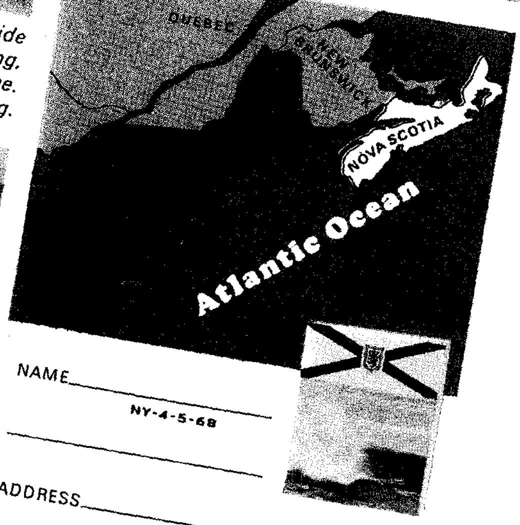

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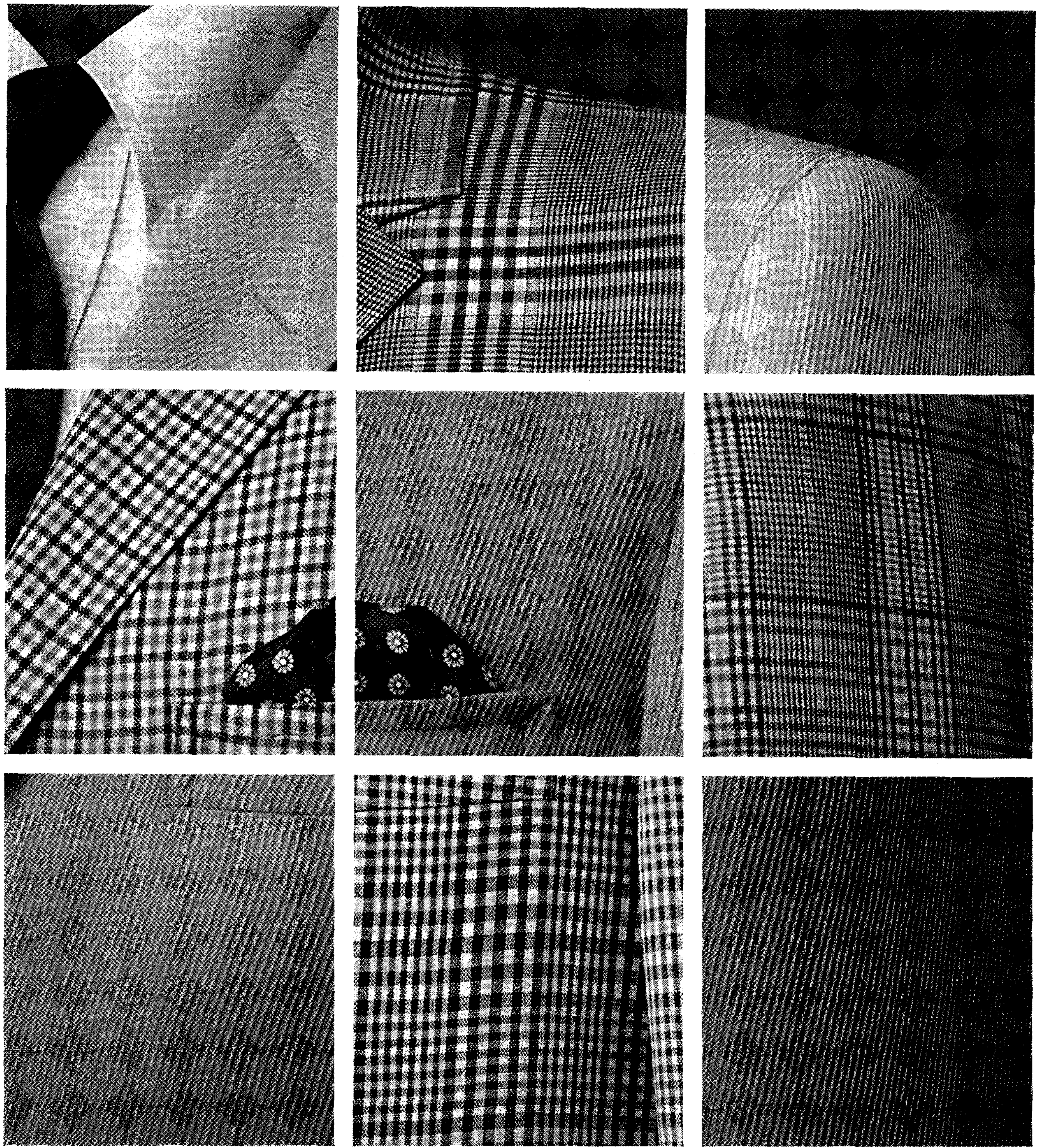

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Communist, taking orders from the Pathet Lao, or, more specifically, from the Phak Pasasan Lao, the clandestine Laotian Communist group directly tied to the Laodong (Workers') Party of North Vietnam. The Phak Pasasan Lao operates on the surface through the Neo Lao Hak Sat, and this maintains a system of cadres in the villages that, if it is not comparable to the Vietcong in South Vietnam, could easily burgeon into a full-fledged political apparatus. The Communists are devoting increasing attention to rural problems and are also concentrating on the indoctrination of Laotian youths, particularly including those who have been studying in France. They have stepped up their propaganda all over the country, and regularly broadcast reports of their military victories. The leadership of the Communist movement in Laos has remained much the same for a number of years. The secretary-general of the Phak Pasasan Lao is Kaysone Phomvihan, who is half Lao and half Vietnamese, and who in 1945, after studying medicine at the University of Hanoi and engaging in Vietminh youth activities, was sent back to his native town—Savannakhet, in southern-central Laos—by Ho Chi Minh. Initially, he worked for Prince Souphanouvong, the leader of the Communist faction during the brief tenure of the tripartite government, but then he eclipsed Souphanouvong, and he is now the principal Laotian link with the Laodong Party in Hanoi. Aside from Prince Souphanouvong, there are still three other old-time leaders in the Party hierarchy: Phoumi Vongvichit, who specializes in culture and the dissemination of information; Nouhak Phoumsavan, whose chief usefulness lies in the fact that he has a peasant background; and Singkapo Chounlamany, a member of a leading southern family, who abandoned his wife and children twenty years ago to become a guerrilla. A member of the Loven tribe named Sithon Kommadam is the Pathet Lao chief in the south, having inherited the position from his father, who was killed by the French before the Second World War. Recently, a new name, that of Sisana, has been heard. Sisana, a poet and historian, has been extolled by the Russians and Eastern Europeans, and must be rated as a powerful figure. At the moment, he seems to be in charge of propaganda and is the chief denouncer of the Americans. Souphanouvong is still the most-quoted Laotian Communist leader, and not long ago, in a radio talk that was broadcast from Eastern Europe, he admitted publicly for the

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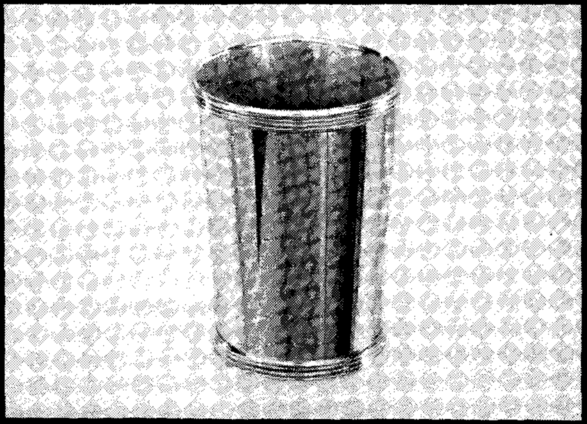

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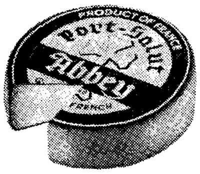

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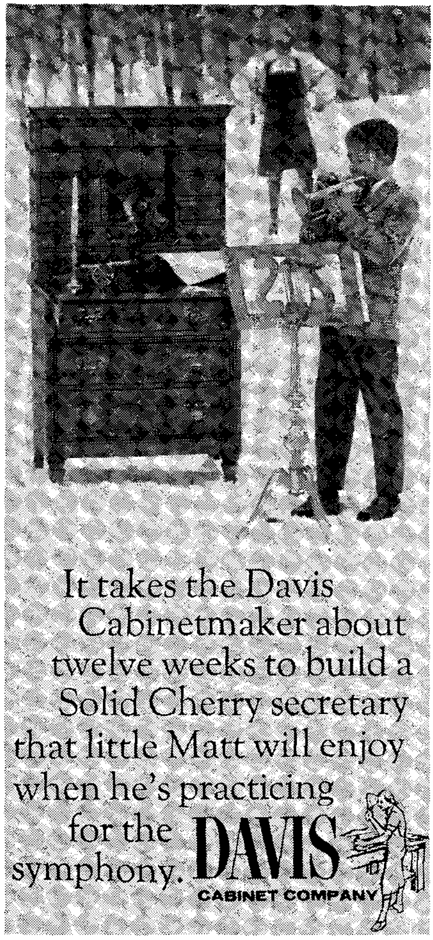

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first time that he was a Marxist and a Communist. He would probably again become the dominant leftist public figure in any new coalition, though the strings would be pulled for him by Kaysone and by the Laodong in North Vietnam.

What Laos needs, as Ambassador Sullivan and others have repeatedly emphasized, is time to consolidate the leap into the twentieth century that the defeat of the French, the Geneva experiment, and the war in Vietnam have forced upon this gentle, landlocked country. At this point, almost everything depends on the kind of peace that may be negotiated, and on the willingness of the North Vietnamese and their representatives in Laos to abide by the enforcement provisions of a settlement. Neutrality may be a myth, as Boun Oum maintains, but, as part of the Indo-China peninsula that is going to have to live within a sphere destined to be dominated by Communist North Vietnam, Laos' best hope still is to remain neutral and to concentrate on growing to the point where it can stand on its own feet as a nation, which it has not been able to do since its precarious birth.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

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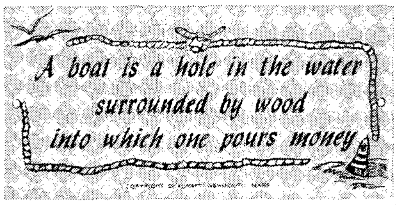

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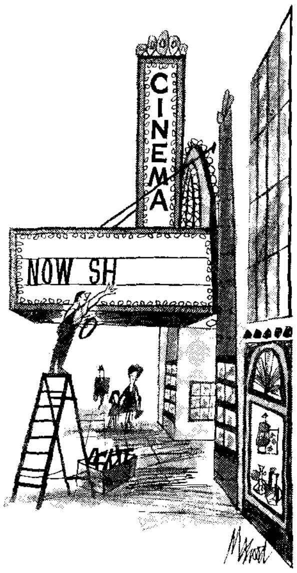
THE CURRENT CINEMA

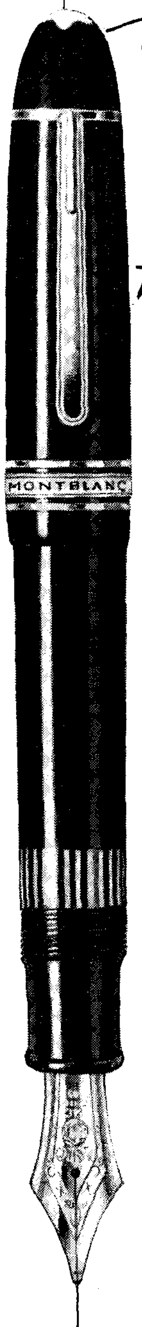
The Russians' Monument

SERGEI BONDARCHUK'S "War and Peace" is a stupendous film, even in the only form of it that America can see, which is direly dubbed. The decision to tack on alien voices seems madness. All the effort and hoo-ha there have been to give this continent the chance to see a key piece of Russian art, and then some misguided business interest with plastic ears does its damnedest to wreck it. Dubbing a serious foreign picture is sometimes called "making it commercially viable." In the case of "War and Peace," as usual, this turns out to be the gobbledygook phrase for letting sales chaps put a boot through it. Bondarchuk spent five years on the picture. Infinite resources of taste went into it. During all that time, in the spending of a hundred million dollars, and in the producing of a seven-odd-hour work by a country that the West patronizingly supposes to have no refinement, not the smallest blunder of style or proportion was made (except in the music, I think, which is poor, loud stuff, overexplicitly used). It took sophisticates like us to coarsen the picture. The English-speaking film system has managed it at a single stroke by contributing the gigantic crassness of dubbing—presumably with Bondarchuk's agreement—under pressure from the old cant that the larger American public won't read subtitles. Well, it used to. It managed all right in the days of the silents. Even now, in McLuhan's dusk of the word, a lot of people take in a great deal of very inane print from billboards and television commercials. The cinema people involved obviously must care for the movie; they can't know what a disservice they have done it. They can't, for instance, be alive to the ineptitude of giving Natasha—played by a ravishing dancer called Ludmila Savelyeva, who has a ballerina's wary carriage and a smile that trembles like water—the voice of an old-time bobby-soxer wrought up about a date. The idioms of the translation don't help. "You've got to get out of town," says Pierre to Prince Anatole, weirdly summoning up a mirage of Gary Cooper at the far end of Main Street.

Pierre is played by Bondarchuk himself, or by as much of him as is left when the movie has cut away his larynx. Robbing an actor of his voice and substituting the sound of another man going through a translation in a vacuum, in the doomed hope of matching foreign lip movements, is like taking away Fonteyn's arms and pasting on the flippers of a bored penguin. It is torment to hear pinched English and American voices being artificially breezy in a dubbing studio in an attempt to animate the lines and to express something near to Russian soul-thirst. I'd seen half the film before, in Russian, with French subtitles, and it seems to me that to be cheated of watching the familiar characters filling out their Slav selves with their own voices is a sorry loss to America. A lot of the substance lies in action and image, so the possible destruction luckily has its limits, but it is going to take me quite a while to get over the work of the cozy chatterer who caused the English narration to say, over a beautifully shot party scene where it is quite obvious what is happening, that So-and-So "keeps the conversational wheels turning." Sometimes the commentary for the American version sounds like a chummy real-estate agent showing you around something.



An hour of the film has been cut from Bondarchuk's original, mainly by shaving sequences in which he exercised his peculiarly earned right to take his time. (Visconti won the same privilege in "The Leopard.") Apart from one or two places where the rhythm gets flustered, the cuts aren't harmful and the spaciousness of Tolstoy survives. See both parts of the film in the same day, if you can. It takes some six hours, apart from meal breaks, and it becomes a life, like the book. The work that first occurred to Tolstoy as a story about the Decembrists of 1825, under a title pillaged from Proudhon, expanded for him later across the breadth of his country and backward in time, first to



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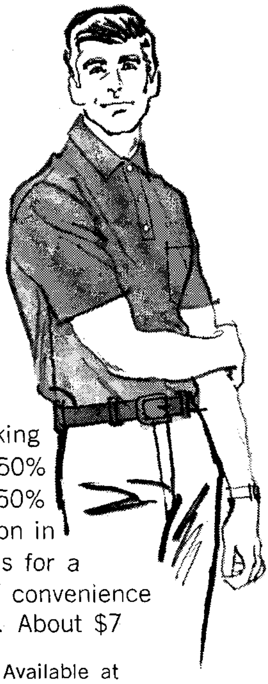

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the racking victory over Napoleon in 1812 and then to the defeat of 1805, which is where the chronicle eventually began. The film genuinely shares the novel's vast reach and its pantheistic character.

Russians know "War and Peace" as well as we know "Peanuts." There is no question of Soviet Russians' not being able to re-create the czarist past, and they care too much for their literature to monkey around with it by slanting Tolstoy's picture of society. The aristocratic characters are no more and no less jaded, admirable, callous, cushioned, gay, or burdened in the film than they are in the book. The smart young boors' drinking contest is here, with some of the cream of Russian manhood daring one another to swig a bottle of brandy while teetering on a windowsill. Pierre is in the background, turning his head away, and a performing bear is being tanked up with booze at a laden table until the fuddled animal pulls the cloth off, to shouts of pleasure that call up some Evelyn Waugh scene of the baying upper classes at play. The ball scenes, on the other hand, imply nothing scathing at all. They are made as beautiful as possible. They are more infectiously romantic than Hollywood itself ever managed to be in its Ruritanian days. Chandeliers tinkle, gentle girls shod in flat little slippers dance cotillions on marble floors, and not a speck mars the white breeches that later get obscenely bloodied in the terrible battles of the film. There is a crisply glamorous glimpse of the Czar, walking fast through the crowd and into an anteroom, with titled rubbernecks craning to see through the doorway. Elsewhere, in a battle scene, he shows himself to be a dangerous poop, but here he has dash.

Old Bolkonsky is marvellously played by Anatoly Ktorov. The young Prince Andrei is Vyacheslav Tihonov, a remarkable actor with a face of bitter beauty. Father and son seem closely alike: they are both hard men, and hardest on themselves. (The character of the old Prince was apparently based on Tolstoy's grandfather.) Like Pierre, the eternally out-of-joint spectator, and like Andrei, who spends a hag-ridden night in his hut before battle foreseeing his own extinction, the rigid old despot emits the special disquiet of a clever, silent man who knows that he belongs to a kind for which too little now holds any freshness. The film has an unforgettable image of the old Prince's fret with his own staled spirit in a sequence that

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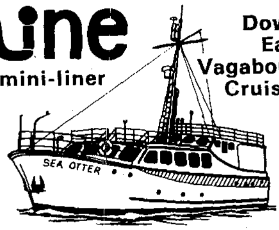

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shows him trailing around his house in search of a place to sleep, the footmen following him with his bed. He tries a different room every night. His study is the worst. Then we see the rheumaticky tyrant alone in his nightshirt, stiff with fear of dreaming and equally frightened of lying awake, lifting his legs into bed as if they were articulated like a puppet's.

Bolkonsky is cut off from whatever once energized him, and so are Andrei and many more of the well-placed male characters, who latently can feel their country to be on the brink of movement; but not all the aristocrats in the book are rootless. Natasha practically grows out of the Russian soil. One of the most piercing little scenes in the picture is her balalaika dance after the Rostovs' hunt. The young countess entirely educated by a French governess is mysteriously imbued with as much Russianness as the peasants watching her, and the dance has something rapturous about it, because it moved Tolstoy. His mystical feeling for the nation's soul and for the flux of people to come is the most difficult thing for English words and voices to manage. It is probably better unuttered and left to the camera. I thought for a time that there were too many shots of the sky, seen whirling through the eyes of men wounded or in crisis, and always signifying much more than simple sky—Heaven, space, death, the future, an order of things larger than self—but Bondarchuk pushes his image further and further and eventually makes you respond to it like a Russian. You see the comet of 1812 in the way he means you to, with Pierre's vision, as an omen of sweeping and incalculable change. By the end of three and a quarter hours, the final, dazzling shot of Part I has a purely symbolic meaning. The camera zooms upward, above a crown of more of Bondarchuk's supranatural clouds, and within the ring of mist there are tens of thousands of soldiers wheeling in countermotion. It seems that Russia itself is there.

When it comes to the battle scenes, and especially to the practically wordless hour spent on Borodino, Bondarchuk makes other films about the folly of war fade. He builds compositions like Goya's, with figures at the same rushing slant, seen against the same backlighting, and catching the same snarls of glee and fear that can twist a man's face in the middle of mass slaughter. Troops slow-marching into combat take a cannon burst in the middle of their ranks; when the smoke fades, the living are still marching, around a crater of corpses that point outward like spokes. Shrieking horses without riders gallop over men who are in pieces, and for three acres around the dressing stations the ground is stained with blood. At the same time, there are still trumpets, raised swords, cavalry charges, and the surging support offered by religion, patriotism, and the presence of perhaps half your countrymen with you on the field. Bondarchuk doesn't skip the romanticism that has cruelly aided soldiers in most wars until ours. The excitement is there in the faces he photographs. The camera freezes on half a dozen that really are very like a set of Goya drawings.

Old General Kutuzov, the half-blind soldier who was popularly said to be short of one eye and incapable of seeing anything with the other, seems at first to be villainously incompetent, but one of the interesting effects of the length and method of the film is that your mind can change as time passes. By the end of the picture, and the sacking of Moscow, Kutuzov seems a considerable and obdurate man, with an unsnobbish professionalism and the staying power of an old Labrador. Napoleon hunches up in a fur coat against a beautiful porcelain stove and waits. Kutuzov crouches down into his chair with his old jowl crumpled onto his hand and waits longer. The retreat of the French is shown mostly from the air: scattered men limping over the snow, moving like beggars, falling dead with the cold while wild dogs sniff for human meat and the sound track uses Napoleon's words to tell the men that they are victors. "Stupid! Stupid!" cried Pierre earlier in the picture, about another outburst of the repercussing deceit and chaos that form the moral pattern of the book.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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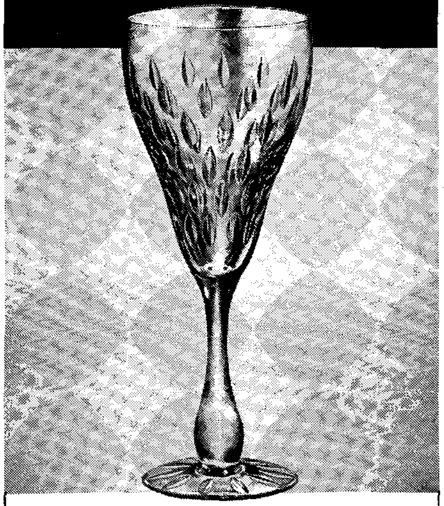

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own

METHODS of producing seventeenth- and eighteenth-century opera are changing, and, as far as I can make out, mainly in the Western Hemisphere, where it is not so much the big companies, like the Metropolitan, that are involved as it is the lesser and more adventurous troupes. The Tito Capobianco-Ming Cho Lee version of Handel's "Julius Caesar" two seasons ago was a landmark in this respect. For the first time in my experience, an opera had been not only directed but choreographed as well, and the result was unforgettable. Singers not only sang well, they moved well, and this was quite different from the old-fashioned stand-and-deliver technique, if it can be called a technique. Last Friday night, I went to the Juilliard Opera Theatre to hear a real rarity—Francesco Cavalli's ancient opera "Ormindo," a work written only a few decades after opera's supposed invention, by Jacopo Peri, at the end of the sixteenth century. This venerable relic turned out to be thoroughly enjoyable. It was not about Greek gods but about human beings living in Fez, and it told the story of an aging king married to a very young queen, and the queen's acceptance of two—yes, two—young lovers, Ormindo and Amida. Amida is soon out of the running, because the queen discovers that he has abandoned a previous mistress. The queen flees with Ormindo, but the two are caught and punished by the king, the punishment being death by poison. There is a regular *Liebestod* toward the end, with the king mourning very much like King Marke, but there is a happy ending. It happens that the couple have taken a mild dose of barbiturates instead of poison, and the king, relieved at their recovery, abdicates and bestows his kingdom upon Ormindo, giving away his wife in the process. The opera was presented in a new version, prepared by Raymond Leppard, according to the program. Just how much doctoring this involved I am not prepared to say, but I suspect that it was considerable, for in spite of such archaisms as some lutes and guitars, a good deal of it sounded quite Handelian. No matter. The result was delectable and probably much more acceptable to a modern audience than a pedantic re-creation of the original would have been.

Quaint old operas like this one have to be done with supreme style if they are to make their effect, and supreme style nowadays means choreography. The motions of the young student singers, directed by Roy Lazarus, were flawless, and stately in a delightfully tongue-in-cheek manner. Ming Cho Lee did the scenery—simple but elegant in the extreme—and Hal George provided stunning costumes, not so much North African as Venetian in appearance (Cavalli was a Venetian). The student singers were so good that they deserve special mention, particularly Patricia Wells as the queen, Grayson Hirst and Robert Shiesley as Ormindo and Amida respectively, Joyce Mathis as Amida's abandoned mistress, Barbara Martin as the queen's maid, Syble Young as Amida's page, and Michael Best in a hilarious transvestite role as a nurse. The small auditorium rang with *fioritura*, all of it in perfect tune, and the action, besides being choreographed, had a very amusing quality of archaic naughtiness. The performance was well conducted by Jorge Mester.

I REGRET having to say this, but the performance in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday evening of another Italian rarity—Giovanni Paisiello's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—by the visiting Piccolo Teatro Musicale of the City of Rome, entirely lacked the style of the production I have just been writing about. Perhaps part of the trouble was that Paisiello's opera, aside from a comic sneezing ensemble at the end of Act I and a setting unlike the one we are accustomed to for Don Basilio's "Calunnia," is a much duller work than Rossini's opera of the same title. The scenario of Paisiello's work is approximately the same, being based on the same Beaumarchais play. It is interesting to note that it preceded Rossini's by about thirty years and Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" by four. Curiously, Paisiello's music sounds quite often like imitation Mozart, and it lacks the sparkle of Rossini's. It may be that this lack of sparkle was partly due the other night to the almost total absence of *fioritura*. (I can't help wondering whether a lot of *fioritura* was eliminated for this production; it is hard for me to imagine an opera of the time—1782—without spectacular arias for coloratura soprano, at least.) The singing was generally acceptable—more than that in the case of the soprano Elena Zilio, who sang the role of Rosina. But the comedy was extremely broad and not very well coordinated. With the cute little stage that the Piccolo Teatro carries around with it, one expects a cute little fastidious production, and one did not get it this time. The Virtuosi di Roma again played beautifully under the baton of Renato Fasano. It was an interesting evening, because we are not likely to hear this opera again in a long time, but it was scarcely a brilliant one.

IT is always pleasant to find a composition by a contemporary composer that seems *neither* to *have* been written in a straitjacket nor to be intended as an exhibition of some technique or other. Robert Starer's "Samson Agonistes" is a work of this kind. Commissioned some time ago, by Martha Graham, it has since been redone for full symphony orchestra, and it was presented by William Steinberg and the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. "Samson Agonistes" has a certain character. It is original in the real meaning of the term—that is to say, personal. It is skillfully written and its technique is contemporary, but these are not the main points. The main point is that Mr. Starer succeeds in conveying something to his audience. What he conveys is largely a mood of gloom and frustration, but the frustration has not turned him into a cynic. He is serious about his gloom; he is even eloquent about it. After listening to his work, I felt that for the first time in many months a composer was asking me to share an experience. And to me that is the sign of a composition of real significance.

After beginning with a performance of Mozart's gay little overture to "The Impresario," Mr. Steinberg's program was, in fact, largely devoted to gloom, for, following the intermission, he presented a fine performance of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, in the performing version of Deryck Cooke. This work, as nearly everybody knows, was written as Mahler was face to face with death, and nobody who has seen a facsimile of the original manuscript, with its marginal expressions of grief and despair, can doubt the composer's state of mind when he was writing it. As I become more familiar with Mr. Cooke's version of the work, which includes scrupulous editing and a redoing, to some extent, of the last movement, certain things about this sym-

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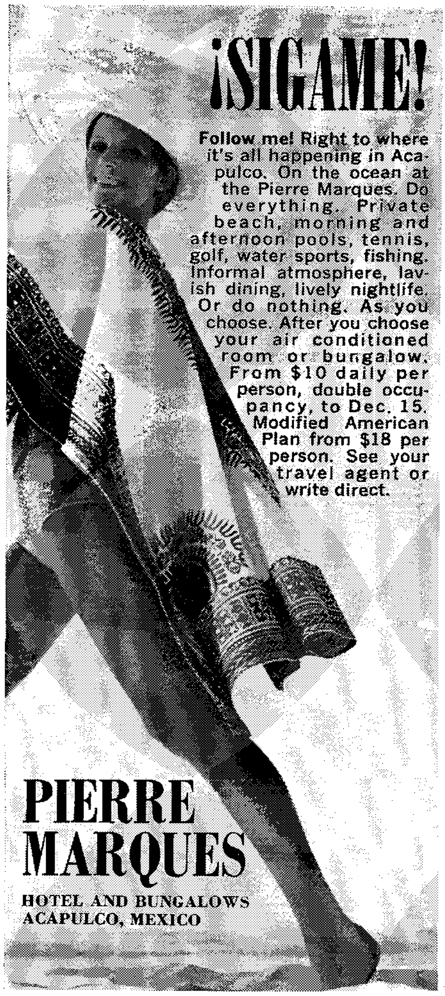

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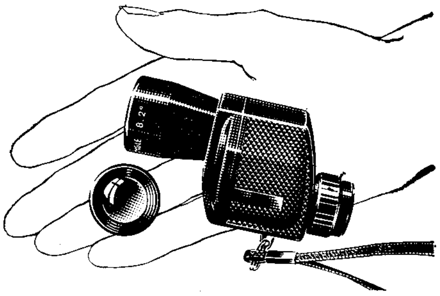

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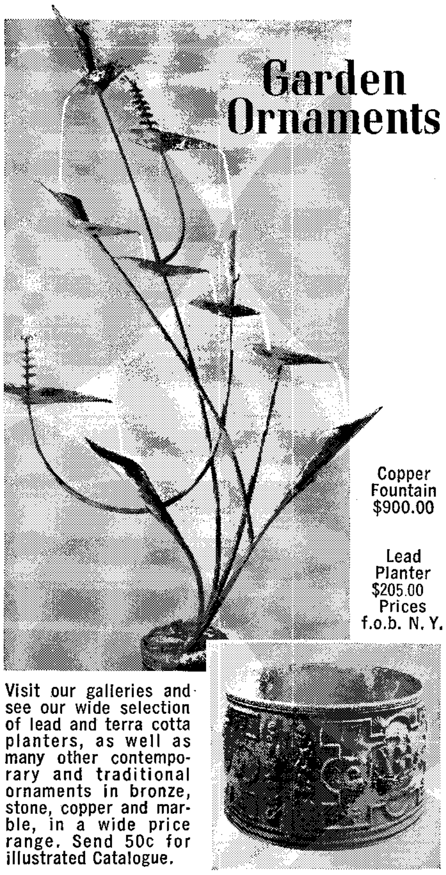
phony are beginning to occur to me. Had Mahler lived longer, I do not think that he would have left the symphony in quite the sprawling condition we have it in. But if it is not the most concise or precisely organized of the Mahler symphonies, it is one of the most moving.

THE time will come, fifty years from now, when a few old codgers will claim, proudly, that they saw Margot Fonteyn as Juliet in Prokofieff's ballet "Romeo and Juliet." Certainly hers is not a characterization or a balletic feat that will soon be supplanted; I have an idea that it is the rôle that she will be most remembered for. And it is, of course, doubly remarkable in that Dame Margot, at an age when most ballerinas are about to retire, is able to produce an illusion of adolescence that is beyond the dramatic skill of most of them. The Royal Ballet came to town on Tuesday night of last week, and opened at the Metropolitan Opera House with "Romeo and Juliet," and with Dame Margot and with Rudolf Nureyev as her partner. Prokofieff's score is perhaps the most beautiful ballet score written in the twentieth century, and the Royal Ballet's production, choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan, with magnificent sets by Nicholas Georgiadis, is perhaps the most impressive modern ballet production to be seen today. There were a few changes in cast the other night. Kenneth Mason was a somewhat more subdued Mercutio than David Blair had been; Christopher Newton strode nobly through the role of Friar Laurence; Desmond Doyle's Tybalt was new, at least to me—a slightly less wolfish characterization than that of Ronald Hynd, who is the last one I remember in the rôle. But the Fonteyn-Nureyev combination—passionate, heedless, impulsive, and superbly danced—retained all its power. The company will be here only four weeks, so hurry. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Pee Wee Rides Again

A WEEK or so ago, Pee Wee Russell, who is now sixty-two, emerged brilliantly from the hibernation he has been sunk in since the death, a year ago, of his great wife, Mary. He emerged first at a concert given at Kenny's Steak Pub by the New York Hot Jazz Society (jazz has been ringed by similar campfire groups for thirty years; initially they give out a lot of heat



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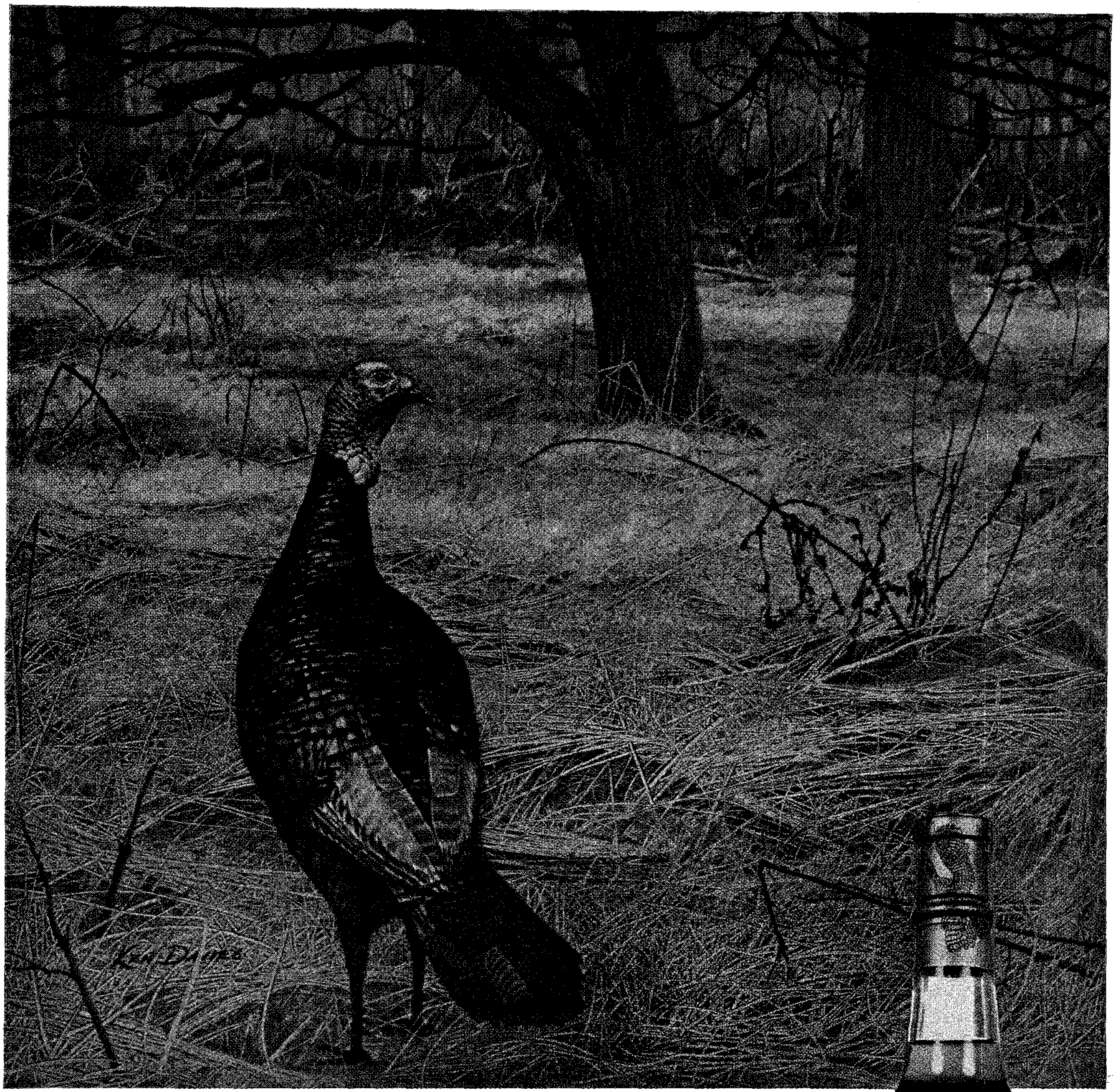

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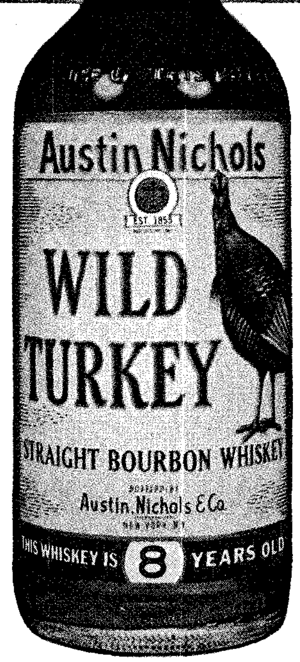
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and light, but they invariably burn out), and a few days later he appeared again on a new recording, "The Spirit of '67: Pee Wee Russell and Oliver Nelson" (Impulse A-9147 and AS-9147). Russell has pleased his admirers in the past five or six years by repeatedly proving that he is, instead of being an eccentric Dixieland noodler, one of the most daring and imaginative and satisfying of all jazz improvisers. He has worked comfortably with Thelonious Monk, the Ellington band, Earl Hines, and Jimmy Giuffre, and he has recorded—and stamped as his own—compositions by Monk and Ellington, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, and John Lewis. (Russell's rebirth has been at least two-dimensional, for at the same time he has become a fascinating semi-abstract primitive painter, whose work miraculously transposes onto canvas the sounds that come out of his clarinet.) His style, freed at last of the awkward, piping quality brought on by being trapped for so long inside the brittle harmonic bones of "Muskrat Ramble" and "That's A-Plenty," has become subtle and dense and increasingly complex. His choice of notes is startling, and so are his rhythmic leaps and lunges. His tone has deepened and strengthened (it often had a pubescent sound in the old days), and he has developed a pervasive legato attack that is in marked contrast to the jumpy, looking-over-his-shoulder-to-see-who's-chasing-him approach he once used. This approach reflects the musical wisdom that often overtakes great improvisers in their later years, and hearing it from Russell or Ben Webster or Roy Eldridge or Bobby Hackett is like eavesdropping on old, well-furnished minds.

The affair at Kenny's resembled a night on Fifty-second Street, and on hand with Russell were Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton, and Mousie Alexander. Braff played with his customary red-hot lyricism, and Sims was extraordinary. He has long been regarded simply as a dependable, post-Lester Young "swinger," but he is far more. His solos the other night were replete with surprising, digging phrases, abrupt bent notes, and urgent, revolving melodic lines. He is Lester Young at a continual boil. Hinton, one of the master bassists, took a fine poetic excursion in "Don't Blame Me," and elsewhere indulged in some funny slap playing. All Russell's solos were notable. In "Ain't Misbehavin'," he played a high, inquiring statement as if he were trying to wring the last melodic secrets from that cherished

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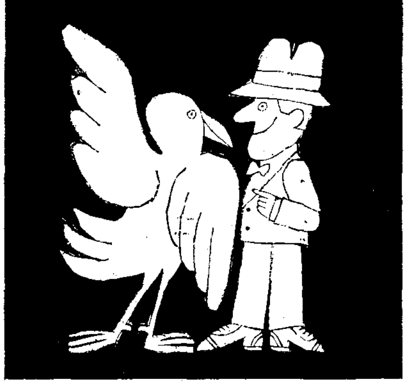

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tune. In "I Want to Be Happy," he slid along just beyond the edge of tonality, and in a slow blues he delivered a first chorus that, in its jumble of rare notes and rhythmic backings and fillings, teetered wildly at the edge of the abyss. He never fell in.

The Impulse recording reveals Russell in a new and totally different setting. In the course of ten numbers—two by Russell, two by Oliver Nelson, who also wrote all the arrangements, and the rest chestnuts—he is backed by alternating sixteen-piece bands, which include such as Clark Terry, Thad Jones, Grady Tate, Urbie Green, Hank Jones, and Phil Woods. The outcome is classic. Nelson's arrangements are trim and inspired and well voiced, and they point up Russell's solos with such effect that in a couple of places he booms like a trumpet or tenor saxophone. (In the closing chorus of a medium blues, "Bopol," he hurtles massively along over the entire band.) Among the delights are a slow, lingering "Memories of You;" an easy "Pee Wee's Blues," which offers, in addition to a perfect Russell solo, the singular treat of hearing his venerable number declaimed by sixteen instruments; a swaying "Ja-Da;" and a long, elegiac "I'm Coming Virginia," in which Russell twice gets off a series of planing, dying blue notes that make the eyes fog up. Russell, God love him, is back.

MORE good news: The Whitney Museum is now open on Tuesday evenings, and on its inaugural night it presented the first of an experimental series of four weekly concerts devoted to largely improvised music of whatever stamp. (The originator and organizer of the series, Barklie Henry, hopes to persuade his cautious co-trustees to allow the concerts to run on for a year or more.) The groundbreakers were Jimmy Giuffre (clarinet, and tenor and baritone saxophones) and the guitarist John Stauber. (The group's bassist, Victor Sproles, fell ill at the last moment.) They were ensconced in a corner of the third floor, among the Calders and de Koonings and Hoppers and Pollocks, and the audience either stood along the edges of the room or sat on museum-provided foam cushions on the floor. Non-listeners wandered through the ample space not taken up by the audience. The music, which was also piped into the Noguchi exhibit, on the fourth floor, consisted of a couple of hours of dialogues and monologues. Giuffre would improvise on his clarinet, backed by discreet figures from Stauber, who

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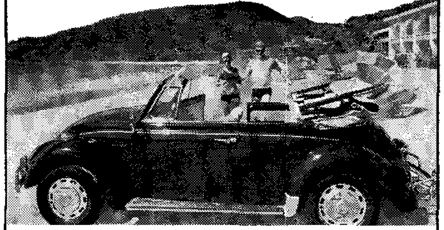

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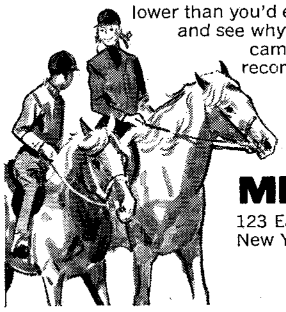

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played unamplified guitar; then Stauber would come to the fore, with Giuffre humming along behind. This would be followed by a collective passage, and Stauber would proceed a cappella while Giuffre paused to pick up his tenor saxophone; then another round robin would start. From all indications, it was roaming, free improvisation that sometimes had a stated beat and that sometimes didn't, and that at various times took on a flamencan or East Indian or plain blues tinge. Giuffre, who has been toying for some years with new-thing effects, has come full circle, for he sounded much like his lyrical, just-folks self of ten or so years ago. Stauber, an affecting, spare guitarist, was a perfect foil. The acoustics had pin-drop precision, and even the steady shuffling of patrons' feet in the back of the room took on a beneficial drone effect. The next program was "classical," and on May 7th Gil Evans brings in a band. Trustees, awake! You have a good thing going.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

RECORDS: ROCK, ETC.

Pop Ecumenicism

VAN DYKE PARKS' first album, "Song Cycle" (Warner Brothers WS 1727), has become a cult record. Not that it has been kept a secret; on the contrary, since it came out, last winter, critics and arbiters of hip have been plugging it everywhere from the *Times* to *Crawdaddy!* Only, nobody seems to be listening, or buying. The salesmen for Warner Brothers don't know what to make of it, so they don't push it. The distributors have never heard of Parks, so they don't try to sell him to record stores. The result is that "Song Cycle" has sold only seven thousand copies. This information confirms the suspicion aroused by my own informal survey. (Q: "How do you like Van Dyke Parks' album?" A: "Whose?") I suppose this is not surprising. After all, "Song Cycle" is a serious experimental work that does a lot of esoteric things with sound. It's not rock; it's not traditional pop; it feels a bit like folk music, but it's almost complex enough to be classical. So you can't blame Warner Brothers for not promoting Parks as if he were the Monkees, or the reviewers for making him seem forbiddingly avant-garde. Still, it's too bad, because "Song Cycle" does have a potential appeal for a large audience, and it has come along at exactly the right time. Given a proper chance, it could capitalize very nicely on the grow-

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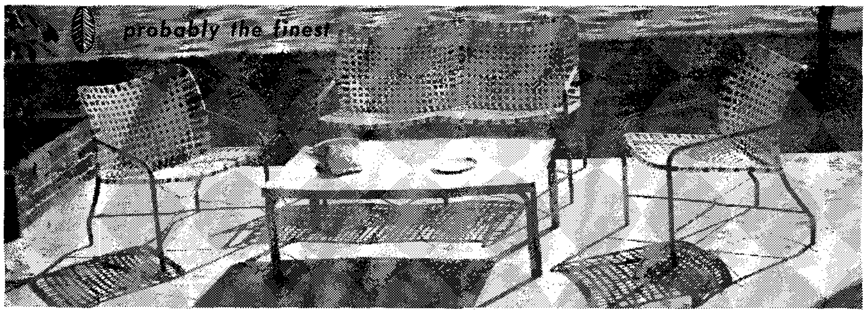

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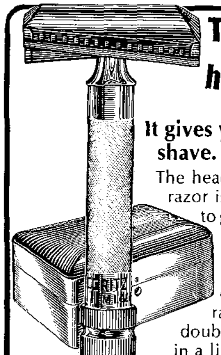
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ing trend toward ecumenical pop—music that reaches both the kids and their elders.

In general, this trend has not been salutary. What it demands is *pleasant* music—nothing too noisy, or too raunchy, or too angry, or too anything—that still manages to be, or to seem, youthful. And though these criteria do not rule out excellence—the post-"Rubber Soul" Beatles qualify most of the time—the usual formula is pap in a hippie package. "Song Cycle," however, subsumes generational tastes without compromising. Older people will find that, for all its subtlety, it goes down easily; the melodies are both prominent and singable, and both the music and the lyrics owe much to the Broadway theatre. Furthermore, the theme that unites these loosely related songs—the American frontier, past and present ("I came West unto Hollywood"), personal and historical ("Widows face the future. / Factories face the poor")—could scarcely be more traditional. But Parks' own generation will appreciate his treatment of this theme, which is totally contemporary. Although many of his songs are set in Los Angeles, the great Pop city, the frontiers that concern him most are not geographical but technological ("Song Cycle" makes fuller use of recording-studio techniques than any previous pop record) and psychedelic (in fact, marijuana is to "Song Cycle" what Polaroid glasses were to 3-D movies).

Studio-oriented musicians like the Beatles and Brian Wilson showed Parks how to manipulate sound, and now he has gone beyond them. The experience he offers is aural supersaturation limited, apparently, only by the quality of the listener's stereo set and/or grass. At the same time, he has worked hard to avoid a cluttered sound. Like Charles Ives, another major influence, he crams allusions into his music—Beethoven's Ninth, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the drum roll from John Kennedy's funeral—without any sense of strain. His most nearly perfect triumph is "Donovan's Colours," an exquisite three-and-a-half-minute instrumental track that sounds like a nice, simple piano piece played by someone with six hands.

In contrast to the richness of the instrumentation, Parks' voice is weak and lacking in range—a mediocre-to-fair folk singer's voice. The result—undoubtedly deliberate—is to strengthen the impression of simplicity: Aw, shucks, fellers, all that engineering don't mean a thing. The secret of

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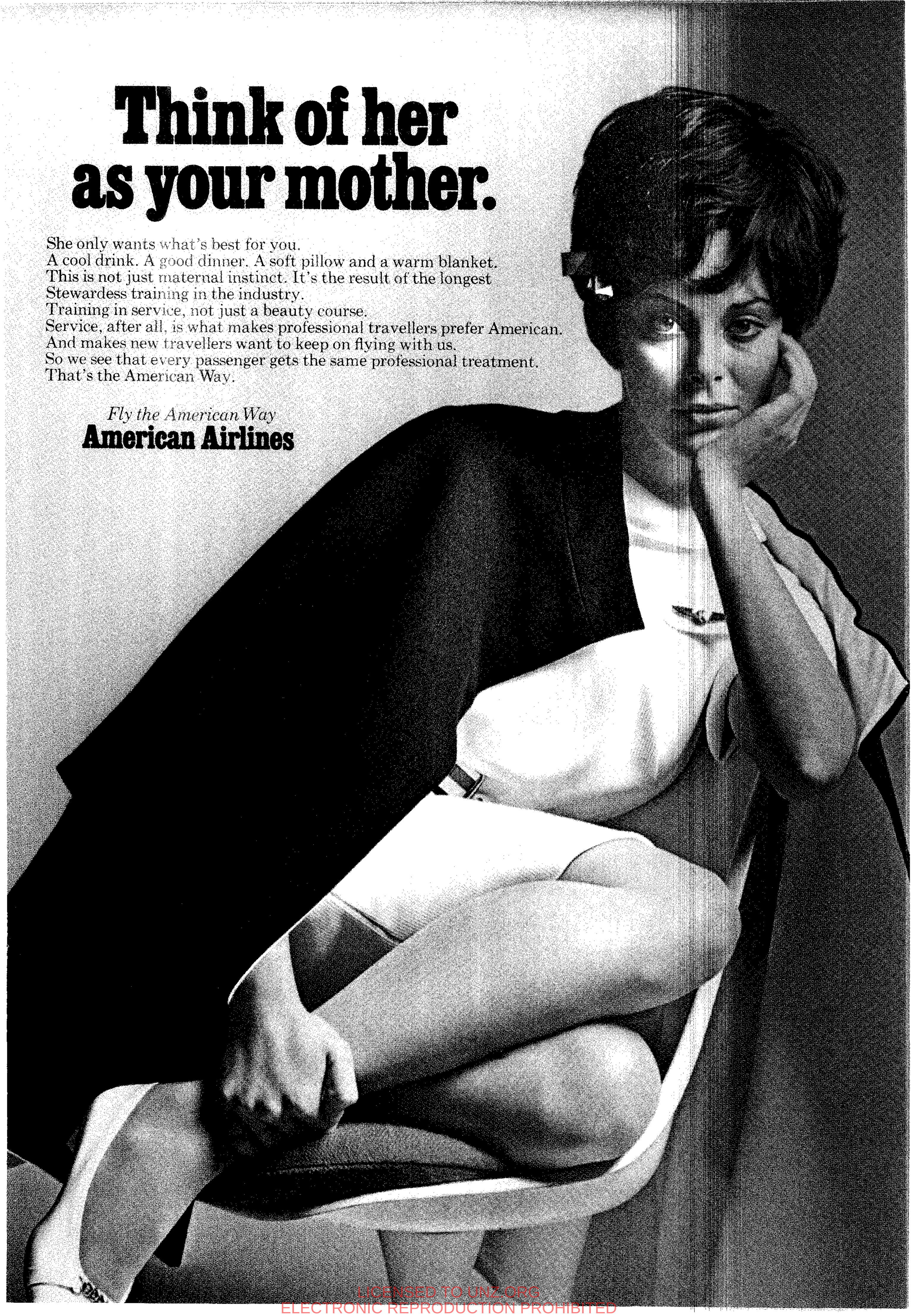

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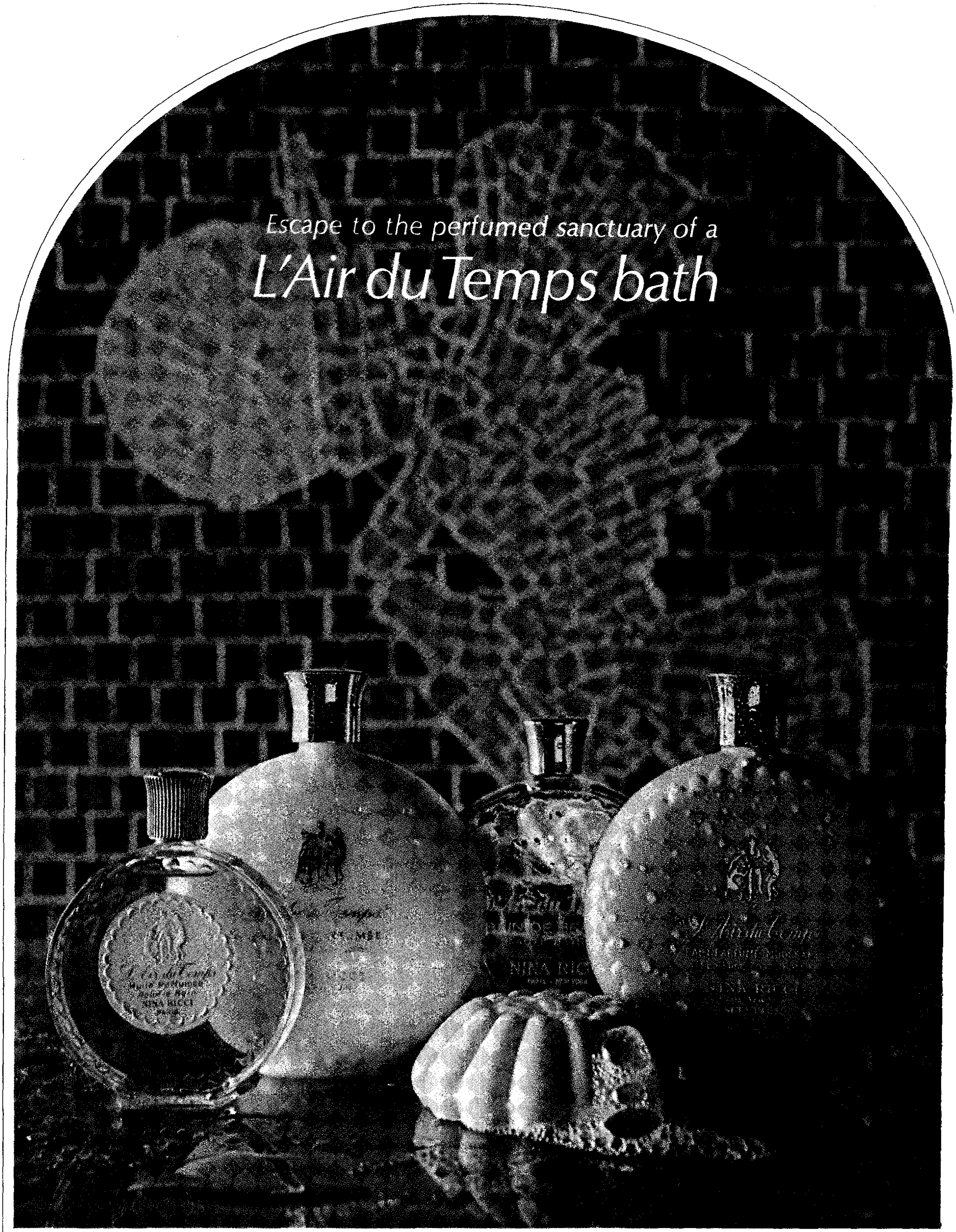

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Parks' ecumenicism is that he understands how potent sophistication can be when it is dressed in naïveté.

THE first pop performers to straddle the generation gap were Simon and Garfunkel. They shared the basic prerequisites—a soft sound, only peripherally related to rock, and a somewhat attenuated sensibility. But their special gimmick was their ideas. Starting out as folk singers, they broke into pop during the first big folk-rock boom. Bob Dylan, so we kept hearing, had banished the infamous Tin Pan Alley cliché. Accordingly, Paul Simon (he writes the songs; Art Garfunkel arranges them) became a "rock poet," dealing with such non-cliché subjects as the soullessness of commercial society and man's inability to communicate. This appealed to kids who hadn't read much modern poetry but knew what it was supposed to be about, or were overimpressed with their own nascent *Weltschmerz*, or both. As for parents, they could feel at ease because the catchwords were familiar; they had read "Dover Beach" and "Richard Cory," and maybe even "The Waste Land," in school. And it was reassuring that two bona-fide alienated young rock poets wanted most of all to *communicate*, not to spit in their eye. Besides, Simon and Garfunkel were so nice-looking—so *collegiate*. Certainly an improvement over that skinny runt with the wild hair who kept warning, "Something is happening here, but you don't know what it is, *do* you, Mr. Jones?"

S. & G.'s first hit single, "The Sounds of Silence," was a re-release, with a superimposed rock beat, of a song originally included in their folk album "Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M." ("The author," explained Art Garfunkel's album notes, "sees the extent of communication as it is on only its most superficial and 'commercial' level [of which the 'neon sign' is representative]. . . . The words tell us that when meaningful communication fails, the only sound is silence.") I liked that record in spite of its ersatz protest, which it—well, *communicated*, even though the dubbed-in drums happily obscured most of the lyrics. Perhaps it was this unintended irony that saved the song; perhaps it was the melody. In any case, the over-all effect was mysterious and moving. But the songs that followed were just arty bores. The plebeian beat disappeared in favor of lush, gutless arrangements that ruined Simon's better-than-average melodies and emphasized his increasingly

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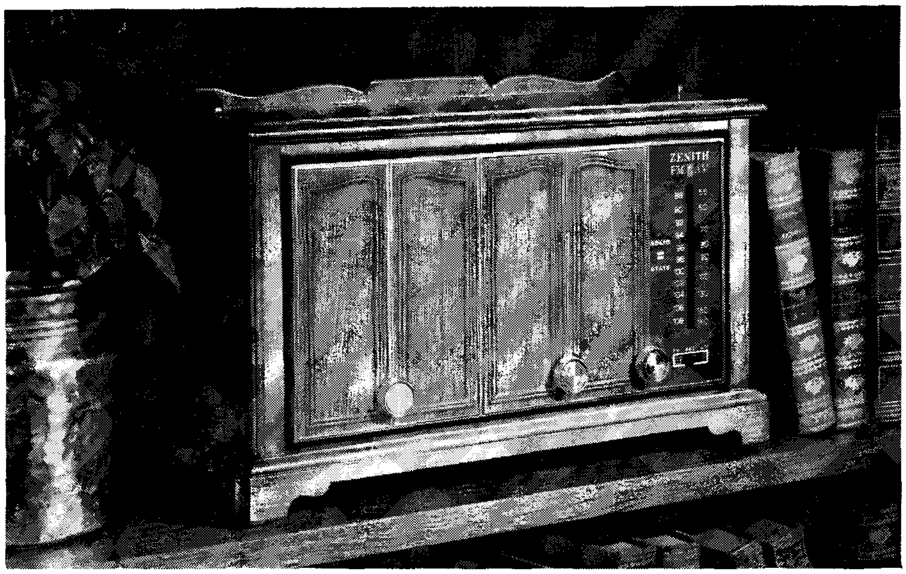

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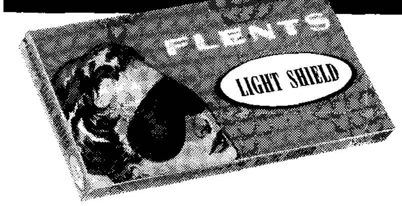

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pretentious academic verse. This process reached some sort of apotheosis in "The Dangling Conversation," a failure-of-communication extravaganza featured on their third L.P., "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme." "Parsley" was so much overpraised that a critical reaction began to set in. Had the next Simon-and-Garfunkel album arrived on schedule, it would likely have been badly panned. But it was delayed—the rumor spread that Simon had a writing block—and the three songs he did write, all of which were released as singles, showed clearly that he was trying to move in a new direction. One of them, "Fakin' It," was truly impressive; it had strong, direct, colloquial lyrics, an excellent melody, and a *beat.* Now the long-awaited album, "Bookends" (Columbia KCS 9529), is out. It includes the three singles, and it is certainly S. & G.'s best collection of work so far. On the front cover is a disheartening picture of those two grave, sensitive faces, but turn to the back, where the lyrics are printed, and you can see that something has happened. Item: references to Mrs. Wagner's Pies, Greyhound, the New Jersey Turnpike, the New York *Times,* Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and Joe DiMaggio. Item: a track of old people's voices, recorded by Art Garfunkel "in various locations in New York and Los Angeles." Item: only one really corny image ("We're just a habit/ Like saccharin"). It seems that our boys have discovered Pop. Of course, they hedge—one song, "America," is really about how the Pop vision isn't good enough—and they are still obsessed with loneliness. But at least they talk about it in the language of the sixties; always intelligent imitators, they have finally begun to imitate their contemporaries. As for the music, it turns out to be simple and lively. In fact, some of it is almost like—what was that again?—rock and roll. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

He said he believed that Sen. Eugene McCarthy was a "stranger candidate for President than Bobby Kennedy," because he is "better educated and a better thinker."—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

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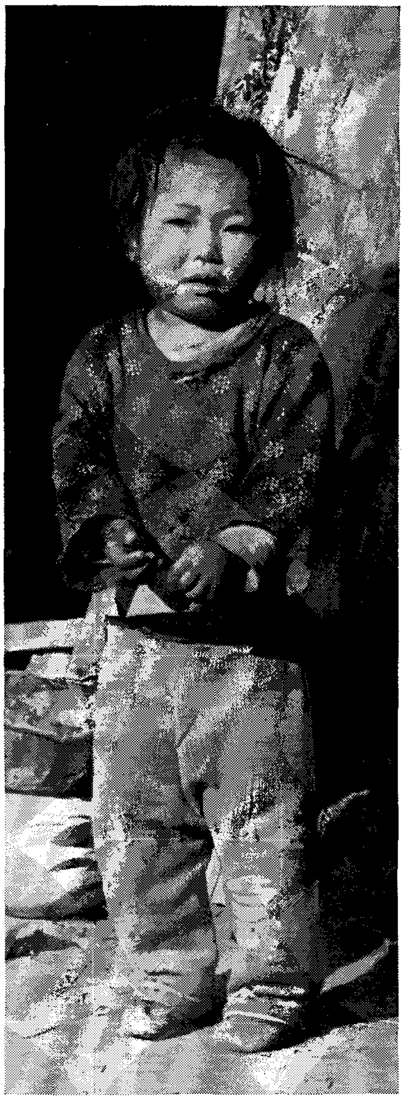

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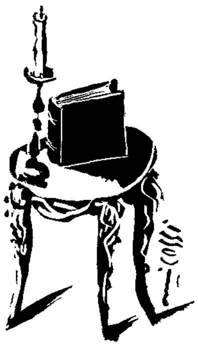
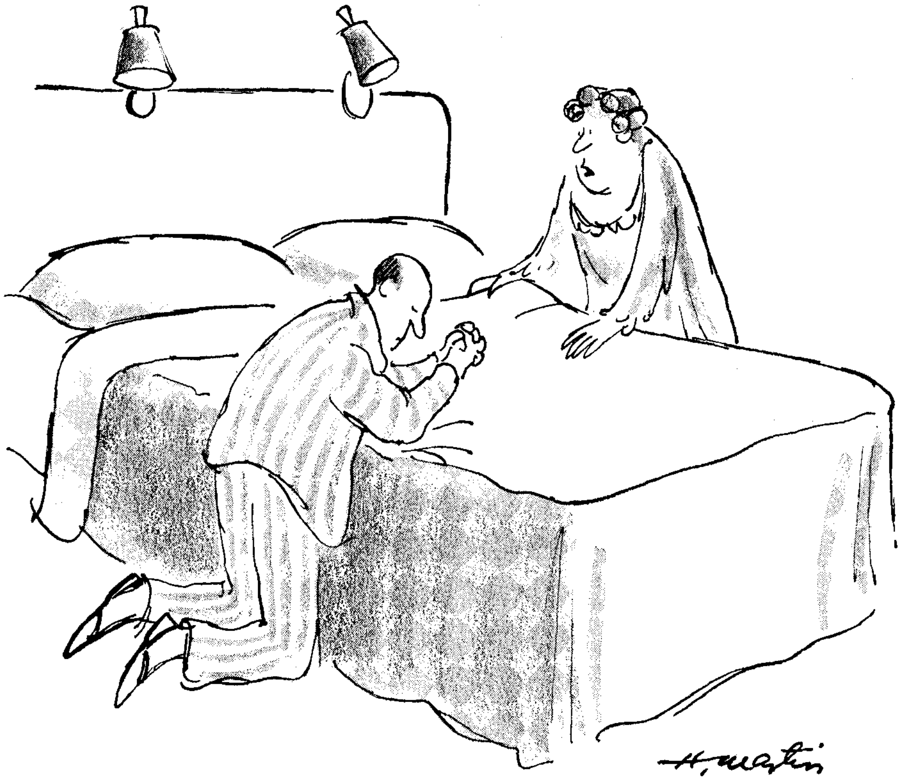


BEHIND almost every woman you ever heard of stands a man who let her down. The women who have enriched our culture have rarely been happy matrons. Except for Queen Victoria, happy matrons have no history. Women writers, painters, craftswomen have for the most part been widows left unprovided for, wives of bankrupts, sisters of troublesome brothers, dowerless daughters. Dorothy Richardson (1873-1957) belonged to this unfortunate, talented company. Her father lost all his money, and she wrote a beautiful, innovating autobiographical novel, "Pilgrimage," about her life from 1891, when she is dumped out into the world to provide for herself, until 1915, when she—or her alias, Miriam Henderson—decides that her vocation is to write. The novel Miriam is writing at the end of "Pilgrimage" is—thank goodness—"Pilgrimage." "Pilgrimage" was published in installments, in England, between 1915 and 1938. After Miss Richardson's death, a final section was found, and it has been included in Knopf's new four-volume, thirty-dollar edition.

"Pilgrimage" is a revelation of personality that is closer to confession than to ordinary autobiography or memoir. It is not an attempt to present the reader with an opinion, a view, or a criticism of a life; it is an effort to present, in words, the life itself. To do this, Miss Richardson made free, lovely, and original use of devices that were brand-new when she began writing—sentences fragmented to convey sense perceptions; interior monologues or "stream of consciousness;" involuntary memories and free associations; and sharp shifts in the narrative that juxtapose different times and places or different states of mind. "Pilgrimage," though, does not read as if Miss Richardson thought of herself as an experimental writer; it reads as if she were inventing a manner to suit her peculiar matter—her life, her unique life. Proust, Woolf, Joyce have used these devices so much more radically that the style of "Pilgrimage" does not seem "new." Better, it seems right—accurate and evocative—and one can, if one wishes, recall that it belongs to a period in which many artists were attempting to free their work from older artistic forms and conventions.

"Pilgrimage" also belongs to a period of social liberation. Miriam Henderson is a new person in the history of literature—and, for that matter, in the history of human life. A sheltered virgin evicted from domestic security through no fault of hers has been a staple character, but this homeless girl of 1891 will not even consider what had been, time out of mind, the conventional roles for such a person: she will not become a courtesan, she will not become a dependent in a stranger's house, and she will not become a damsel in distress, on the lookout for a masculine rescuer. She is going to take charge of her destiny. To be sure, during the first of the four volumes, Miriam tries to please her family and stay within the ambit of nineteenth-century gentility as a finishing-school teacher and a governess. But in the second volume, financial disaster has atomized the Henderson family—the mother has committed suicide, the four daughters have dispersed, the father has, in effect, disappeared—and Miriam can do as she pleases. She takes a room in London and becomes the receptionist for a group of dentists. The small salary and undemanding routine, along with freedom from household tasks and family duties, make her pilgrimage possible. She travels in a company that changes over the years. Most of her fellow-pilgrims are educated people who, like her, have lost or renounced the faiths and some of the customs of their fathers. These companions, in their search for something better, or something new—or new to them—compose the intellectual avant-garde of the day. Miriam and characters in her life investigate—and some of them embrace—a variety of doctrines, from Anarchism to Zionism, including Fabianism, Feminism, Free Love, Philosophical Idealism, Judaism, Quakerism, Science, and Spiritualism. Miriam explores friendships, romance, and sex as well as doctrines and literatures; one might say that she and her friends are embarked on such up-to-date quests as the search for faith, the search for commitment, the search for identity. But they do not feel, as do many of their counterparts in today's literature, that their spiritual condition is a tragic disinheritance. They feel it a thrilling emancipation. They are filled with a sense of possibility. One character, the writer Hypo Wilson, who becomes Miriam's lover and encourages her to



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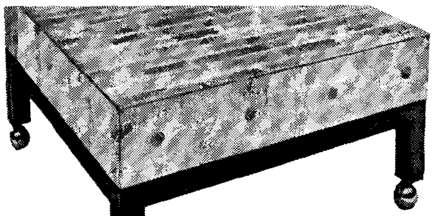

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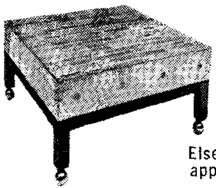

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write, is portrayed as inventive, inquisitive, resourceful, and engagingly confident in the inventiveness and resourcefulness of all sorts of other people. Although he is one of the stronger and more important personalities in "Pilgrimage"—Horace Gregory tells us, in his recently published, useful, concise study, "Dorothy Richardson: An Adventure in Self-Discovery" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), that he is H. G. Wells, who was for a while Dorothy Richardson's lover—Hypo Wilson's brisk optimism is not atypical of the characters in the novel. "Pilgrimage" seems to measure the difference in mood between the theatre of Bernard Shaw and the Theatre of the Absurd. Or perhaps it only defines national character. An author's despair, man's isolation, and the irrationality of the universe have always been taken more seriously on the Continent than in England, where Despond has passed into the language as a slough, not a philosophical state. At any rate, over the long years, Miriam is at times tired or lonely or discouraged, but her soul remains chipper. She is not disconcerted because, at the end of her pilgrimage, she has not joined a sect and she has no resource—not Christ, not revolution—but her own personality.

Miriam's personality is the book's triumph. She is a complex, contradictory woman, a mixture of attractive qualities (sparkling intelligence and artistic sensitivity) and dislikable ones (self-centeredness). She is a brilliant individual, a rebel child, and nobody's girl all in one. She is prickly and destructive; she is disinterested and unconquerably brave. She feels ambivalent toward her father, her first deceiver. (Mr. Gregory's book amplifies what is implicit in the novel—that Charles Richardson had taught his daughter to read widely and think freely; he had made her "Daddy's boy," his intellectual companion and his confidante, while he concealed from her, as from himself, the idiocy of his financial speculations.) Miriam, out in the world, feels ambivalent toward every man she meets. She expects companionship and understanding from men, but she is ready to mark them down, rebuff them, or reject them—employers, acquaintances, lovers, beaux. She interprets an offer of marriage as an attack on her independence. She finds it equally difficult to be on trusting terms with women. Like Charlotte Brontë, whose work is crammed with similar ambivalences, she admires bold and intellectual women and energetic poor ones. Nice old ladies who attend

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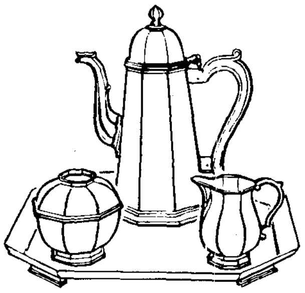

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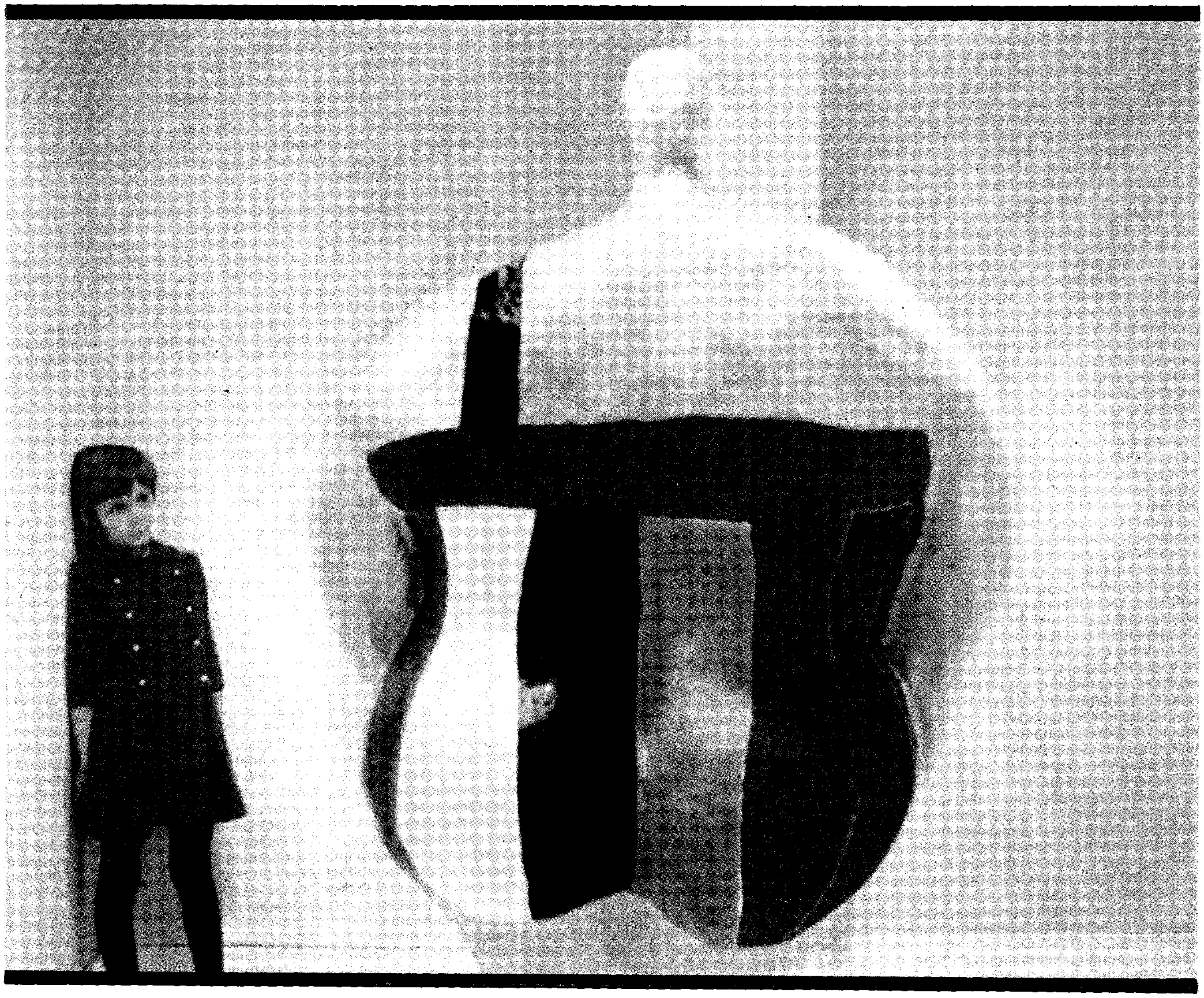

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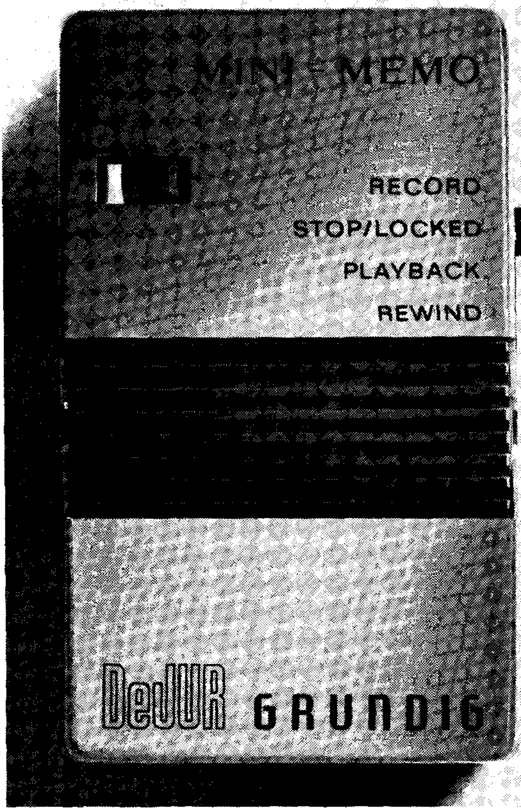
the Church of England and keep up appearances evoke Miriam's contempt (in this respect she is harsher than Charlotte Brontë and closer to Simone de Beauvoir), as do women who permit themselves to be circumscribed by or ruled by men—her notion of being a wife or mother. She feels virtuous when she drops a friend because the friend drops out of the women's-suffrage movement after she has a baby. Miriam's eagerness for any sort of experience is also qualified and braked. She does not want to be left out of anything—a meeting, a lecture, a party—but, once included, she resists being happy or at ease. Qualities that make for a sad life can make for wonderful writing, and they do in "Pilgrimage." On almost every social occasion, from coming to tea to going to bed, Miriam is likely to disappoint or to be disappointed, but as a flaw-hunter, a vigilant, observant eye and ear, she perfectly reproduces anything and everything—landscapes, cityscapes, conversations, lectures, the blah-blah of people passing time, sharp arguments, debacle parties.

For a while I found myself wondering whether Dorothy Richardson knew what she was doing. One is accustomed to self-revelation that amounts to no more than the author's side of the story (whatever the story) or to various self-glorifications, including bragging about one's achievements or escapades in order to awe or shock the reader. (Mr. Gregory says that "Pilgrimage" includes what is, as far as he knows, the first naked love scene in the English novel, but it is not very arousing or enticing, let alone shocking.) Miss Richardson has drawn herself as a bedevilled woman, a nipper of feeding hands, who in kindness fears patronage, in love fears domination, and in friendship fears the possibility of demands that could imperil her freedom, or her status as an advanced woman. To draw oneself so troubled and troublesome suggests either great innocence or great artfulness, or both. I do not know of any self-portrait quite like "Pilgrimage." And I realized, as I read on, that Miss Richardson must have been aware of the effect she was creating. The style she uses does not analyze or psychoanalyze. It does not explain. It does not judge. It shows. Reading "Pilgrimage," one gains what Miss Richardson wants us to gain—something like the experience of being Miriam. And so the reader learns, without having been told, that Miriam's harshness is the other side of her vulnerability, that her aggressions and



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evasions are signs of her fearfulness, and that the sum of all her negations is this affirmation: out of a ruined life and an embattled personality, she (Miriam or Dorothy) made a marvellous book. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MAN OF EARTH, by Maggi Lidchi (Morrow). Christopher Progoff, a washed-out English Jew of forty and a professional writer, drifts to Ceylon, where he submits with more desperation than conviction to the stern Hinduist guidance of a temperamental Irish guru and becomes sufficiently restored to pursue his salvation as a pilgrim through India. It is a completely convincing romantic story, with the characters and settings presented in careful realistic detail, and told with intelligence, understanding, and humor. Miss Lidchi never resorts to caricature or mysticism. A splendid book.

A HILLTOP IN HAZARD, by Anne Rider (Harcourt, Brace & World). A drawing-room comedy set in a medical-religious outpost run by a Scottish doctor in the foothills of the Himalayas. Suddenly under siege by Chinese planes, each of the characters—staff, patients, and some refugees, British and Indian, Christian and Buddhist—acts according to a distinctive sense of duty and propriety. The book is remarkable for the way in which Miss Rider suggests the isolation of her characters—the vast spaces that separate them both from the rest of the world and from Providence—by writing with perfect detachment in a brisk, elliptical style.

GENERAL

AFTER THE ASSASSINATION: A POSITIVE APPRAISAL OF THE WARREN REPORT, by John Sparrow (Chilmark). This brief book first appeared as a long article in the London *Times Literary Supplement*. It is a review of the Warren Report, a review of several books attacking the report, and an experienced legal appraisal of the evidence and arguments. (The author, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, is a lawyer.) Mr. Sparrow thinks that the conclusions of the Warren Report are justified, and doubts the relevance or accuracy of bits and pieces of evidence adduced by its detractors. He sticks to the main points; for example, though he notes that

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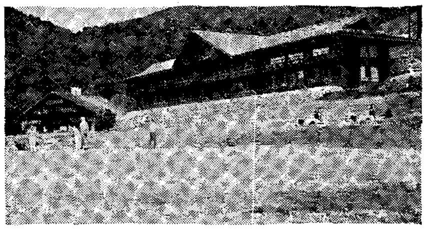

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many of the report's critics are motivated by a passion to believe that President Kennedy was the victim of a right-wing plot, he does not stray into personal, psychological, or sociological bypaths. Indeed, the economy of his work has the intellectual elegance that one associates with first-rate work in the arts and sciences.

THE POLITICS OF PROVINCIALISM: THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN TRANSITION, 1918-32, by David Burner (Knopf). A sensible, absorbing explanation of Will Rogers' "I belong to no organized political party. I am a Democrat." Mr. Burner dispassionately describes the feelings of both wings of the Party, rural and urban, during a period when they were at odds with each other. He explains the reasons for these stresses, and tells about the men who aggravated them and about the few, like Franklin Roosevelt, who tried to mitigate them. Mr. Burner is both convincing and interesting, because his research has been thorough and his simple style is refreshing. And the past of this particular party may shed a gleam on its future.

VICTORIAN MINDS, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Knopf). A collection of shrewd, entertaining, and learned essays on people (such as Bentham and Acton) and ideas (such as Social Darwinism and historical views of English electoral reform). Miss Himmelfarb starts off with two pieces on Edmund Burke that she wrote twenty years apart. He was not a Victorian, and her assessment of his work changed radically over the decades. Yet this sendoff, which looks like eccentricity, is a clue to her impressive success as a historian of ideas. She knows the before as well as the after—the roots and the fruit—of ideas. And she is acute about the development of thought—the mutations of the mind of one person, and the transmutations of ideas as they are reconsidered by succeeding intellectual generations.

THE GREAT DUCHESS: THE LIFE OF SARAH CHURCHILL, by Iris Butler (Funk & Wagnalls). Miss Butler is more sympathetic to her subject, the first Duchess of Marlborough, than those many other biographers and historians who have seen the peppy, bossy beauty as a whirlwind termagant and have pitied her adoring husband. Miss Butler also shows an uncommon respect for Sarah's friend, patron, and eventual

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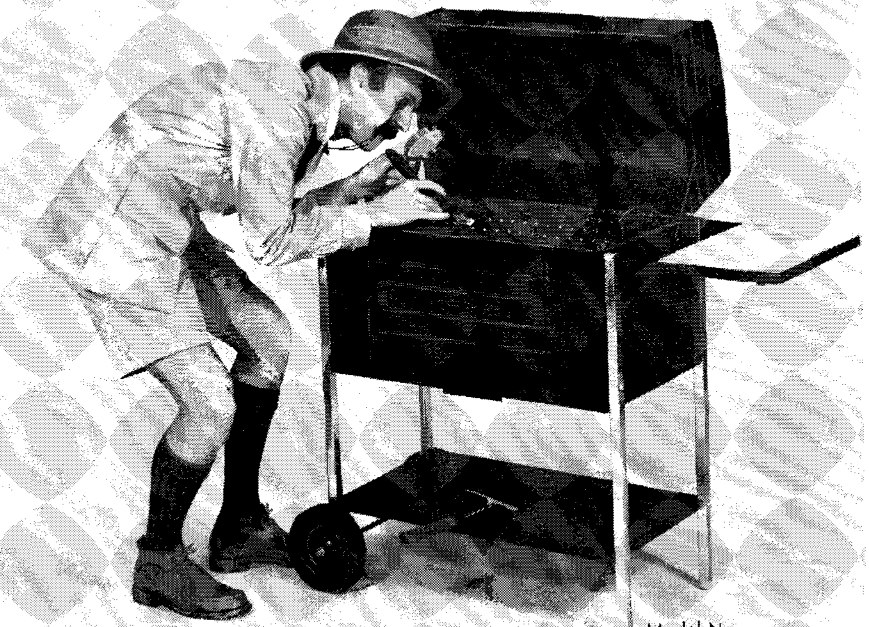

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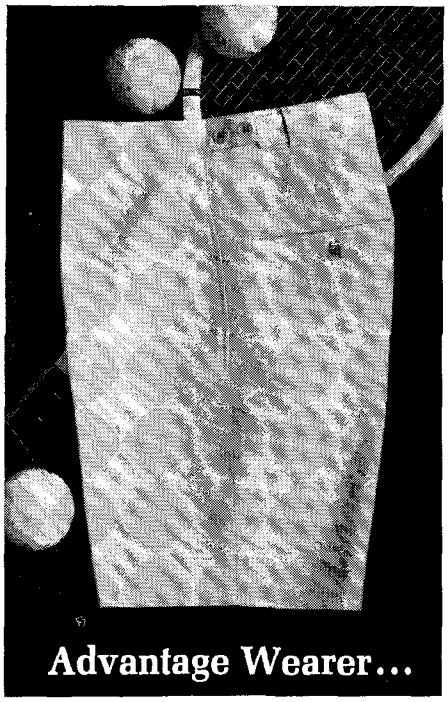

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betrayer, Queen Anne. Perhaps—so persuasive is Miss Butler—this unusual, womanly appreciation of these reluctantly political women is just.

WILDERNESS KINGDOM: THE JOURNALS & PAINTINGS OF FATHER NICOLAS POINT, translated from the French and with an introduction and notes by Joseph P. Donnelly, S. J. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Father Point (1799-1868) was a French Jesuit missionary who lived and worked for six years in the eighteen-forties among the Indians of the Northern Rockies—the Flatheads, the Coeur d'Alenes, and the Blackfeet. This extraordinary book (the manuscript of which was discovered by Father Donnelly at the Collège Sainte-Marie in Montreal in 1940) is an illustrated record of that extraordinary experience. It is not really a journal. It is, rather, a collection of more or less narrative essays arranged in roughly chronological order. In them, the author (who usually speaks of himself in the third person as the Blackrobe) describes the religious beliefs of his savage hosts and his generally successful efforts to convert them to Roman Catholicism, his adventures with the Indians on their annual winter and summer buffalo hunts, his occasional glimpses of their intertribal wars and scalp dances, and his hazardous return to St. Louis down the Missouri River. These pieces are never less than interesting, but it is the pictures that give the book its stature. They consist of nearly two hundred and fifty paintings in full color and some fifty pencil sketches, and they exactly illustrate the text. Father Point was a self-taught artist, and his paintings are primitive but anything but crude. They are exquisitely detailed, exquisitely colored, exquisitely designed, and altogether charming. Twenty-one dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: Little, Brown has published "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy: Personal Reflections on 1968," by Richard H. Rovere. Nearly all of the book originally appeared in this magazine, in somewhat different form.

•

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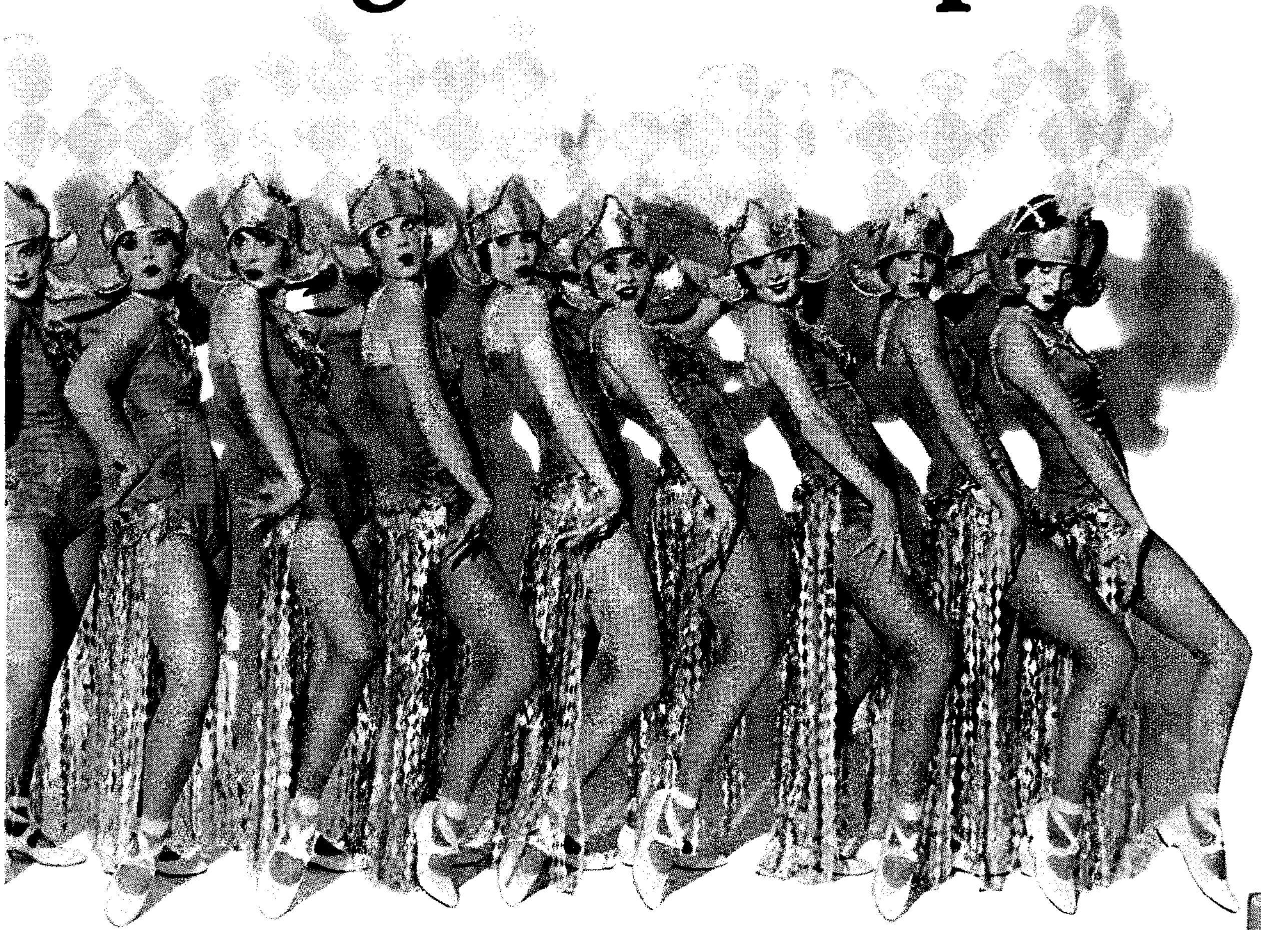

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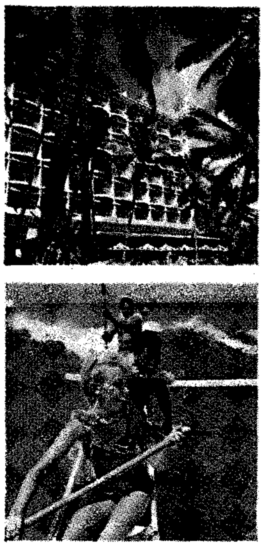

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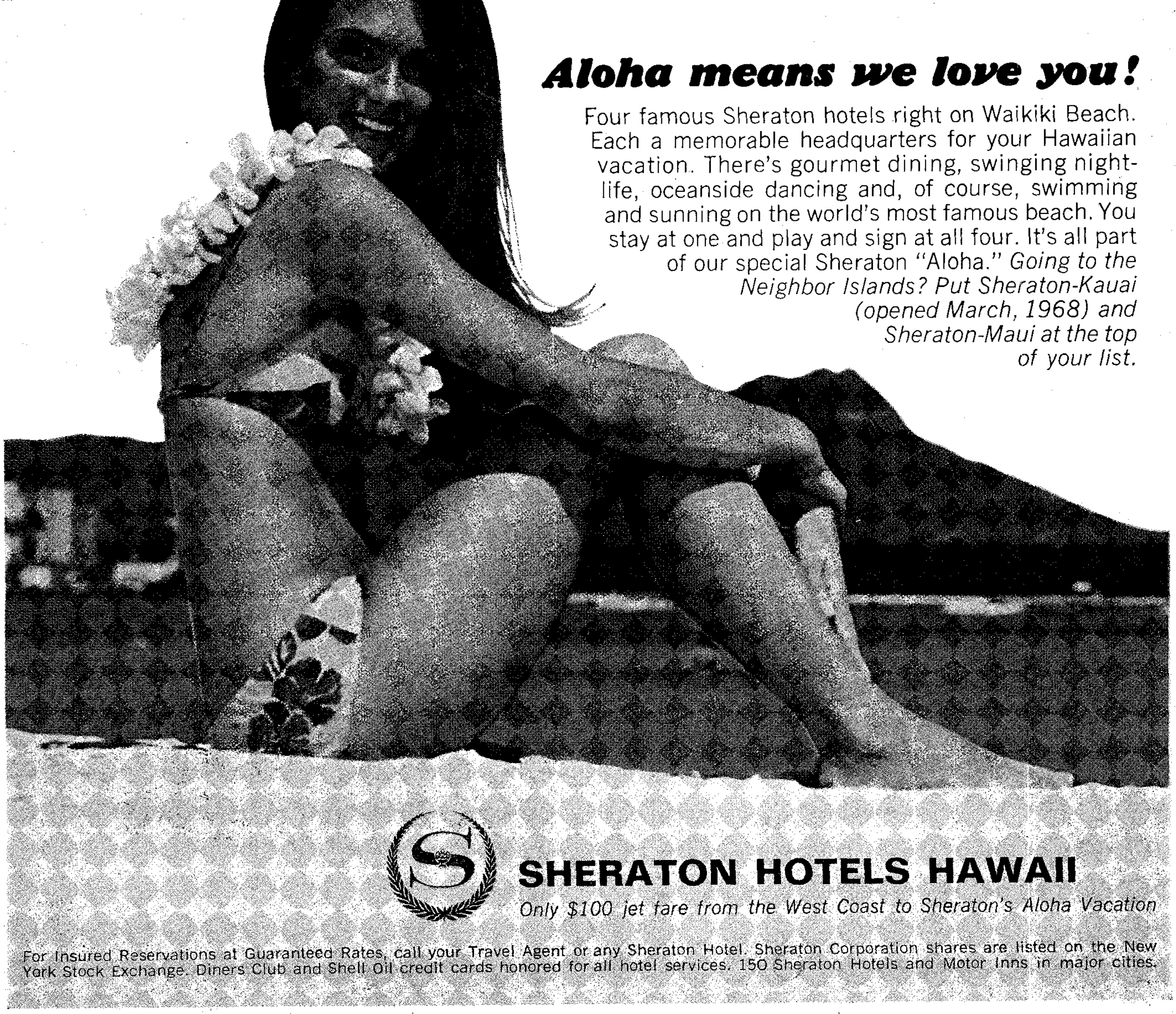

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